

MAY No.54

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Captain
TRIUMPH
shoulders the
troubles of
THE WORLD!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

QUALITY

NOW GIVES YOU

BLACKHAWK

DOLL MAN

PLASTIC MAN

CANDY

and

KID ETERNITY

EVERY OTHER MONTH

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

ONLY

10¢

CRACK COMICS, May, 1948, No. 54. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

Captain TRIUMPH



UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN!

Not until now has been told the tyrant-smashing adventure of Captain Triumph with a man who would **NOT** be king, and the evil faction that sought to persuade him to mount his throne for the sake of their own plans, based on injustice and evil rule!

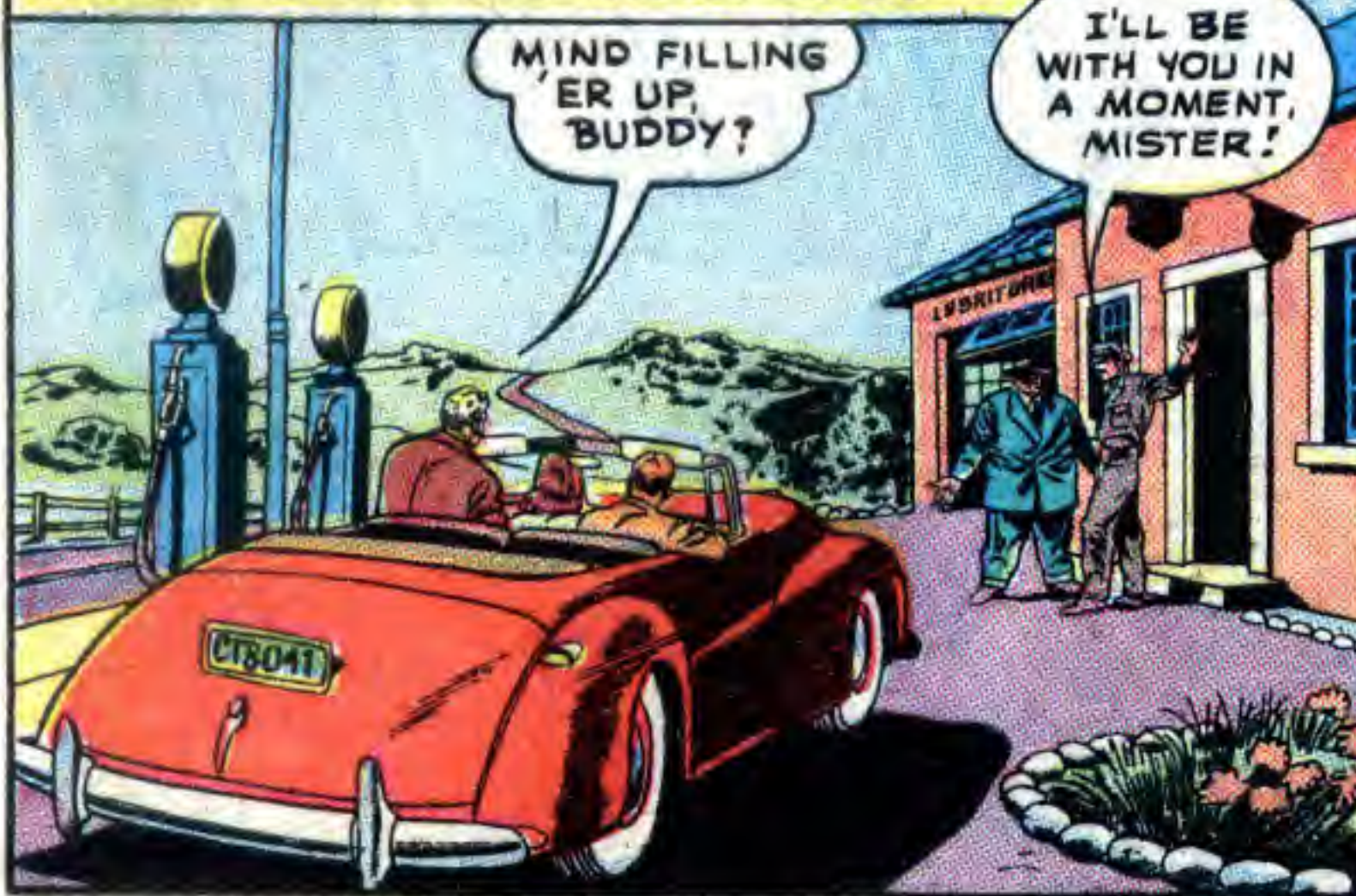
The secret of Captain Triumph's identity!

I'M THE GHOST OF MICHAEL GALLANT! WHEN MY TWIN BROTHER LANCE RUBS THIS STRANGE BIRTHMARK ON HIS WRIST...



THE TWO OF US MERGE INTO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH... WHOSE OTHER NAME, WHERE OUTLAWRY AND OPPRESSION ARE CONCERNED, IS **DISASTER!**

Lance Gallant and his friends Kim and Biff are out for an afternoon drive....



MIND FILLING 'ER UP, BUDDY?

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, MISTER!

BUT, YOUR HIGHNESS--YOU ARE NO LONGER YOUR HIGHNESS... YOU ARE NOW **YOUR MAJESTY!** YOU OWE IT TO YOUR PEOPLE TO RETURN...

CUT IT OUT, PARRO! MY PEOPLE ARE NOW THE AMERICANS... I'M NATURALIZED! THE PEOPLE OF MY FORMER COUNTRY DON'T CARE WHETHER I'M ALIVE OR DEAD!



THE ONLY FACTION THAT WANTS ME BACK IS A HANDFUL OF SMART POLITICIANS WHO THINK THEY CAN USE ME! WELL, I'M NO LONGER USABLE! EXCUSE ME WHILE I WAIT ON A CUSTOMER!

MADNESS, YOUR MAJESTY! YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON YOUR DUTY! YOU WILL BE SORRY!



IF I MAY POKE MY NOSE INTO YOUR BUSINESS, PAL --- THAT FOREIGNER SEEMS NOT TO LIKE WHATEVER YOU WERE TELLING HIM!

FOREIGNER? YES, HE *IS* A FOREIGNER IN THIS COUNTRY... JUST AS YOU'D BE A FOREIGNER IN *HIS*! DON'T MIND HIM!



HE'S A NATIVE OF THE COUNTRY OF ROMIRO! EVER HEAR OF IT?

YES! IT'S ONE OF THE FEW WESTERN NATIONS THAT EVER WAS A MONARCHY! NOW IT'S A REPUBLIC---



CORRECTION, PLEASE! IT WAS A REPUBLIC UNTIL A **TYRANT** TOOK OVER! HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, AND THANKS!



As the motor party continues its way...

AN EXPLOSION!

IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THAT FILLING STATION!

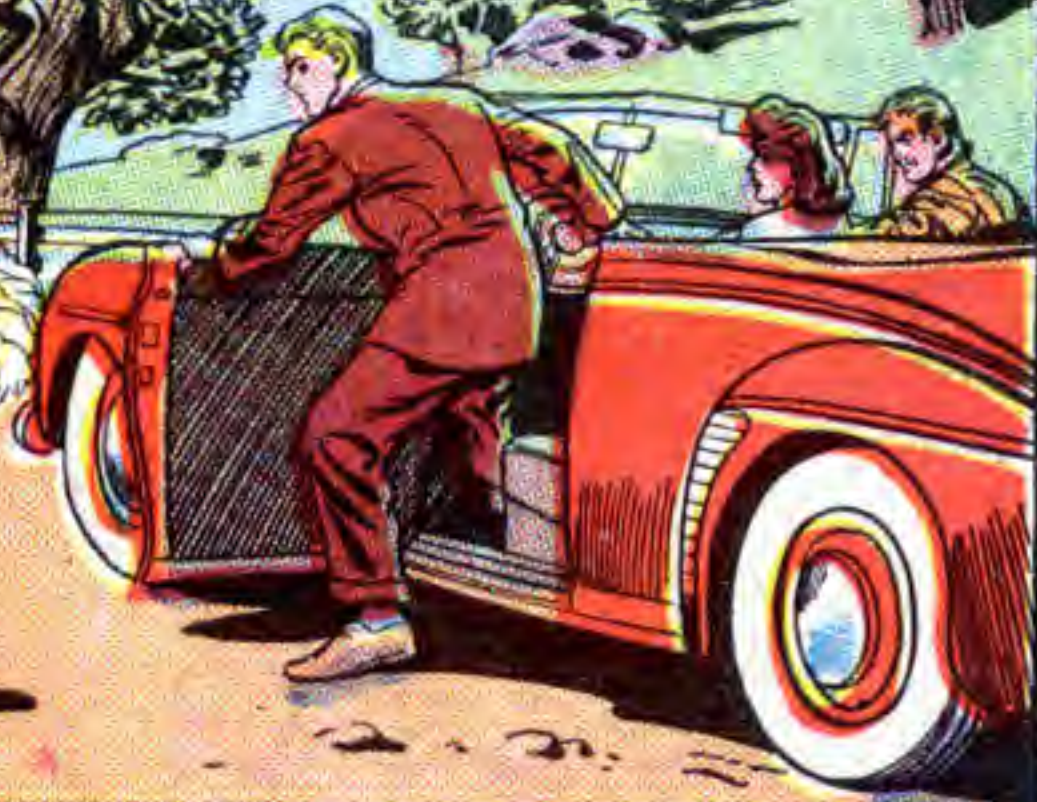
BOOM!



ONE SIDE, FOLKS! BLAST REPORTED BACK YONDER!



STATE TROOPERS... TROUBLE... TAKE OVER, KIM! CAPTAIN TRIUMPH MAY BE NEEDED!



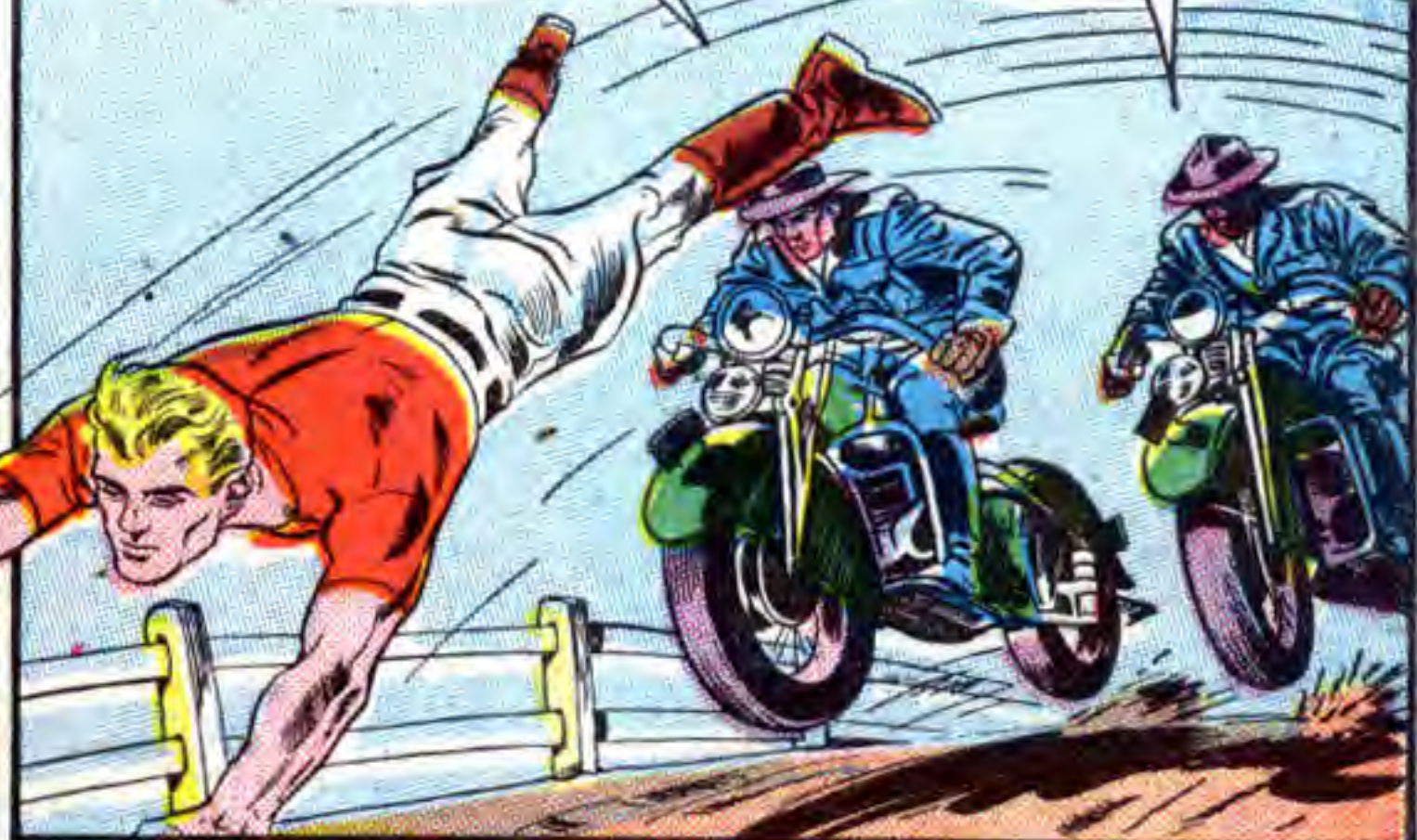
As Lance Gallant touches the mystic birthmark on his wrist.....

I KNOW THAT TUNE, LANCE! IT'S CALLED GET TOGETHER AND GO!



LOOKED LIKE A MAN JUMPING CLEAR OVER AND PAST US!

THEN IT MUST BE THAT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH GUY!



PARRO! HE'S DEAD!

WHAT HAPPENED? YOU TWO WERE ARGUING, AND NOW...

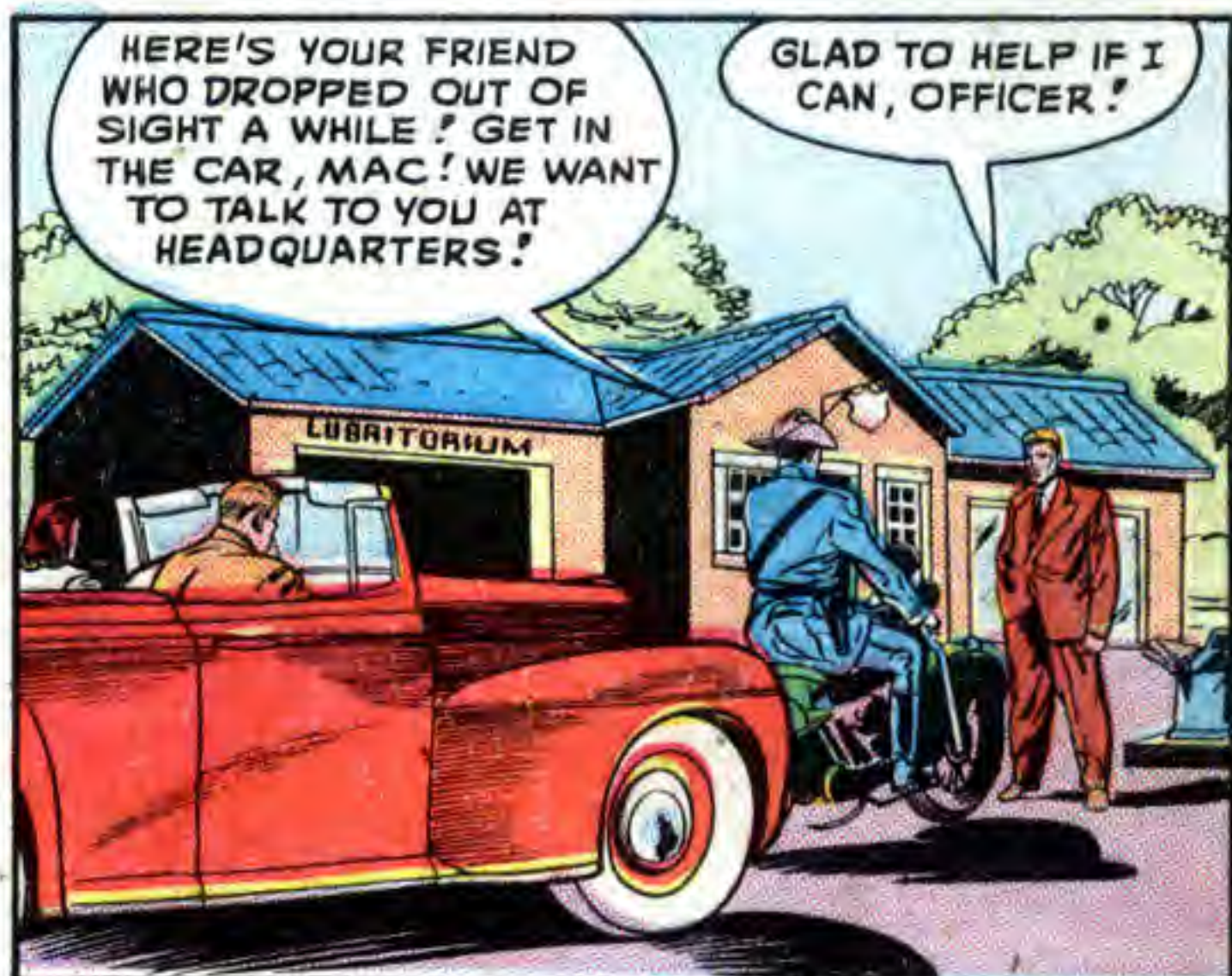


YOU KNEW OF OUR ARGUMENT? I WENT INTO THE STATION TO BREAK IT OFF! PARRO STOOD OUT HERE BY THE GAS PUMP!

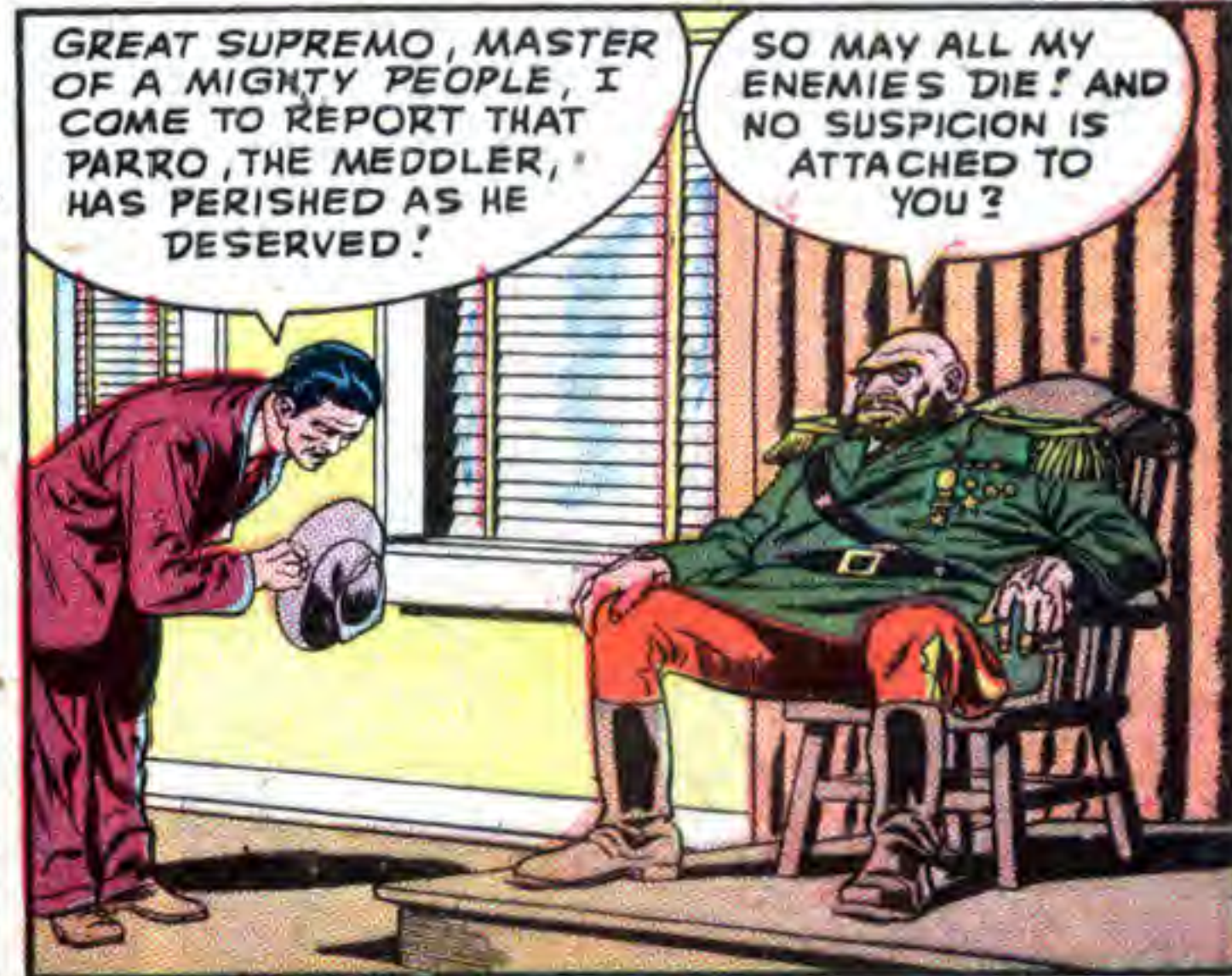
OKAY! WE'RE THE STATE POLICE! KEEP TALKING!

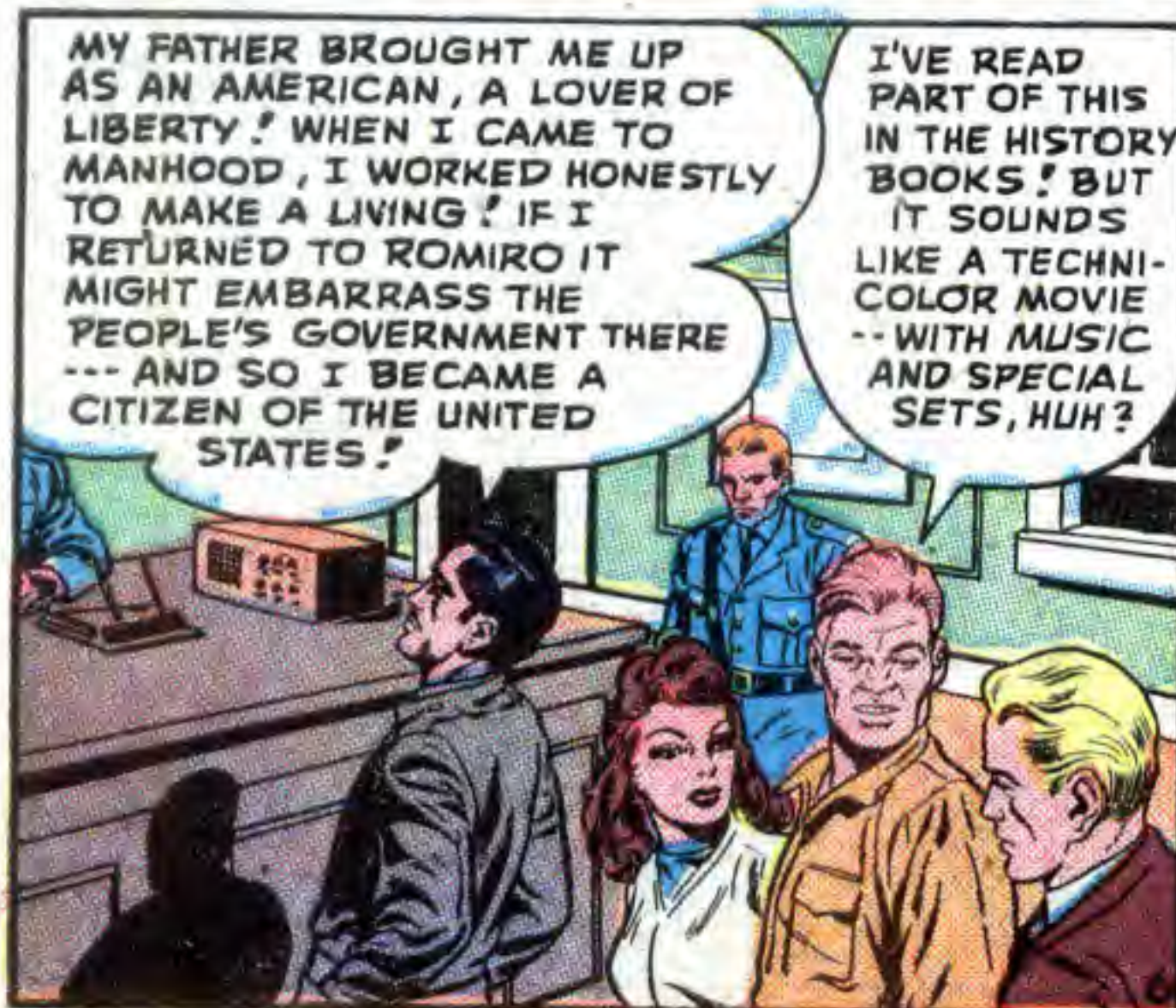


CRACK COMICS



One of the lurkers starts a hidden car and speeds cityward...but not alone!





IF PARRO WAS KILLED, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BY AGENTS OF THE PEOPLE IN ROMIRO WHO DO NOT WANT ME TO RETURN! I WILL ABIDE BY THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE MY FATHERS RULED--- I WILL REMAIN HERE AND BE A GOOD CITIZEN OF MY ADOPTED COUNTRY!

THIS IS PRETTY HIGH-FLOWN FOR ME. I'M CALLING THE ROMIRO CONSUL AND THE F.B.I.! MEANWHILE, ALL OF YOU STAY HERE IN CASE WE NEED YOU! PUT 'EM IN THE BACK ROOM, OFFICER!



Michael gets to the headquarters building ahead of Supremo's henchman...

YOU SEEM TO HAVE LED AN INTERESTING LIFE, YOUR MAJESTY!

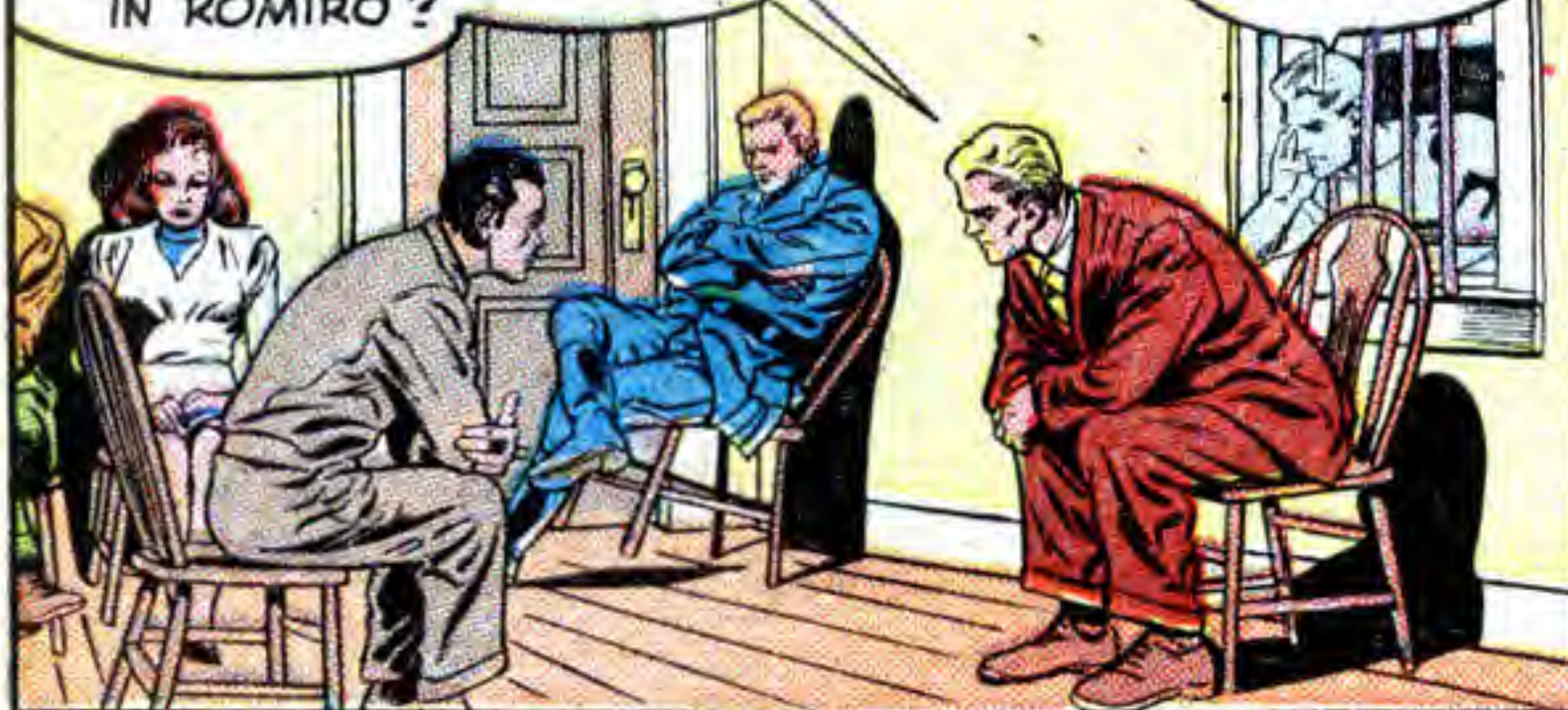
LESS OF THE MAJESTY, MR. BIFF! POOR PARRO INSISTED ON CALLING ME THAT--- AND IT LED TO HIS DEATH!



Only Lance can hear the disembodied voice of his twin brother's spirit...

WELL, MR. DEL REY... IF YOU PREFER THAT NAME--- WHAT EVIDENCE DO YOU HAVE THAT PARRO WAS TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT OPPRESSION IN ROMIRO?

PSST! LANCE! I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION!



I'VE SEEN SUPREMO... THE BIG, BAD TYRANT FROM THAT COUNTRY! PARRO WAS ON THE LEVEL ABOUT CARL'S TAKING THE THRONE! BUT SUPREMO WANTS TO PUT HIM ON THE THRONE AGAIN AND USE HIM FOR A STOOGES!

HOW DOES HE EXPECT TO DO THAT?



HE'S GOING TO RESCUE CARL FROM HERE AND MAKE HIM GRATEFUL SO THAT--- OH-OH!

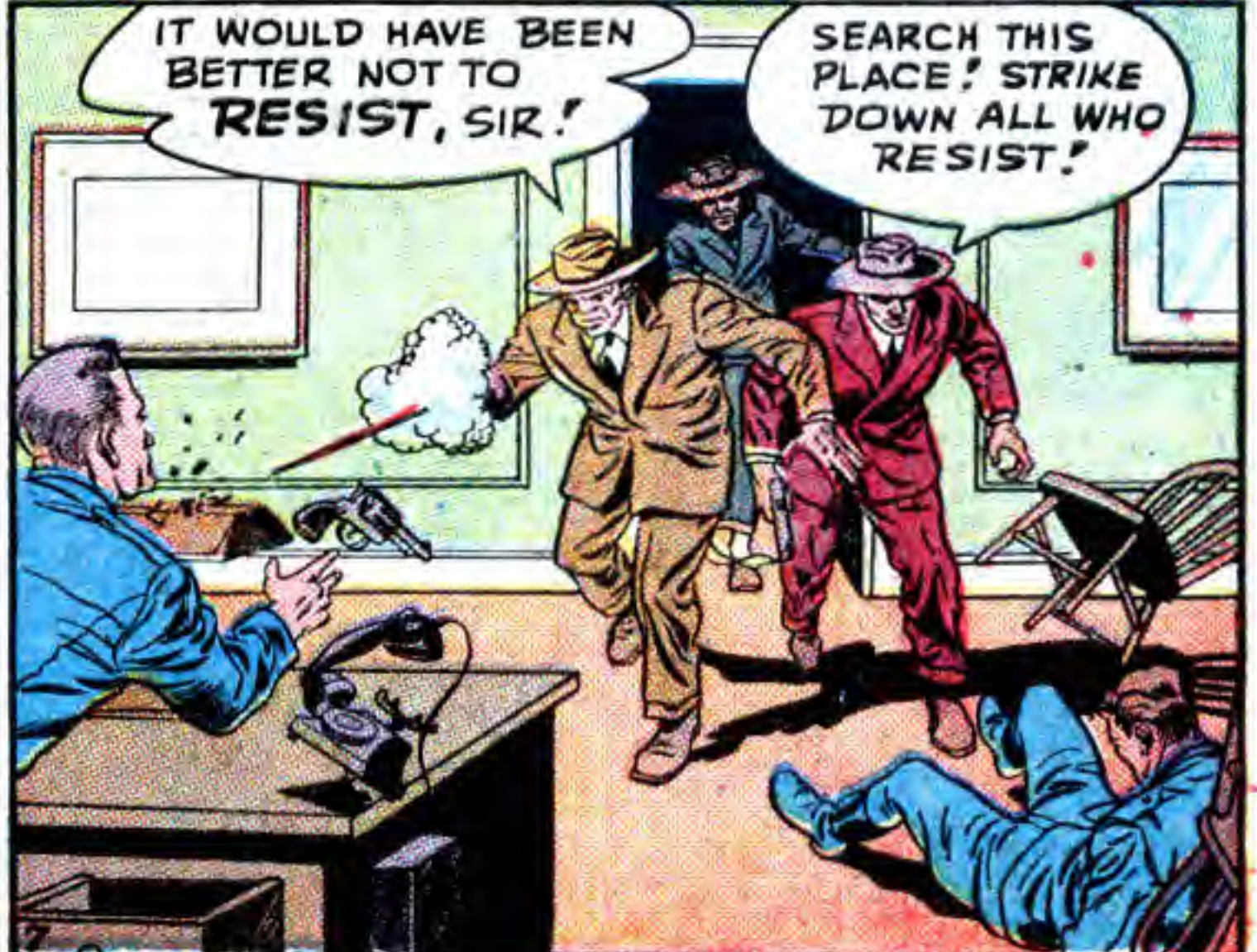
THERE IT COMES!

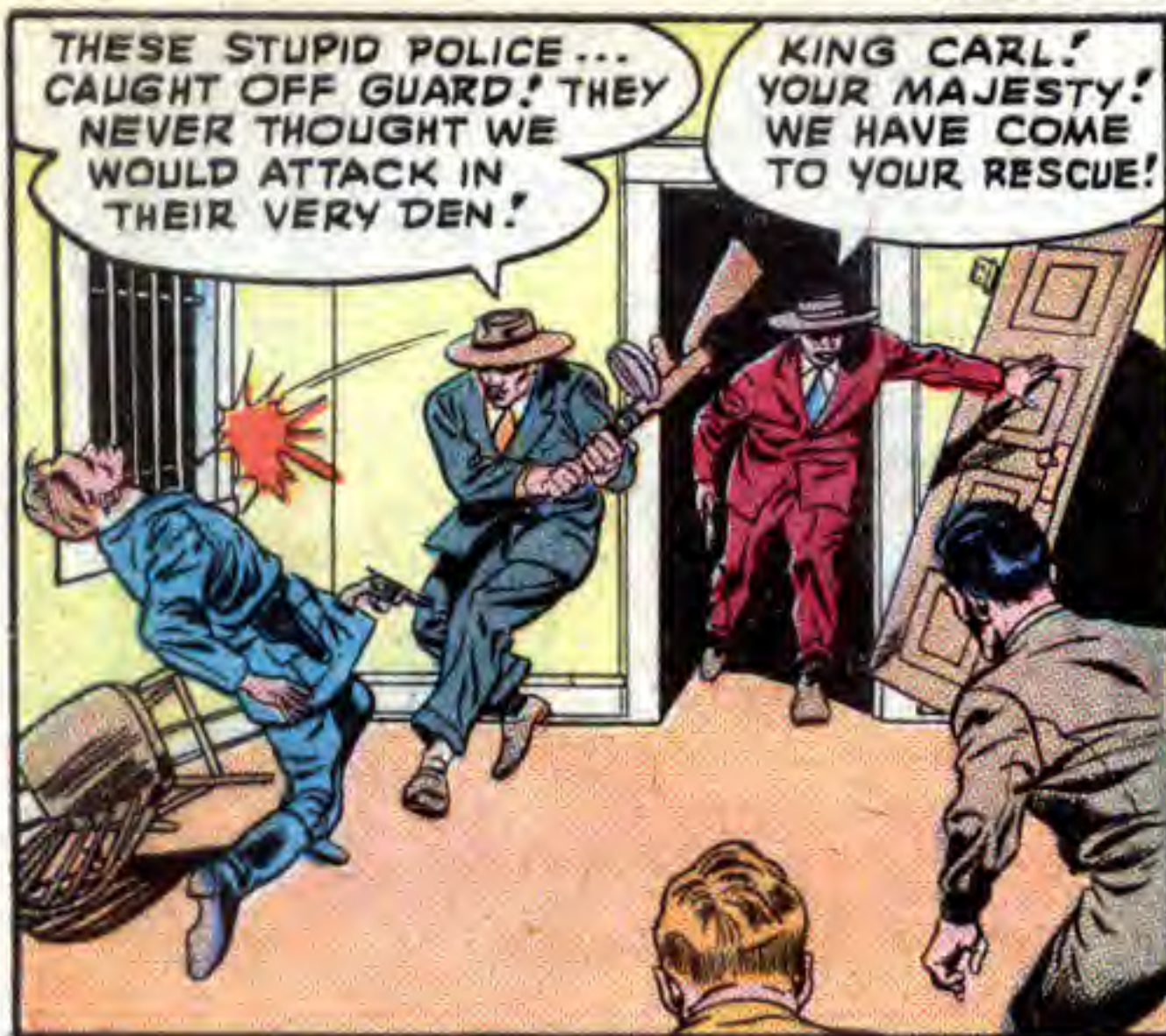
CRASH!
BOOM!

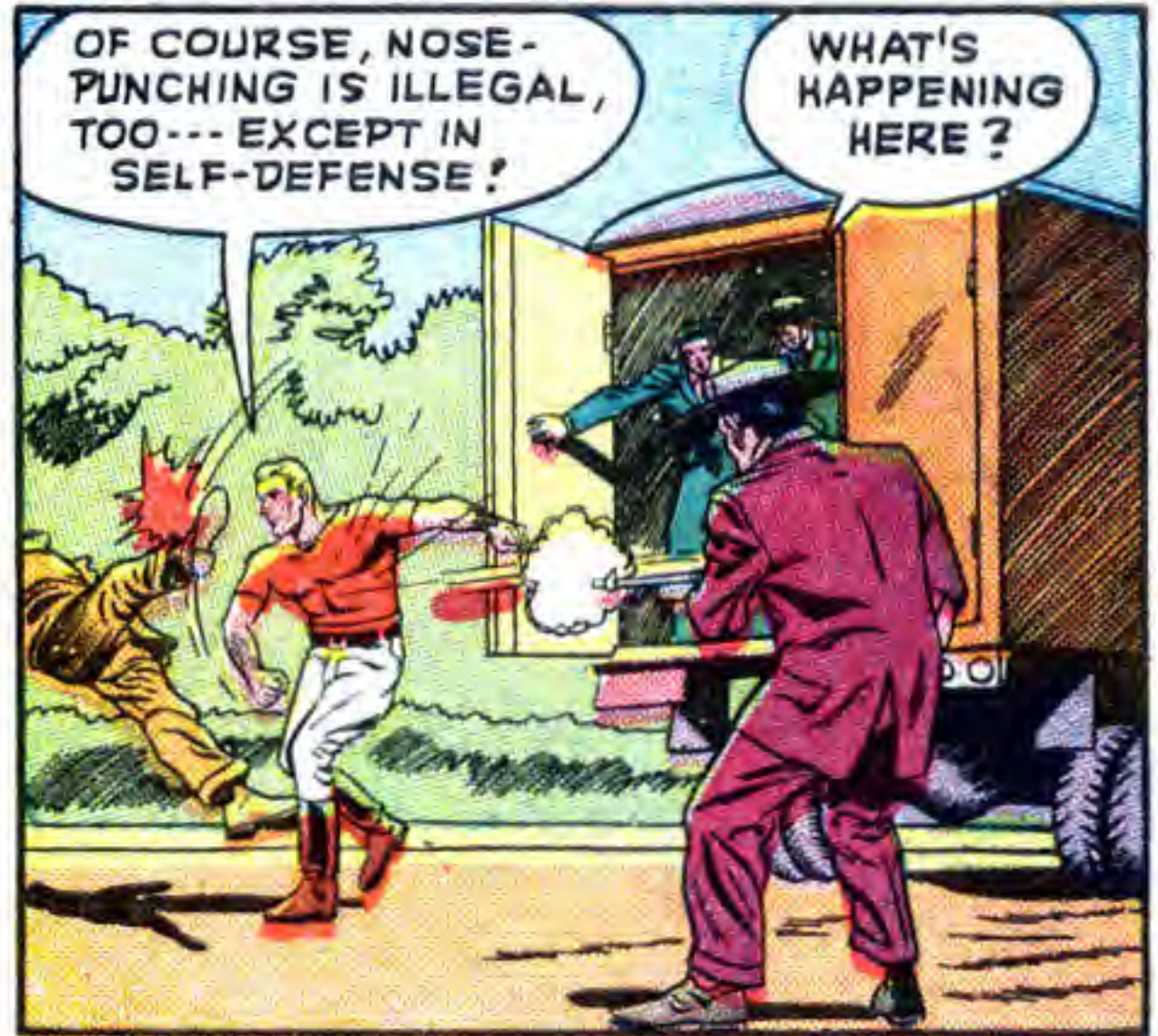
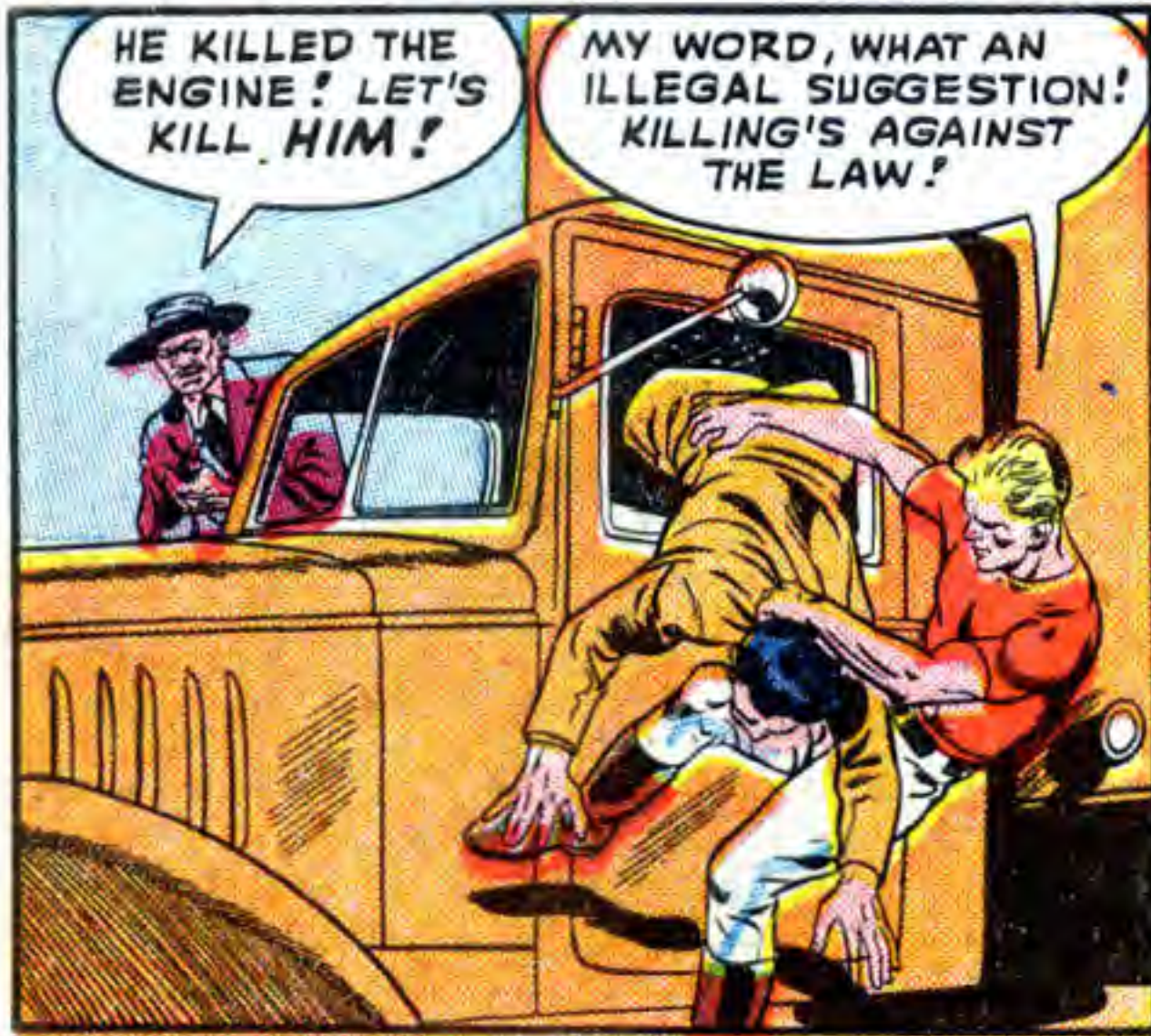
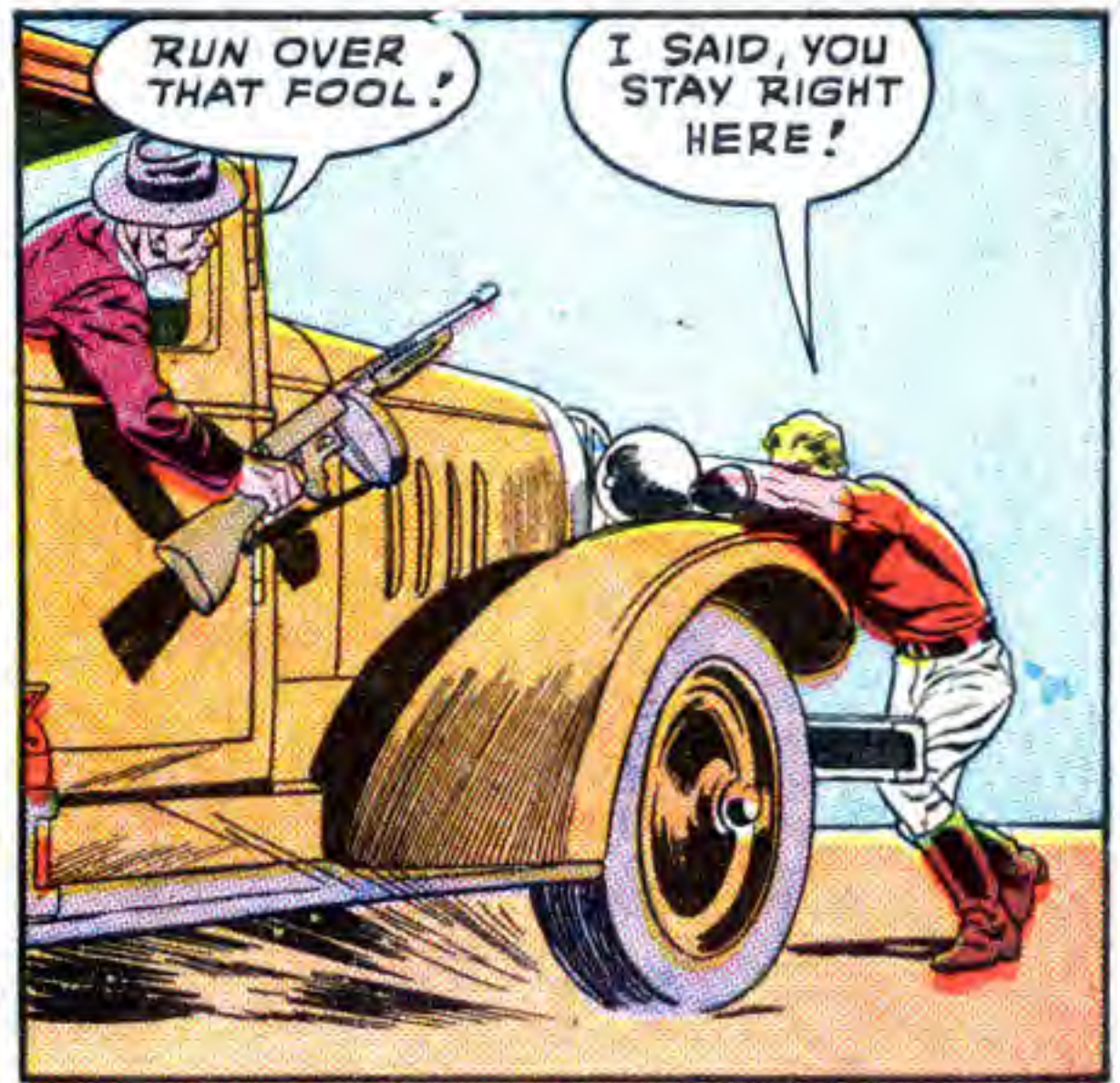
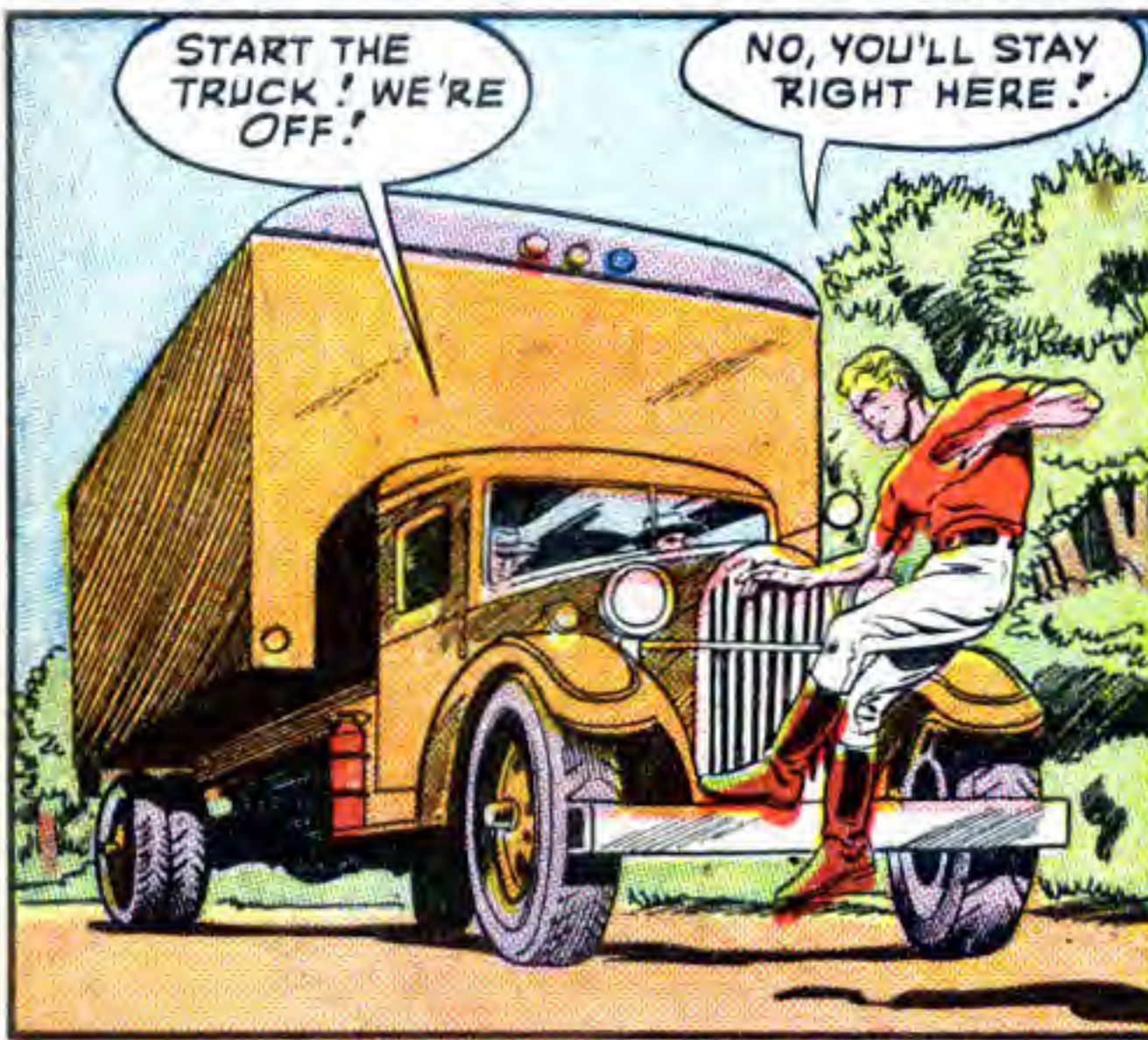


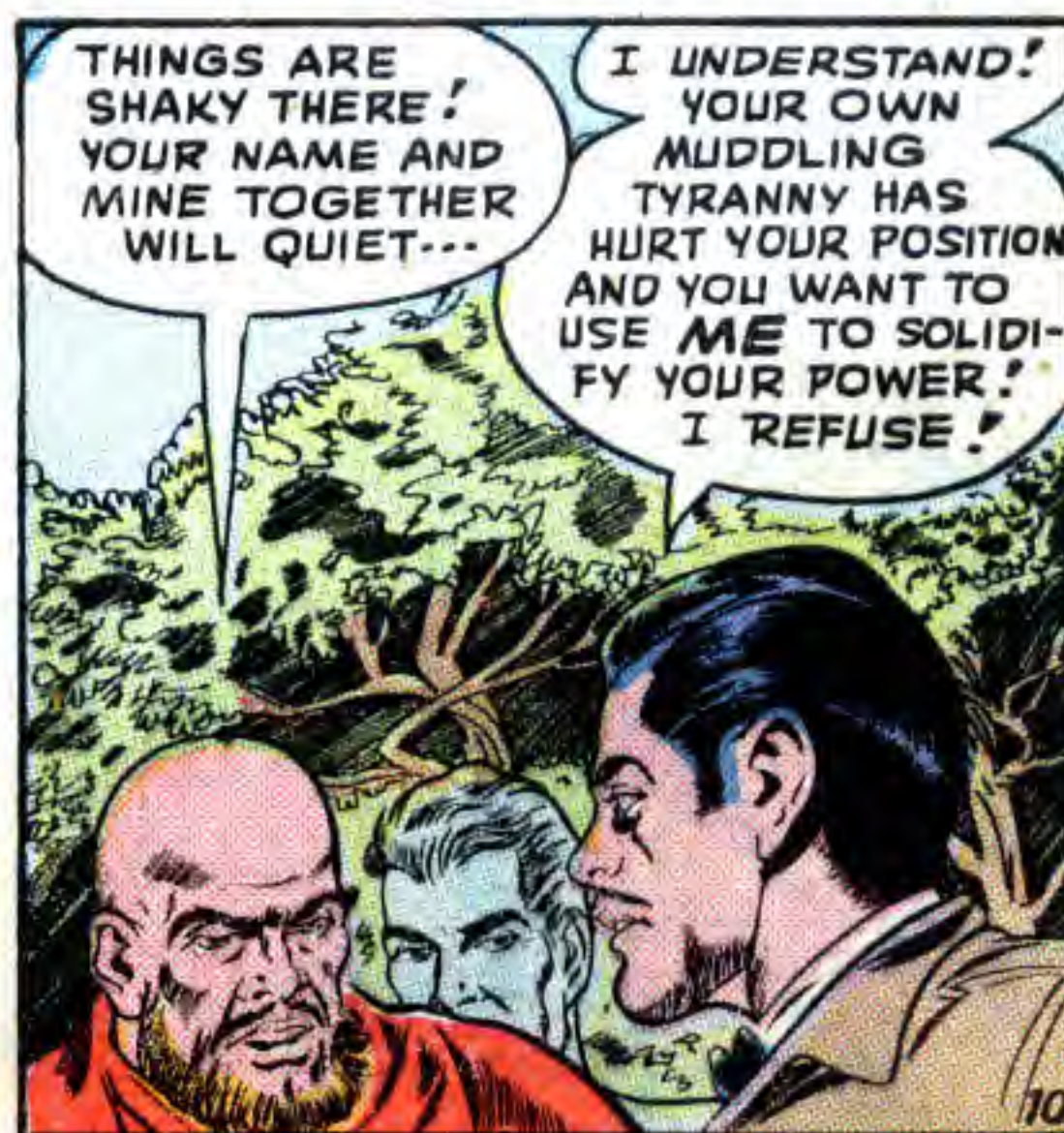
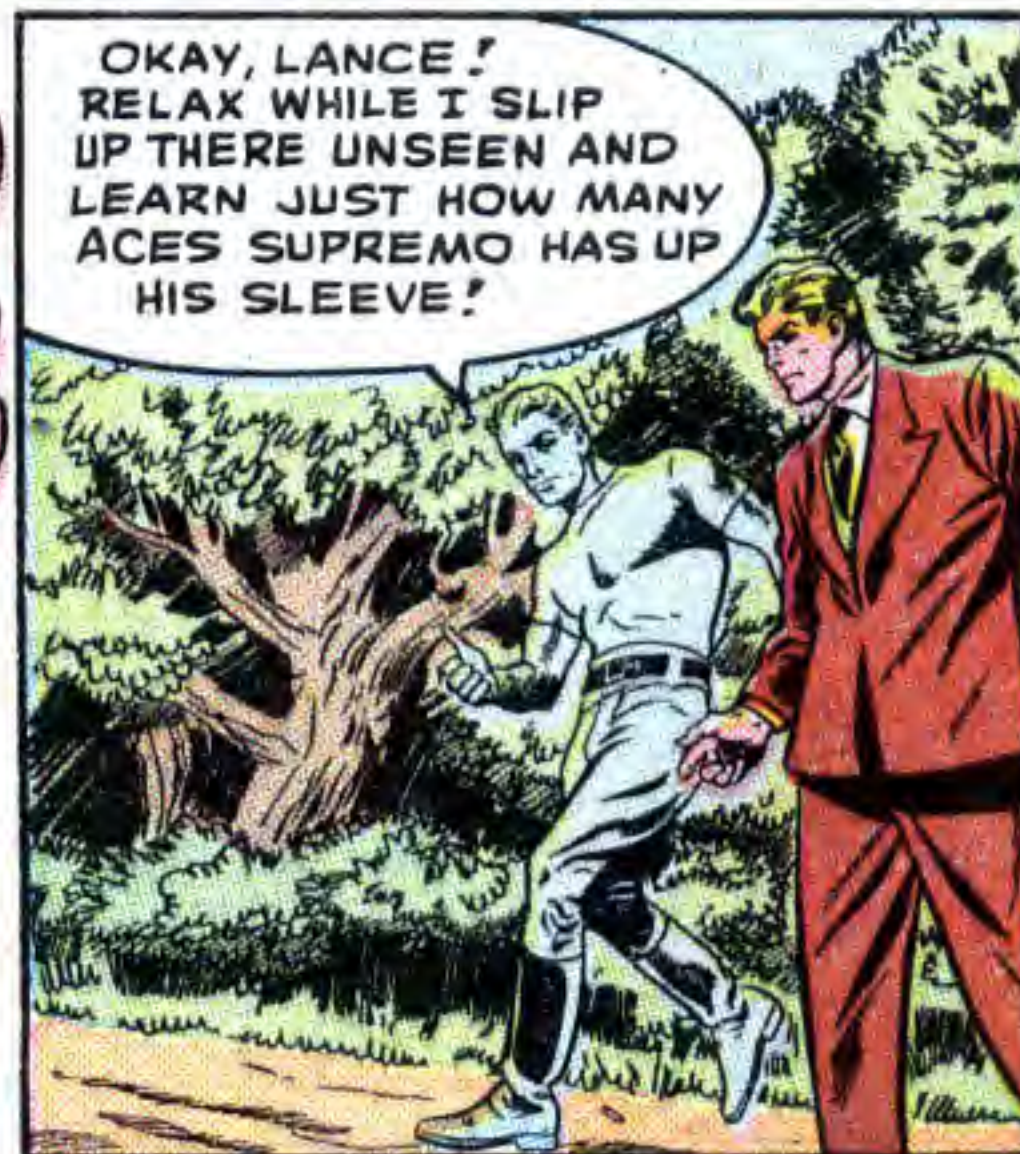
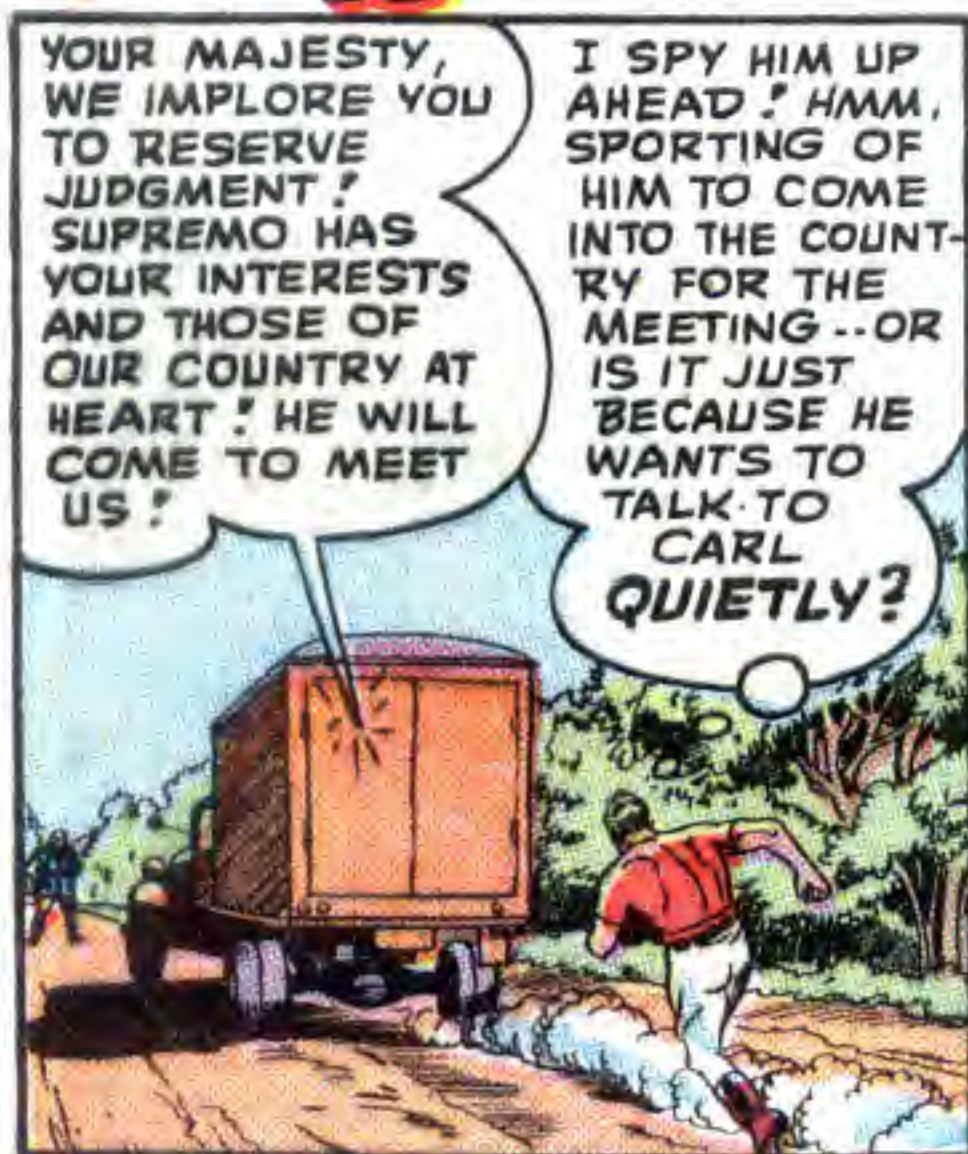
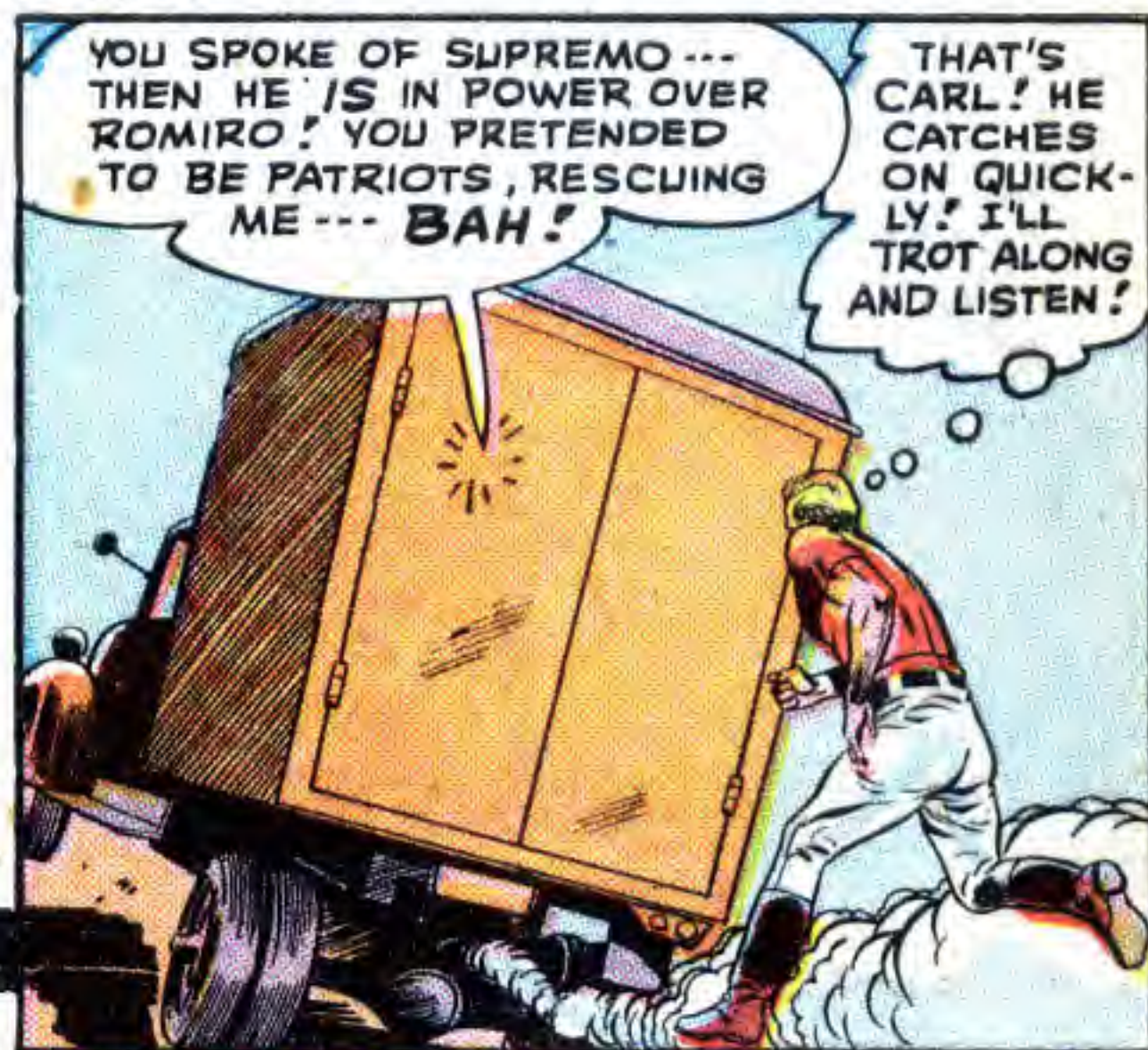
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER NOT TO RESIST, SIR!

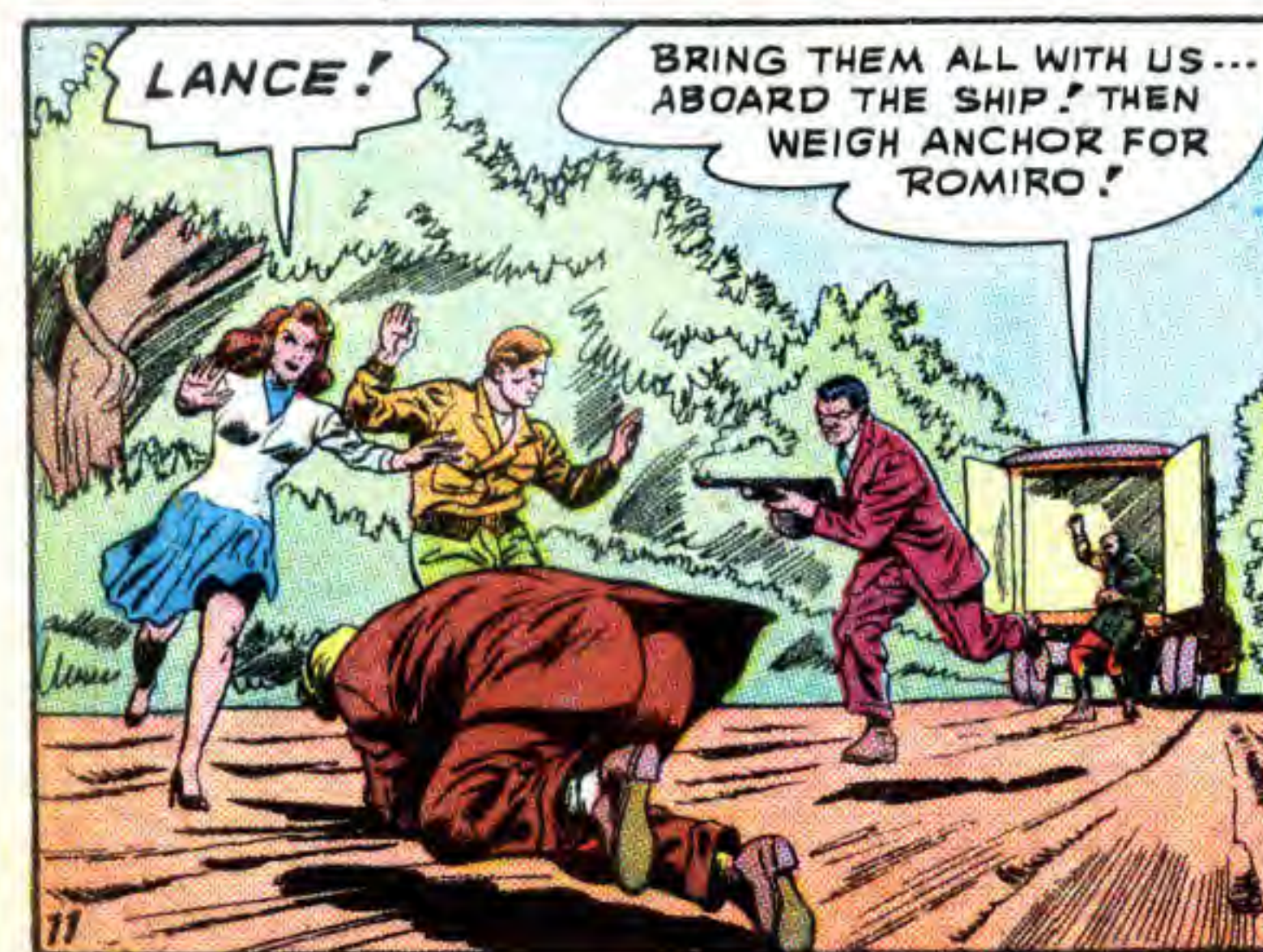
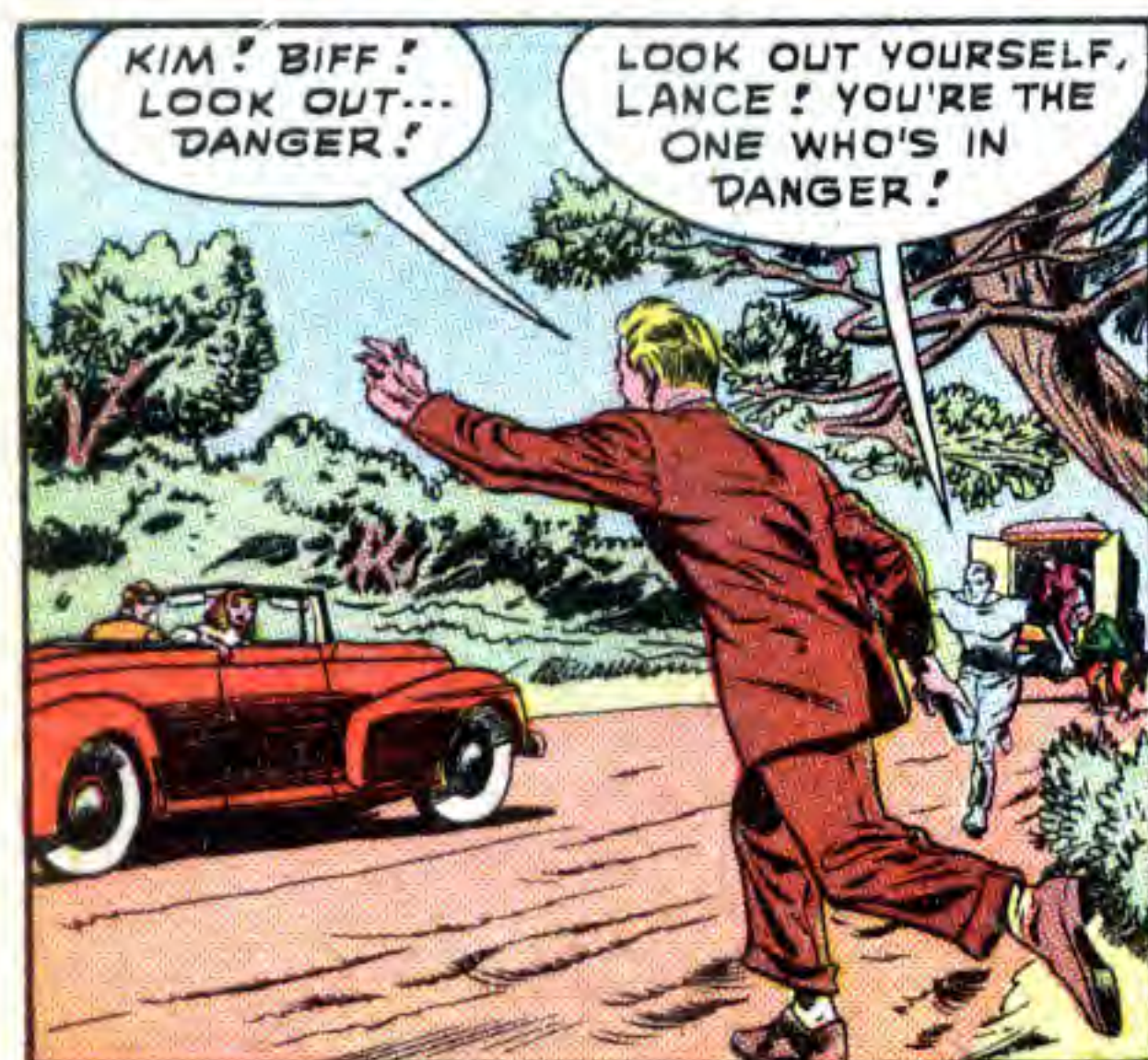
SEARCH THIS PLACE! STRIKE DOWN ALL WHO RESIST!













QUIET, LANCE! YOU'VE LOST A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF BLOOD! YOU MUSTN'T MOVE OR----

OR I'LL CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE, EH? THIS LOOKS LIKE THE HOLD OF A SHIP!



SHIP... THAT'S RIGHT, MY FRIEND! WE'RE ALL PRISONERS IN A SAILING VESSEL BOUND FOR ROMIRO --- IN THE POWER OF SUPREMO, THE TYRANT! NOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT I MEANT ABOUT PREFERRING TO BE A SIMPLE AMERICAN CITIZEN... NOT A KING!



MY GREATEST SORROW IS THAT YOU KIND FRIENDS SUFFER WITH ME! I WOULD NOT HAVE DISASTER STRIKE YOU IF I COULD HELP IT...

MAYBE IT CAN BE HELPED! BIFF, KIM... REACH OUT FROM BOTH SIDES AND SHOVE MY HANDS TOGETHER!



POOR, BRAVE, NOBLE FELLOW! I FEAR HIS LAST MOMENT HAS COME!

AN INCH FARTHER FROM YOUR SIDE, KIM! WE CAN MAKE IT--- I THINK--- I PRAY---

As Lance's hands come together, he exerts his last ounce of feeble strength to rub the birthmark...



And Captain Triumph appears, his matchless vitality cancelling out the deadly wounds that afflicted Lance Gallant!

WELL, WELL, WELL! SO WE'VE GONE TO SEA, HAVE WE? HOW CONVENIENT... IT'LL BE EASY TO SETTLE WITH SUPREMO AND HIS BLACKGUARDS!



YOU... I REMEMBER YOU... YOU MUST BE...

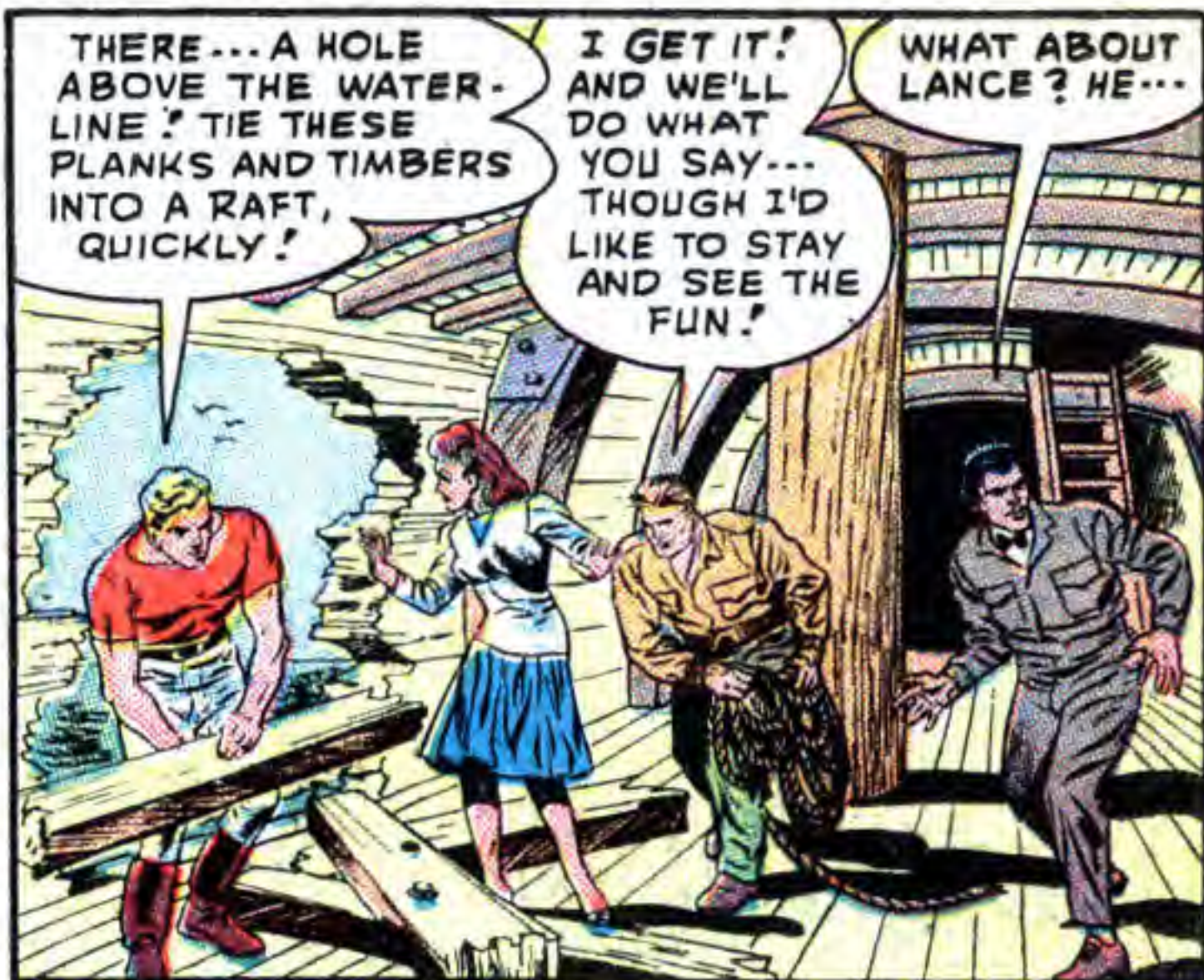
YES, CARL DEL REY! I AM CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, AT YOUR SERVICE! LET ME RELIEVE YOU OF THIS CUMBERSOME HARDWARE!

QUICK, BIFF! FIX THE BLANKET SO IT LOOKS AS IF LANCE IS STILL THERE!



AH! YOU FREE MY OTHER FRIENDS... ONE IS NEAR DEATH, BUT THE REST OF US CAN RUSH OUT AND FIGHT---

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! I'LL SEND YOU PEOPLE SAFELY AWAY BEFORE I GIVE SUPREMO WHAT HE DESERVES!



THERE... A HOLE ABOVE THE WATER-LINE! TIE THESE PLANKS AND TIMBERS INTO A RAFT, QUICKLY!

I GET IT! AND WE'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY... THOUGH I'D LIKE TO STAY AND SEE THE FUN!

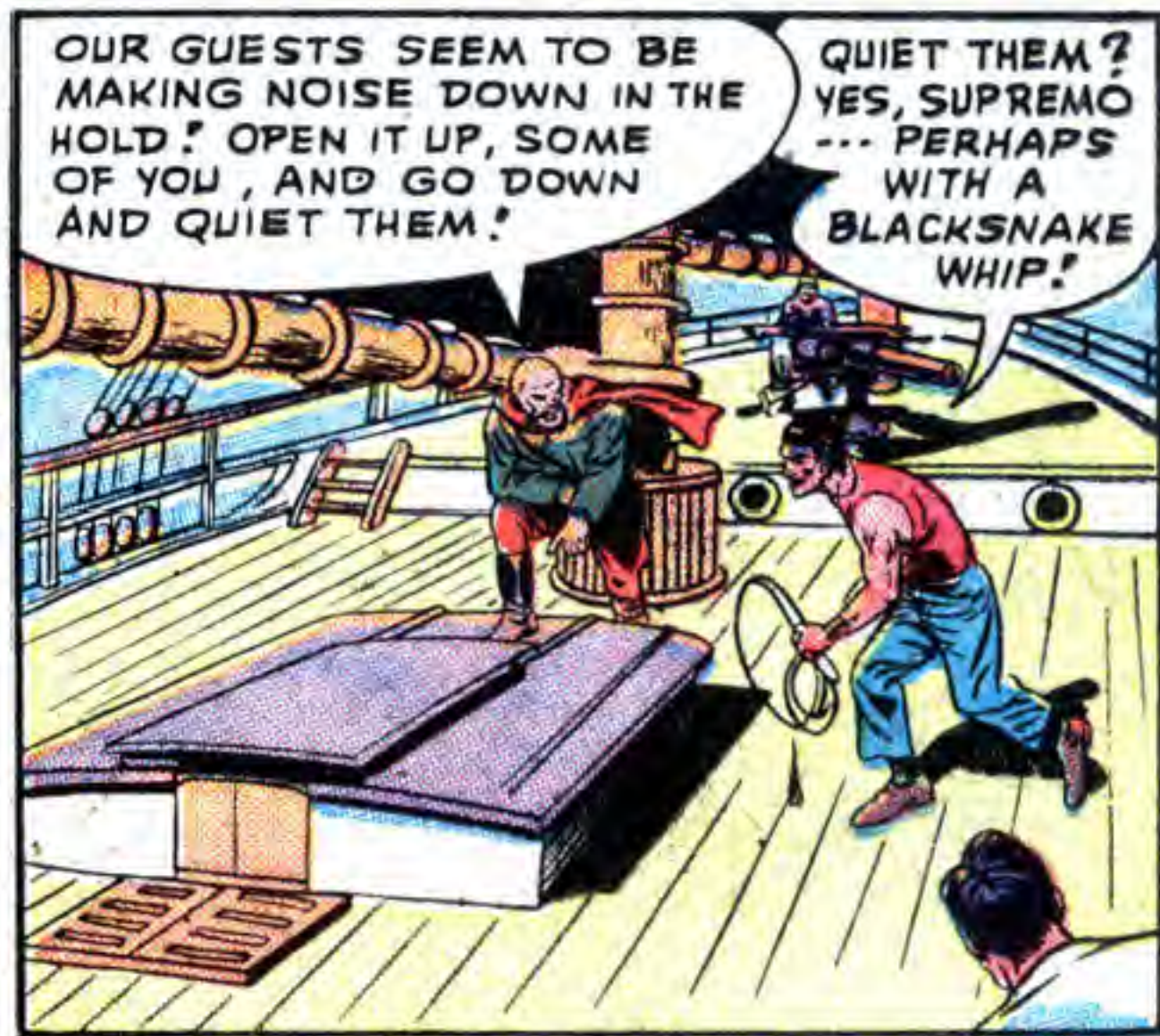
WHAT ABOUT LANCE? HE...



OH-OH! I CAN'T LET CARL KNOW THE SECRET OF CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

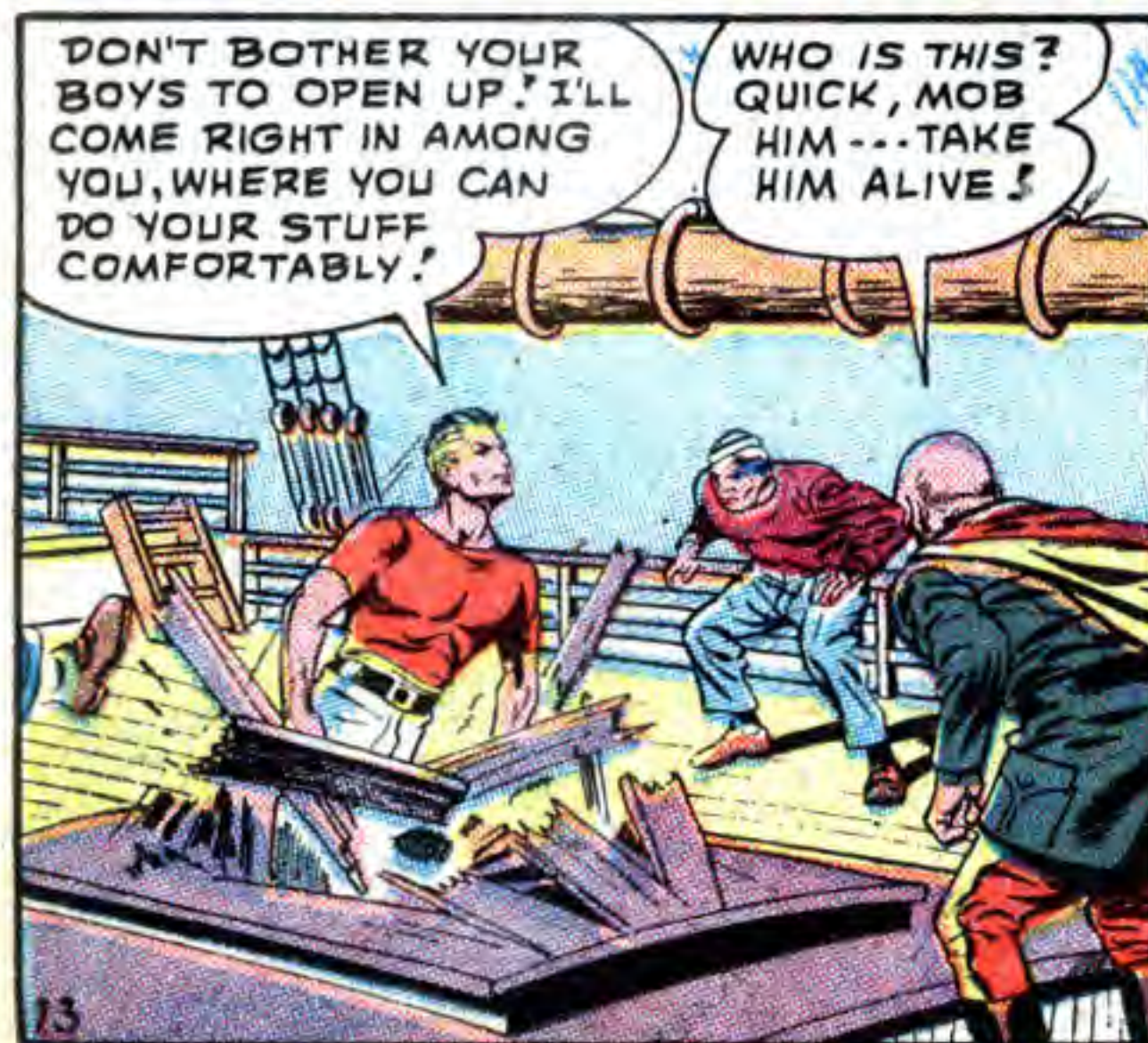
HE CAN'T STAND THE EXPOSURE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! NOW GET CLEAR OF THIS TUB! SUPREMO AND HIS PALS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT IT'S OVERDUE IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER THIS INSTANT!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! IF WE CAN'T WATCH, WE'LL LISTEN!



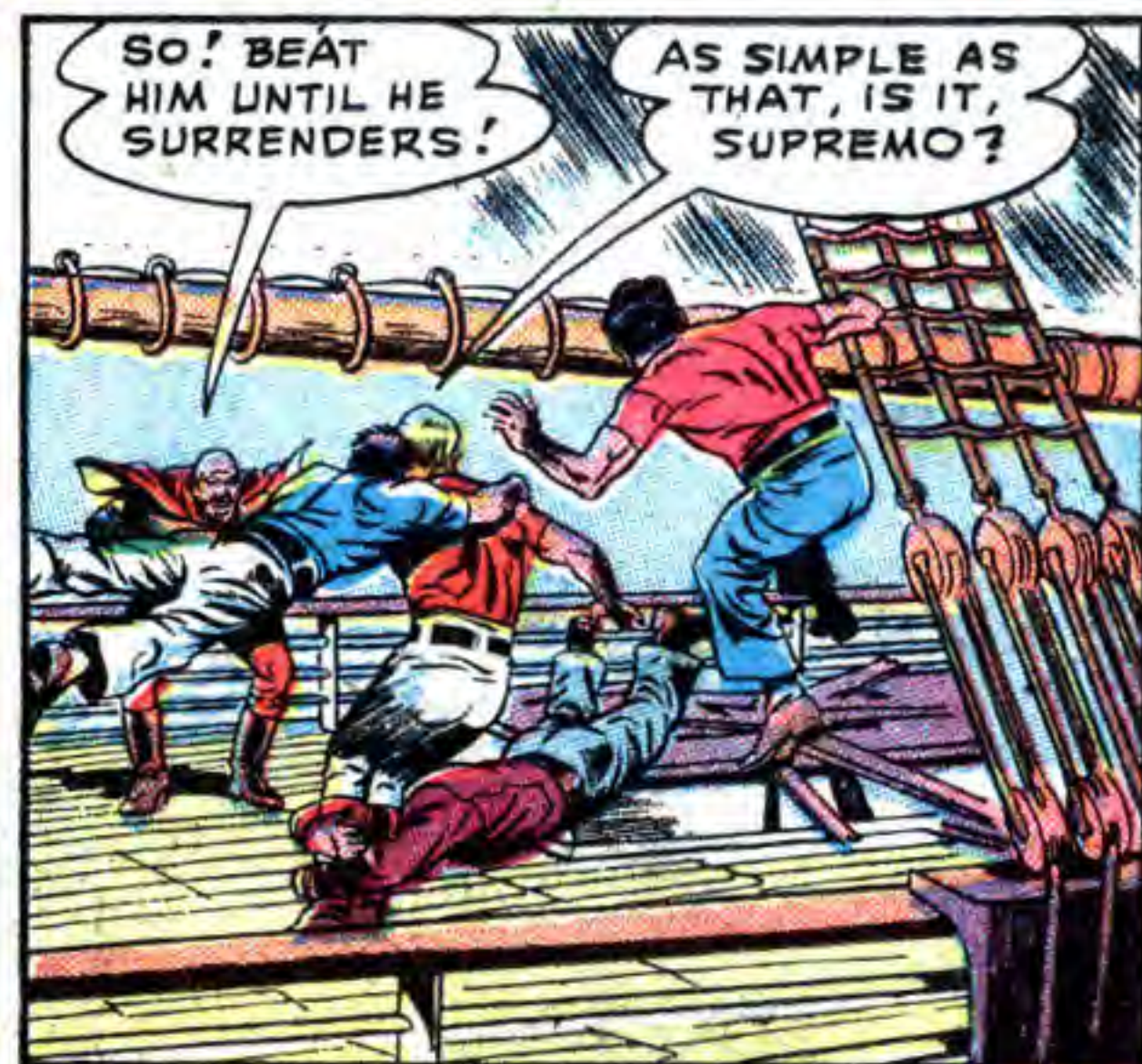
OUR GUESTS SEEM TO BE MAKING NOISE DOWN IN THE HOLD! OPEN IT UP, SOME OF YOU, AND GO DOWN AND QUIET THEM!

QUIET THEM? YES, SUPREMO... PERHAPS WITH A BLACKSNAKE WHIP!



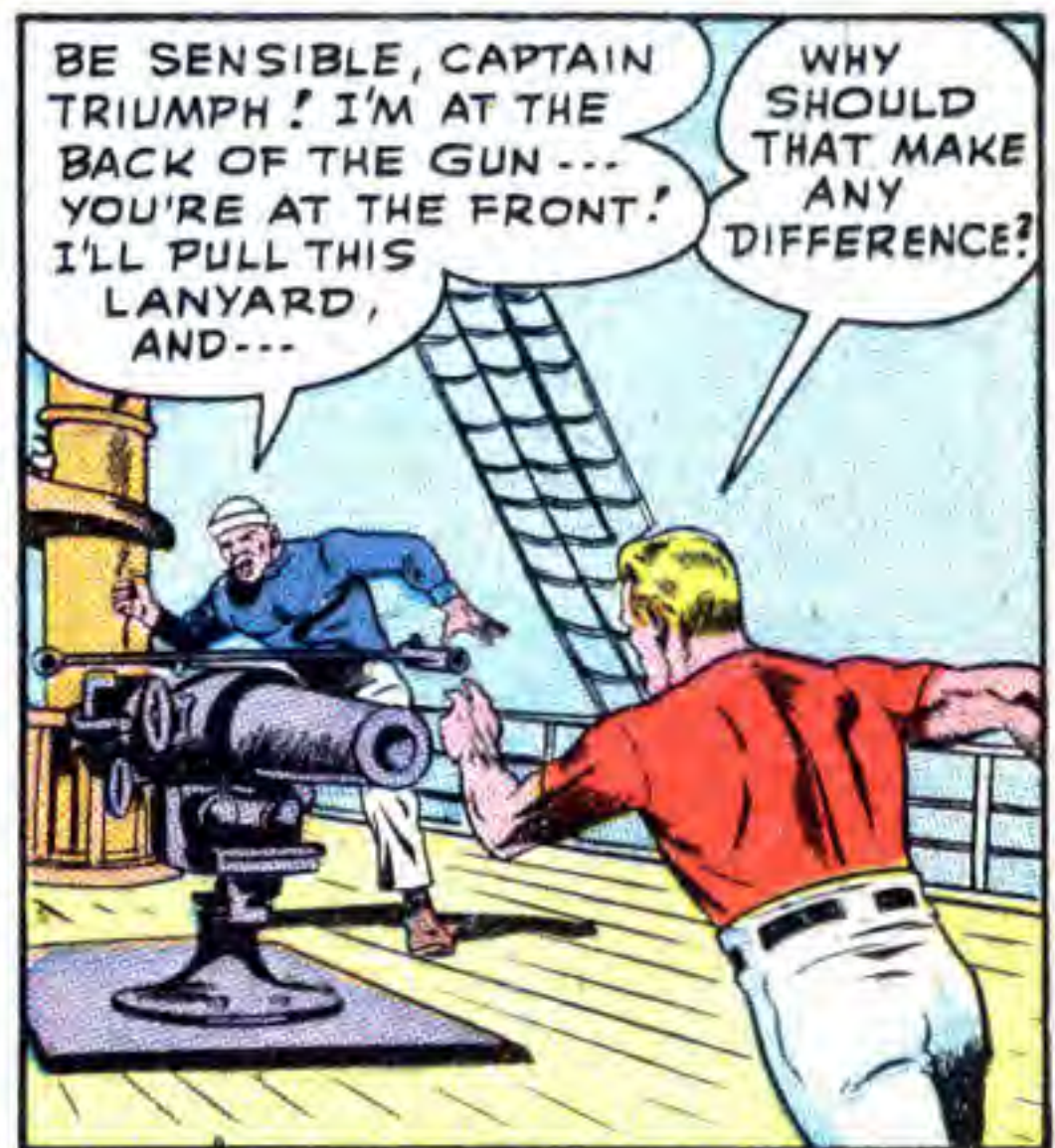
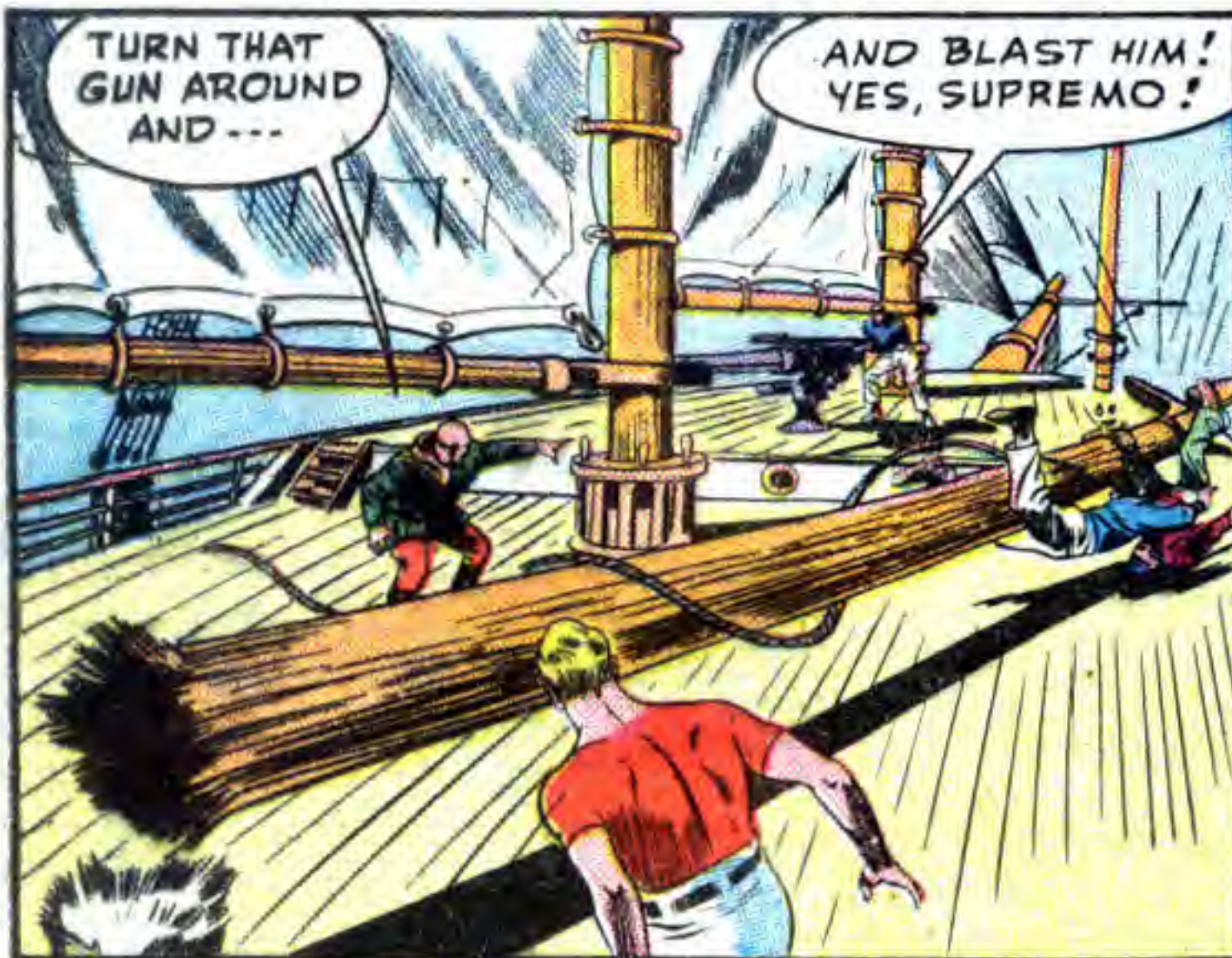
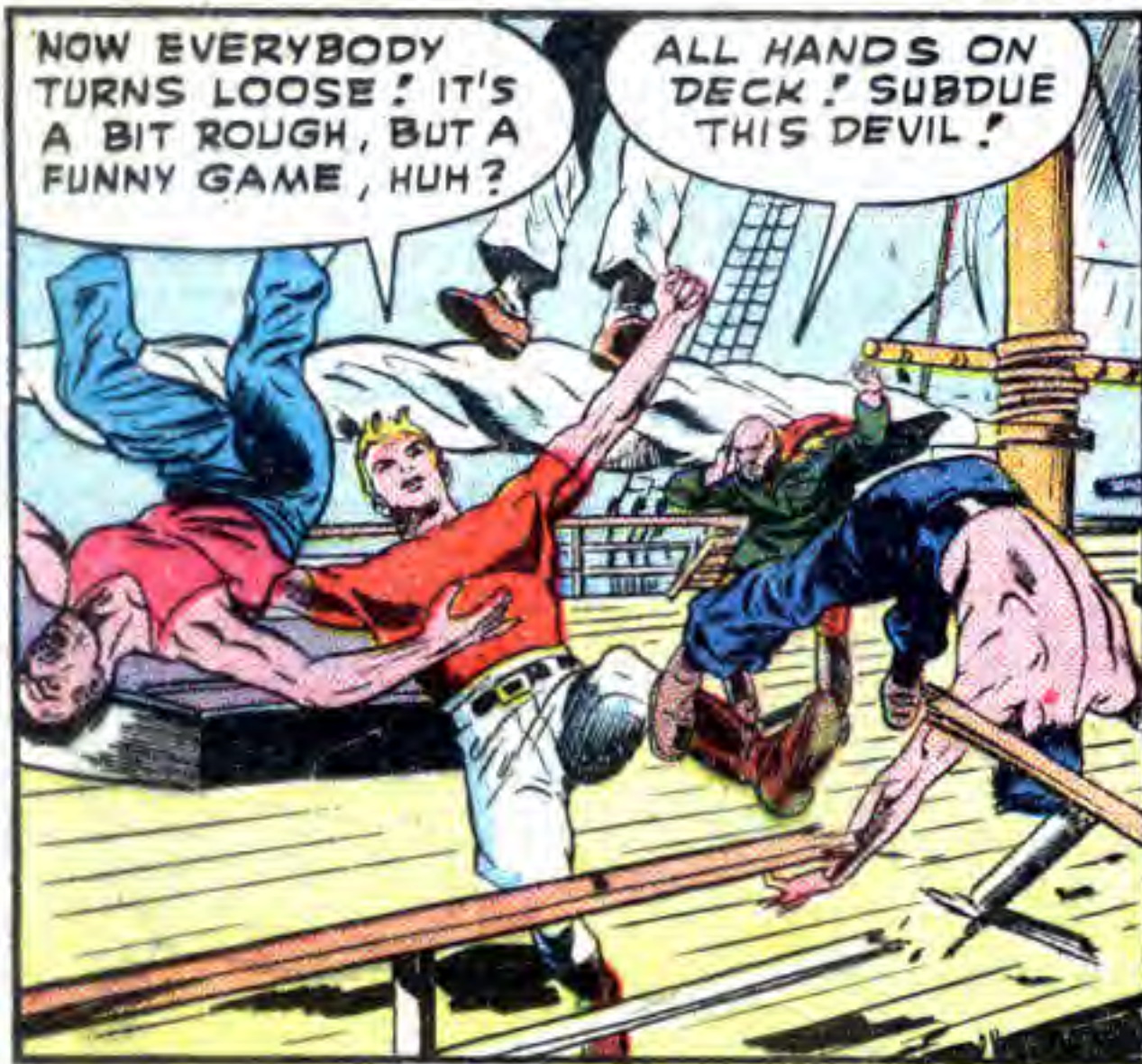
DON'T BOTHER YOUR BOYS TO OPEN UP! I'LL COME RIGHT IN AMONG YOU, WHERE YOU CAN DO YOUR STUFF COMFORTABLY!

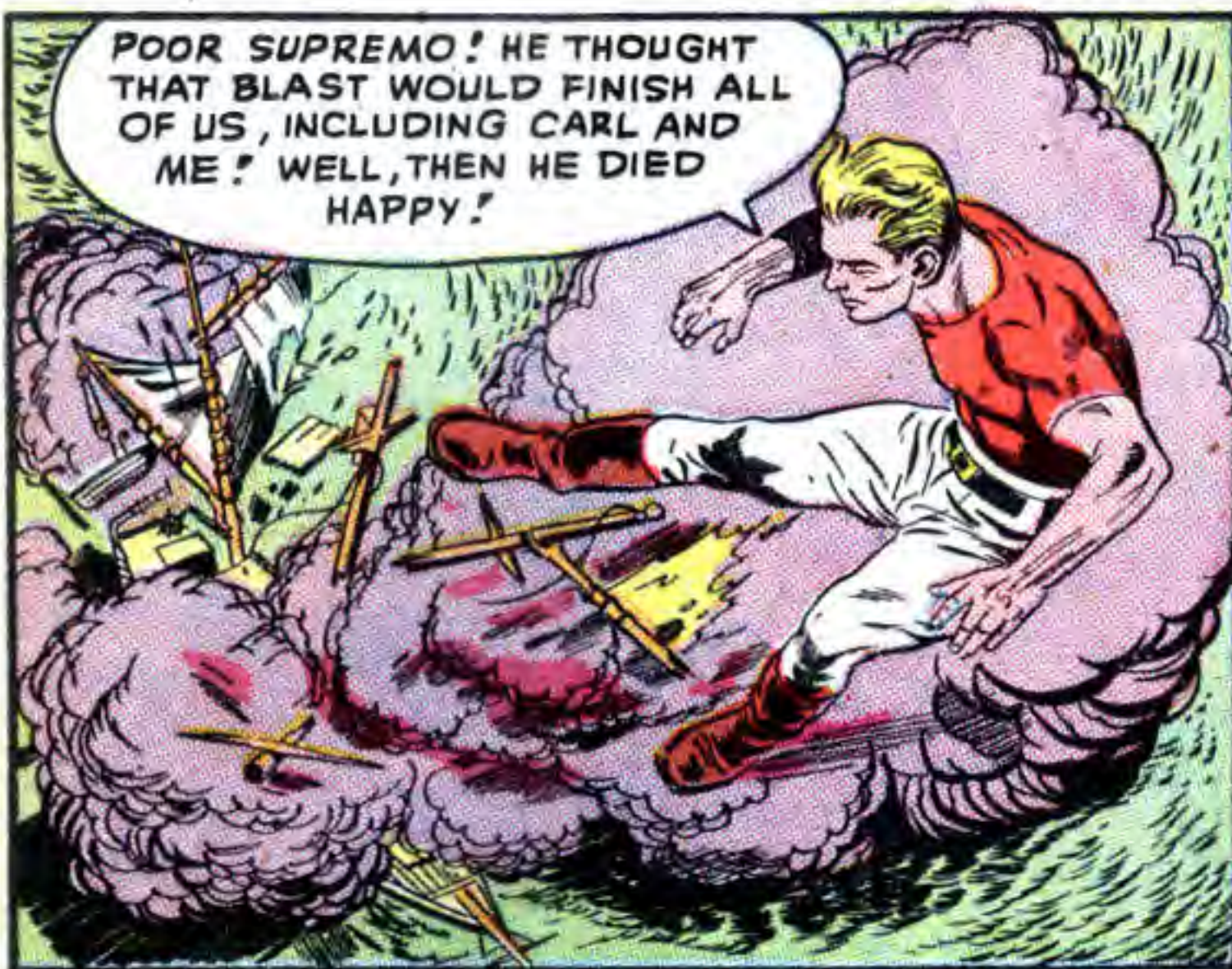
WHO IS THIS? QUICK, MOB HIM... TAKE HIM ALIVE!



SO! BEAT HIM UNTIL HE SURRENDERS!

AS SIMPLE AS THAT, IS IT, SUPREMO?





POOR SUPREMO! HE THOUGHT THAT BLAST WOULD FINISH ALL OF US, INCLUDING CARL AND ME! WELL, THEN HE DIED HAPPY!



Later...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, YOU ESCAPED FROM THAT EXPLOSION! BUT WHAT ABOUT LANCE --- AND SUPREMO?

I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE WORTHWHILE HOLDING A FUNERAL FOR SUPREMO! AS FOR LANCE-- HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT! BIFF, YOU'LL FIND HIM AT HOME WHEN YOU GET THERE!

I GETCHA, CAP!



NOW TOSS ME THAT END OF ROPE AND I'LL TOW YOU TO SHORE!

DON'T BE TOO SURPRISED ABOUT ALL THIS, CARL! CAPTAIN TRIUMPH IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING --- AND I KNOW LANCE IS SAFE, AS HE SAYS!



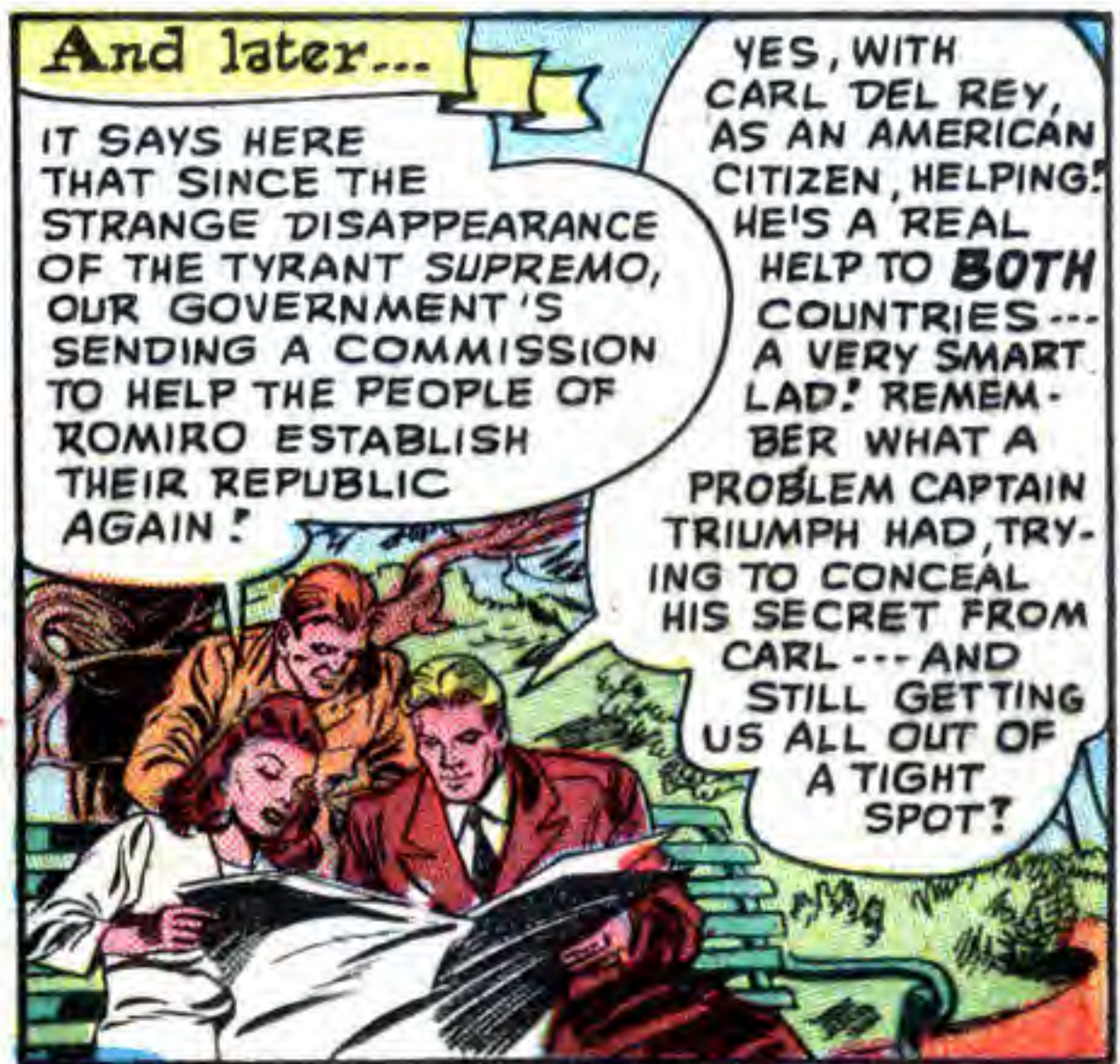
WHAT A MAN, HUH? AND HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY REWARDS --- REFUSES ANY HONORS!

KNOWING HIM HAS CONVINCED ME THAT I WILL DO WELL TO REMAIN A CITIZEN OF MY NEW COUNTRY!



HOME AGAIN! AMERICA! I REMEMBER THE F.B.I. WAS NOTIFIED --- I WILL PRESENT MYSELF AND TELL MY STORY!

AND I'LL SLIP AWAY, TOUCH THE BIRTHMARK AND WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT TIME I'M NEEDED!

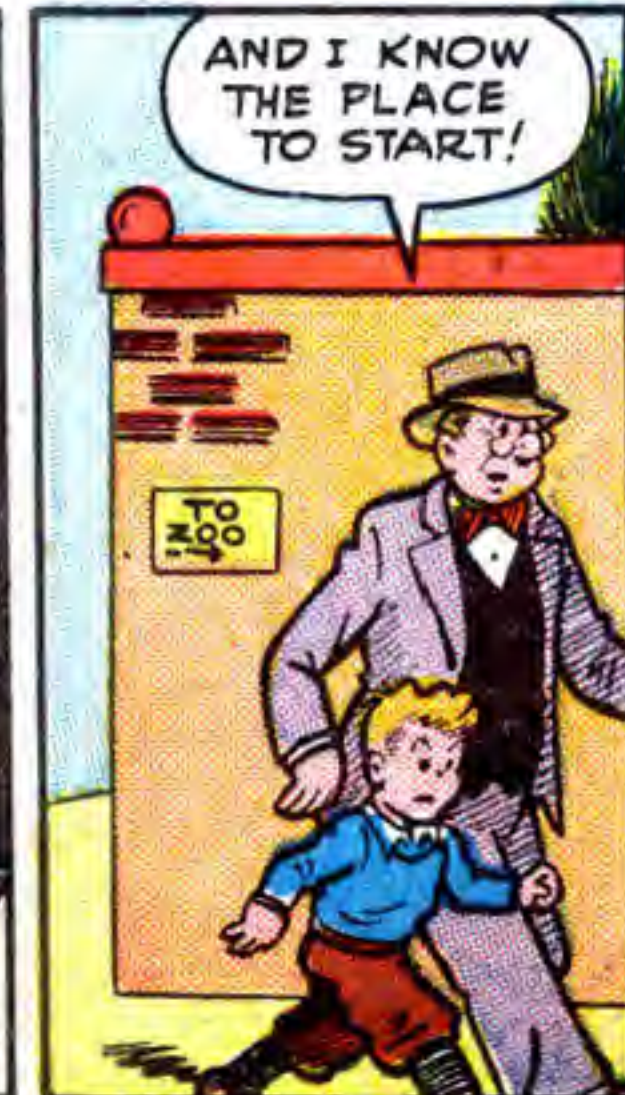
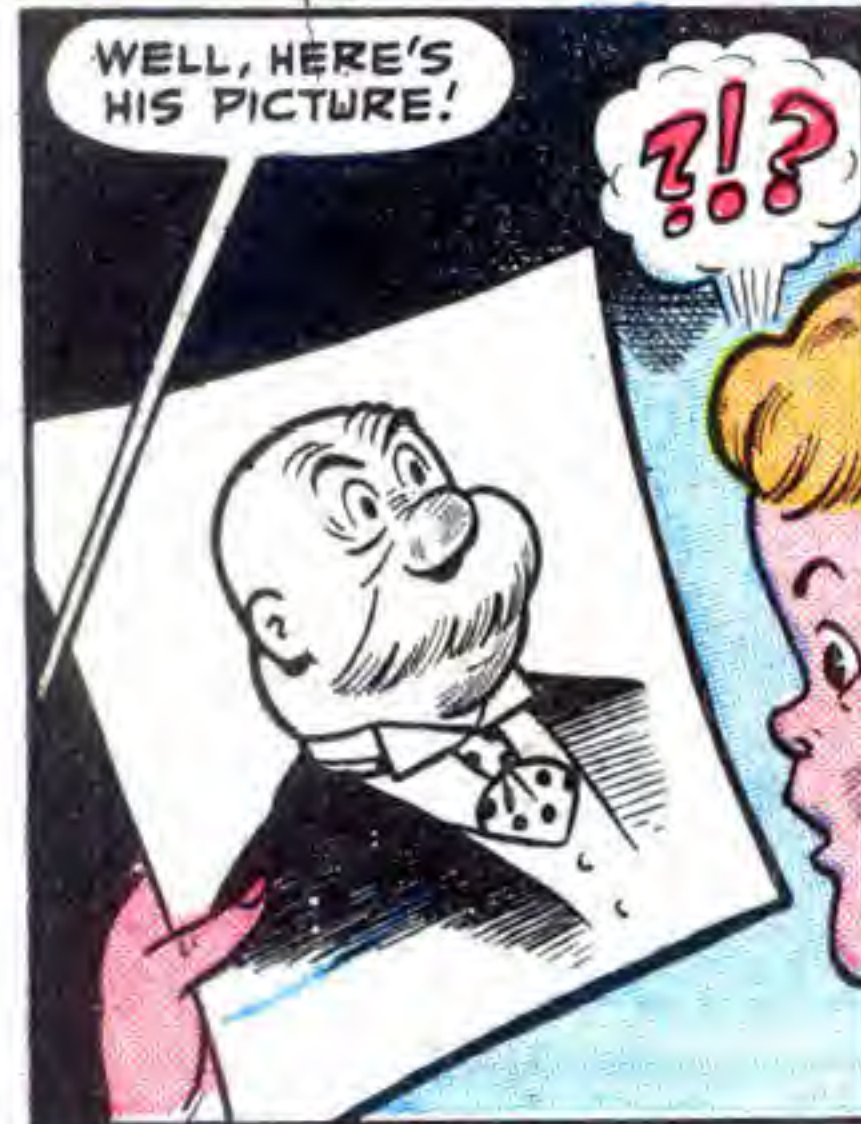
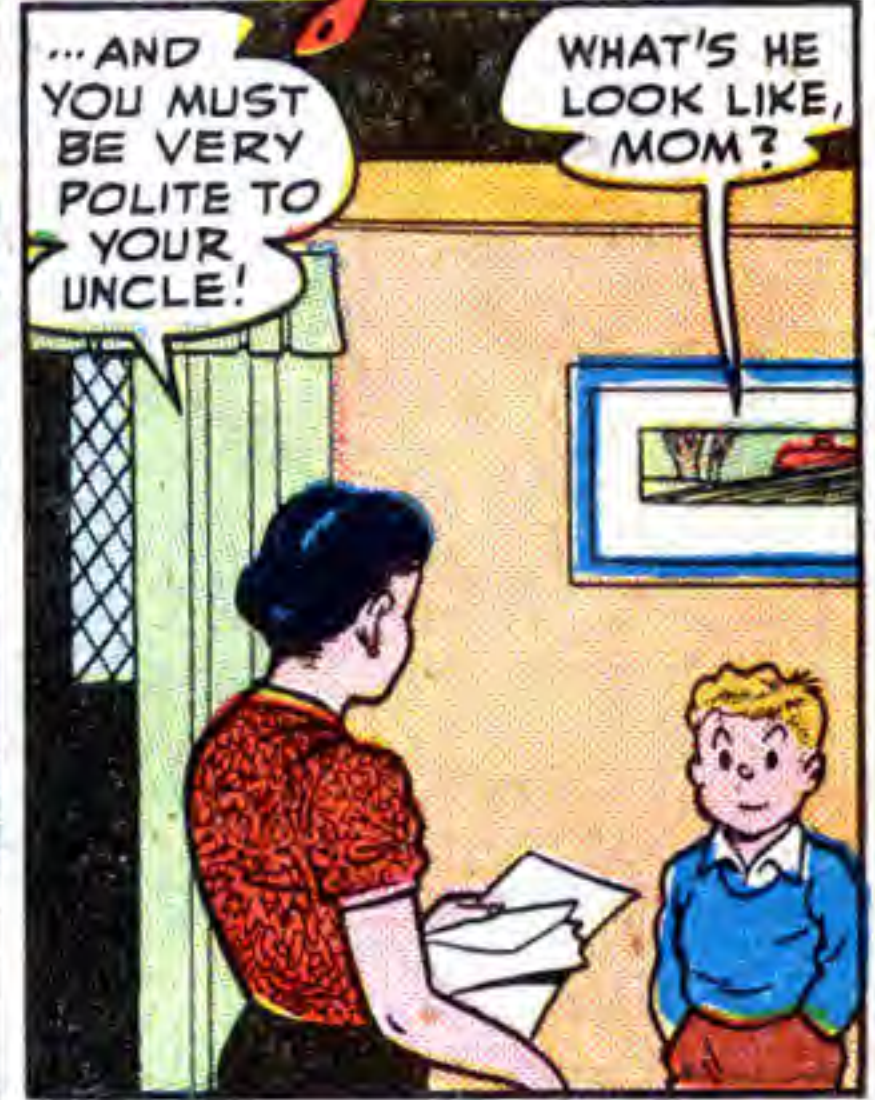


And later...

IT SAYS HERE THAT SINCE THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TYRANT SUPREMO, OUR GOVERNMENT'S SENDING A COMMISSION TO HELP THE PEOPLE OF ROMIRO ESTABLISH THEIR REPUBLIC AGAIN!

YES, WITH CARL DEL REY, AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, HELPING! HE'S A REAL HELP TO BOTH COUNTRIES --- A VERY SMART LAD! REMEMBER WHAT A PROBLEM CAPTAIN TRIUMPH HAD, TRYING TO CONCEAL HIS SECRET FROM CARL --- AND STILL GETTING US ALL OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT?

Hinky Dooly



FLOOOGY

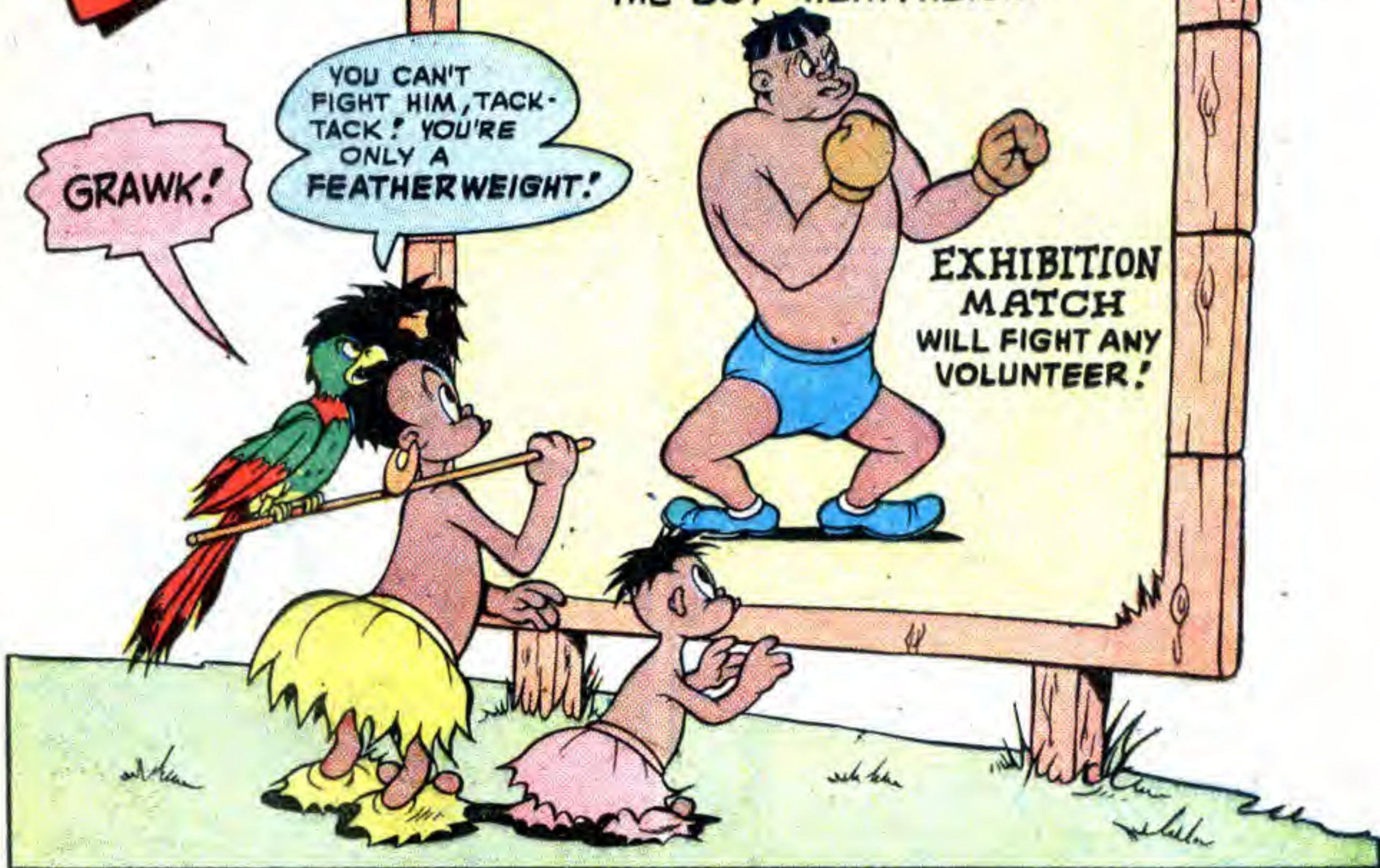
The
FIJI

BEAT HIM.... WIN \$ 5,000
KID CRUNCHO
THE BOY HEAVYWEIGHT

EXHIBITION
MATCH
WILL FIGHT ANY
VOLUNTEER!

GRAWK!

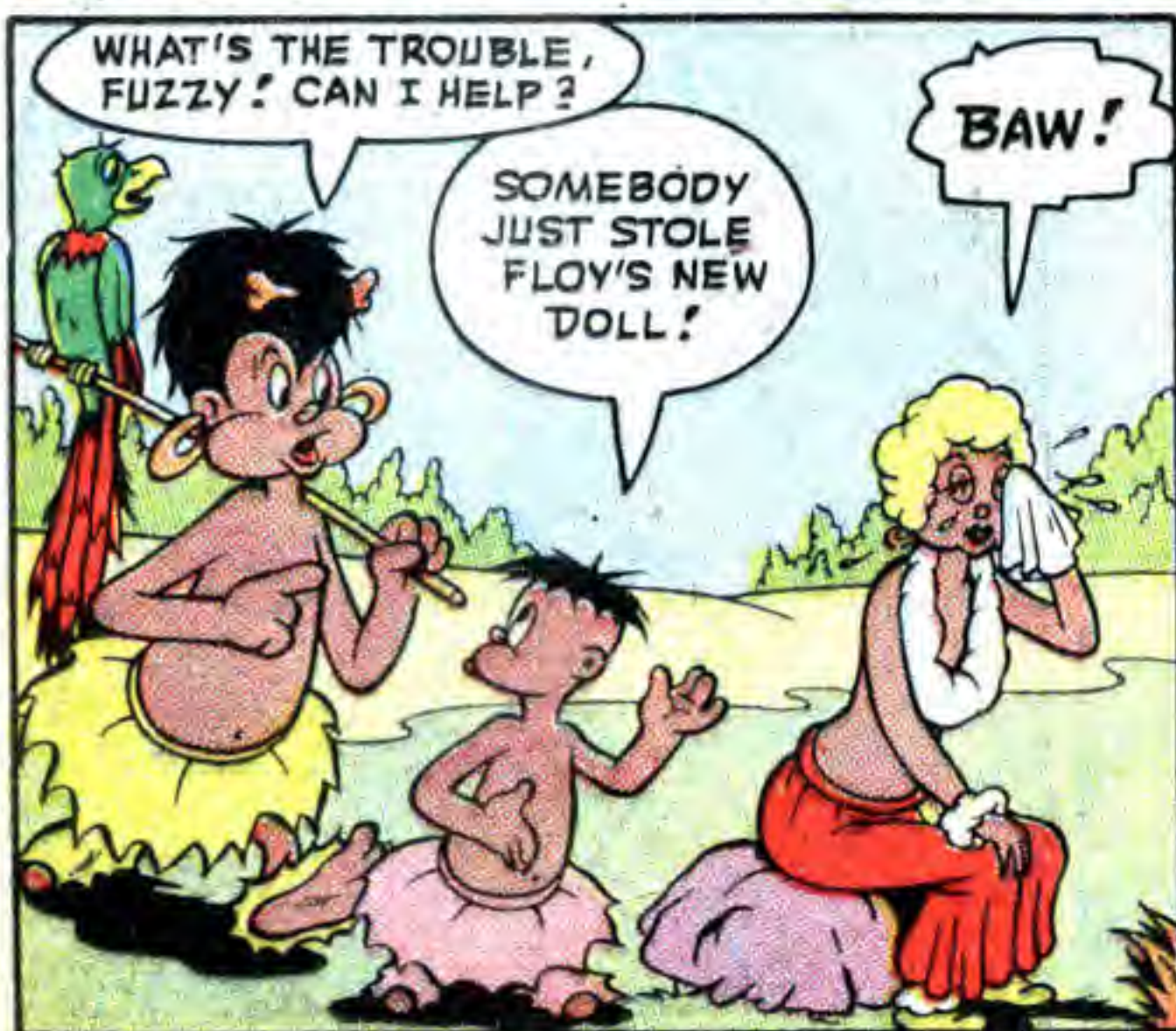
YOU CAN'T
FIGHT HIM, TACK-
TACK! YOU'RE
ONLY A
FEATHERWEIGHT!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE,
FUZZY? CAN I HELP?

SOMEBODY
JUST STOLE
FLOY'S NEW
DOLL!

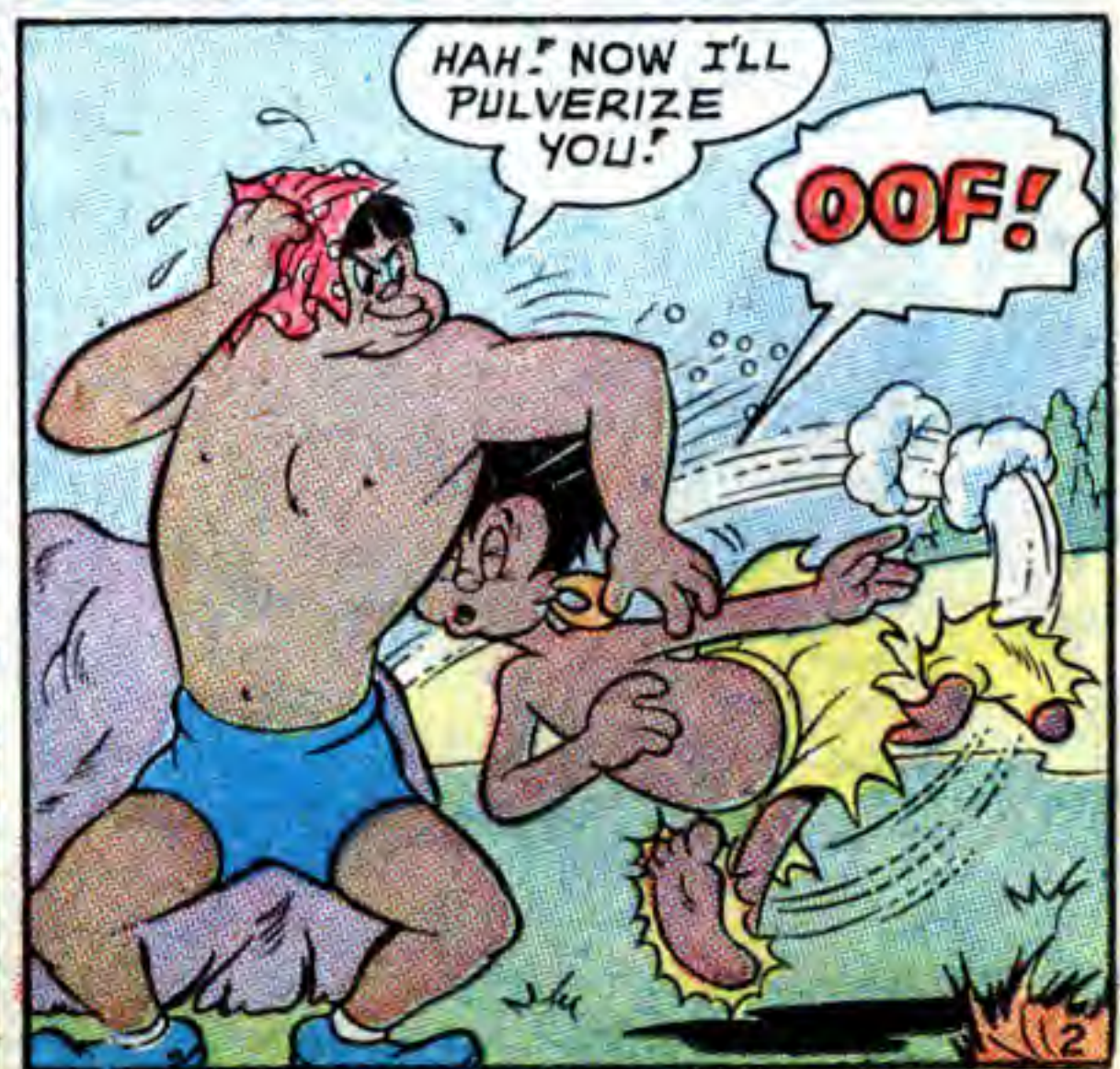
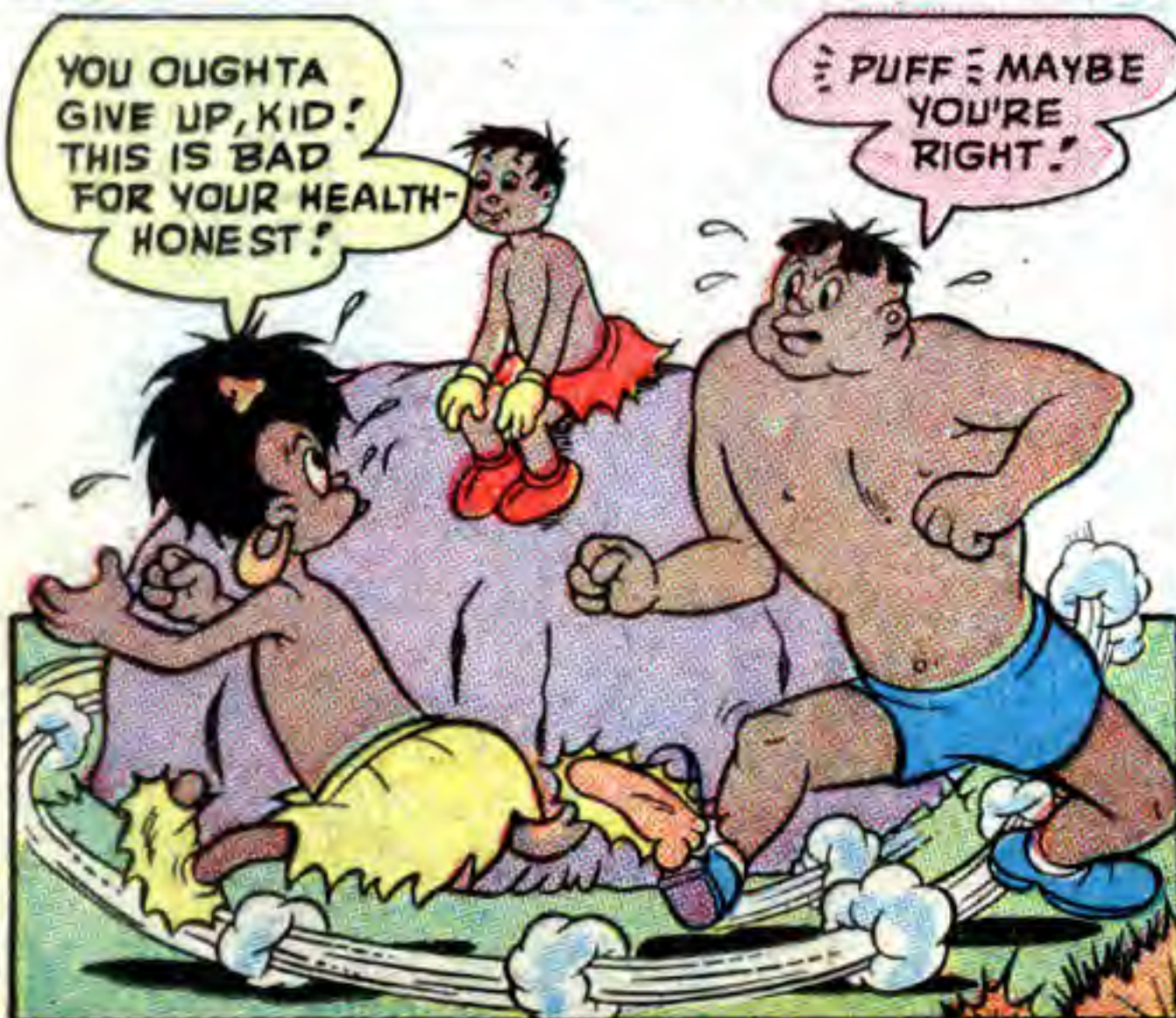
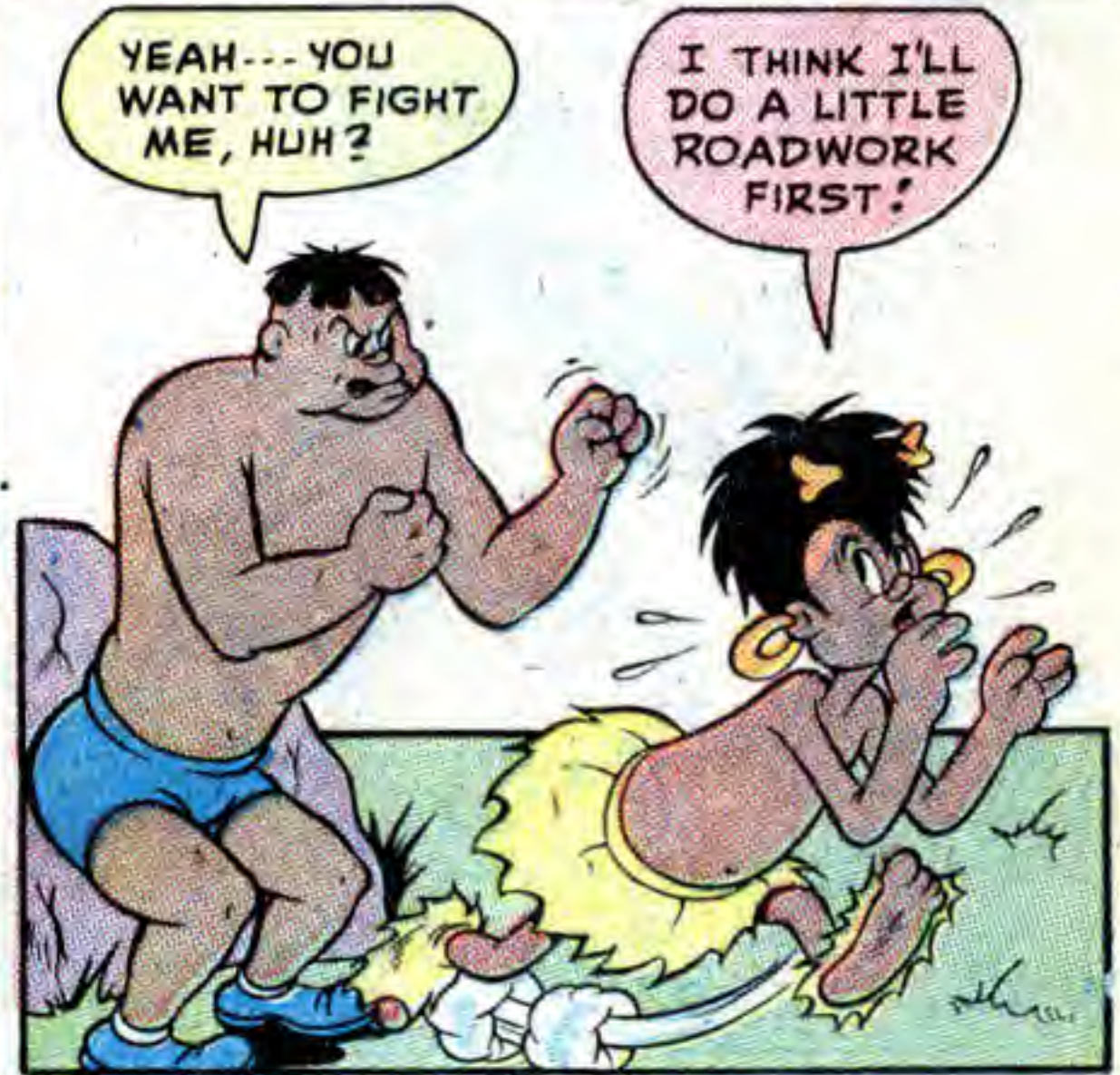
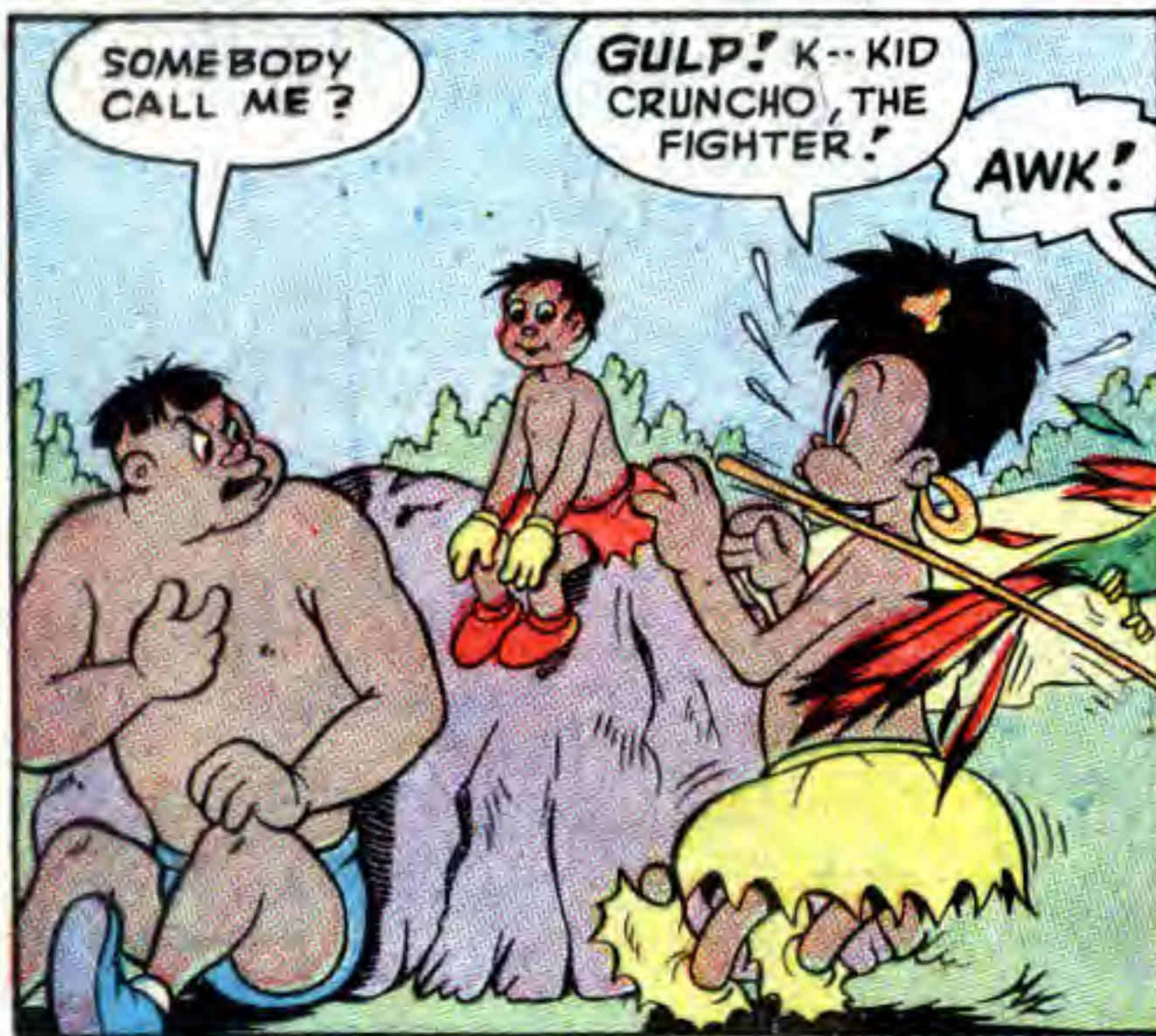
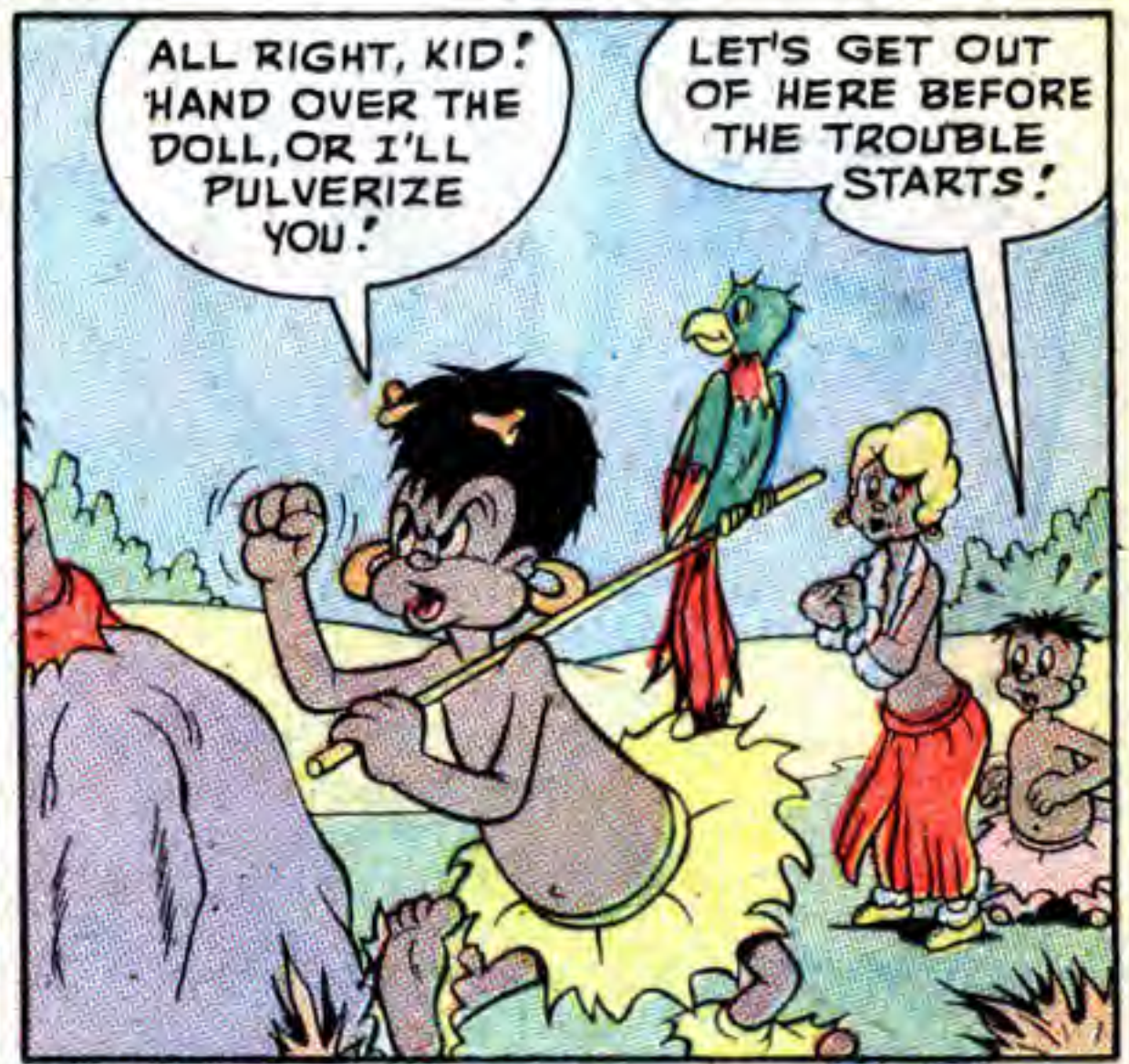
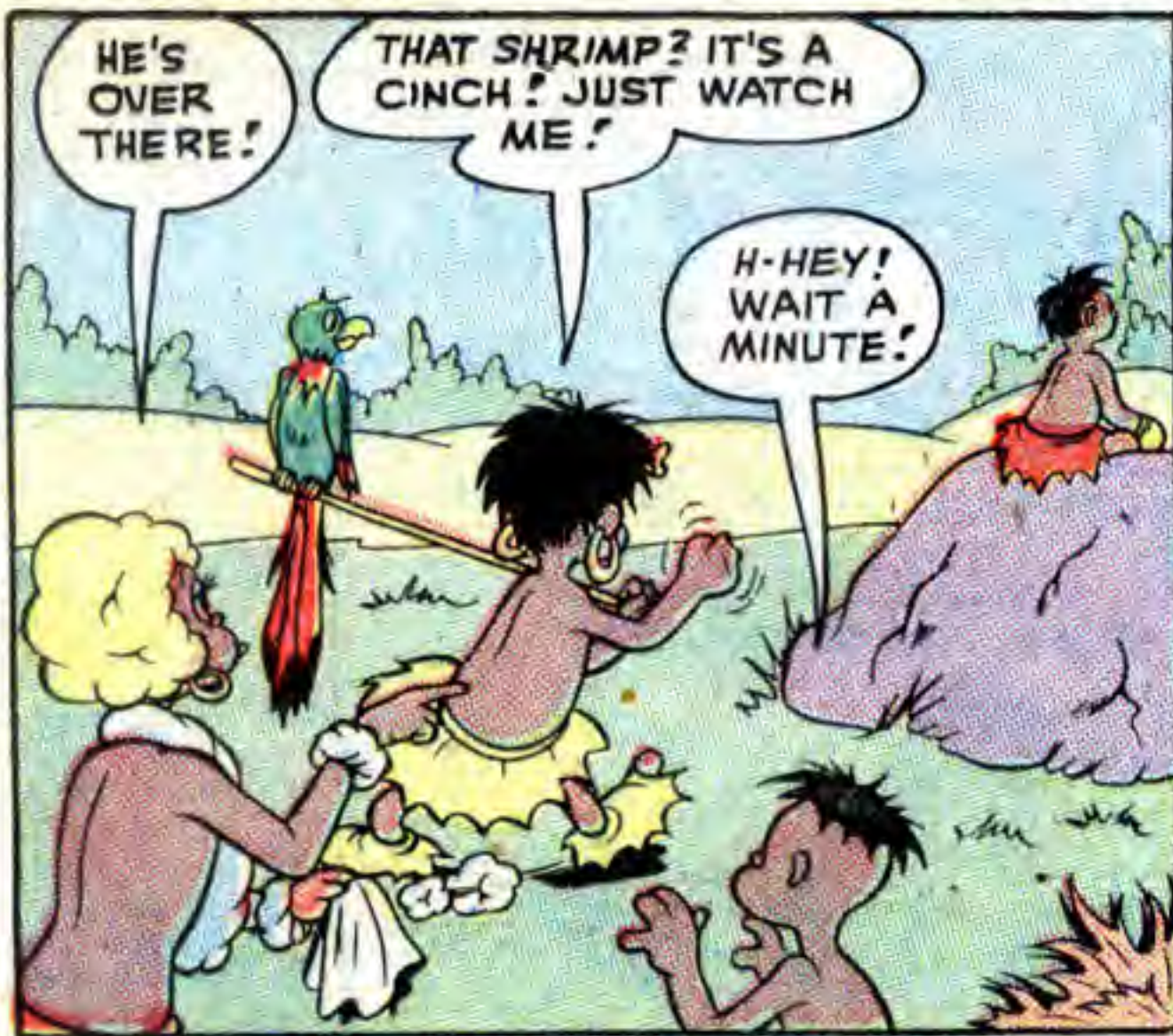
BAW!

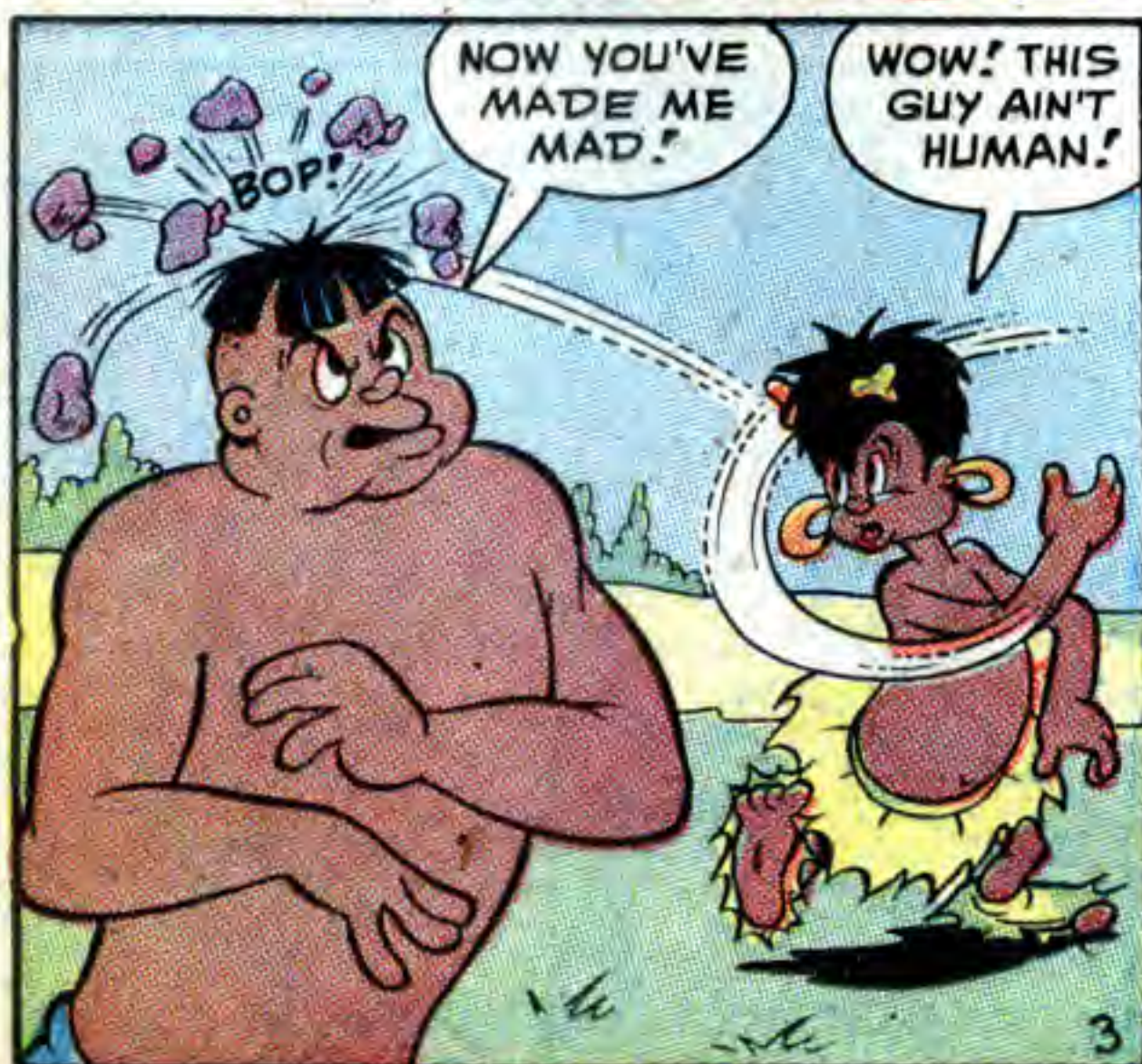
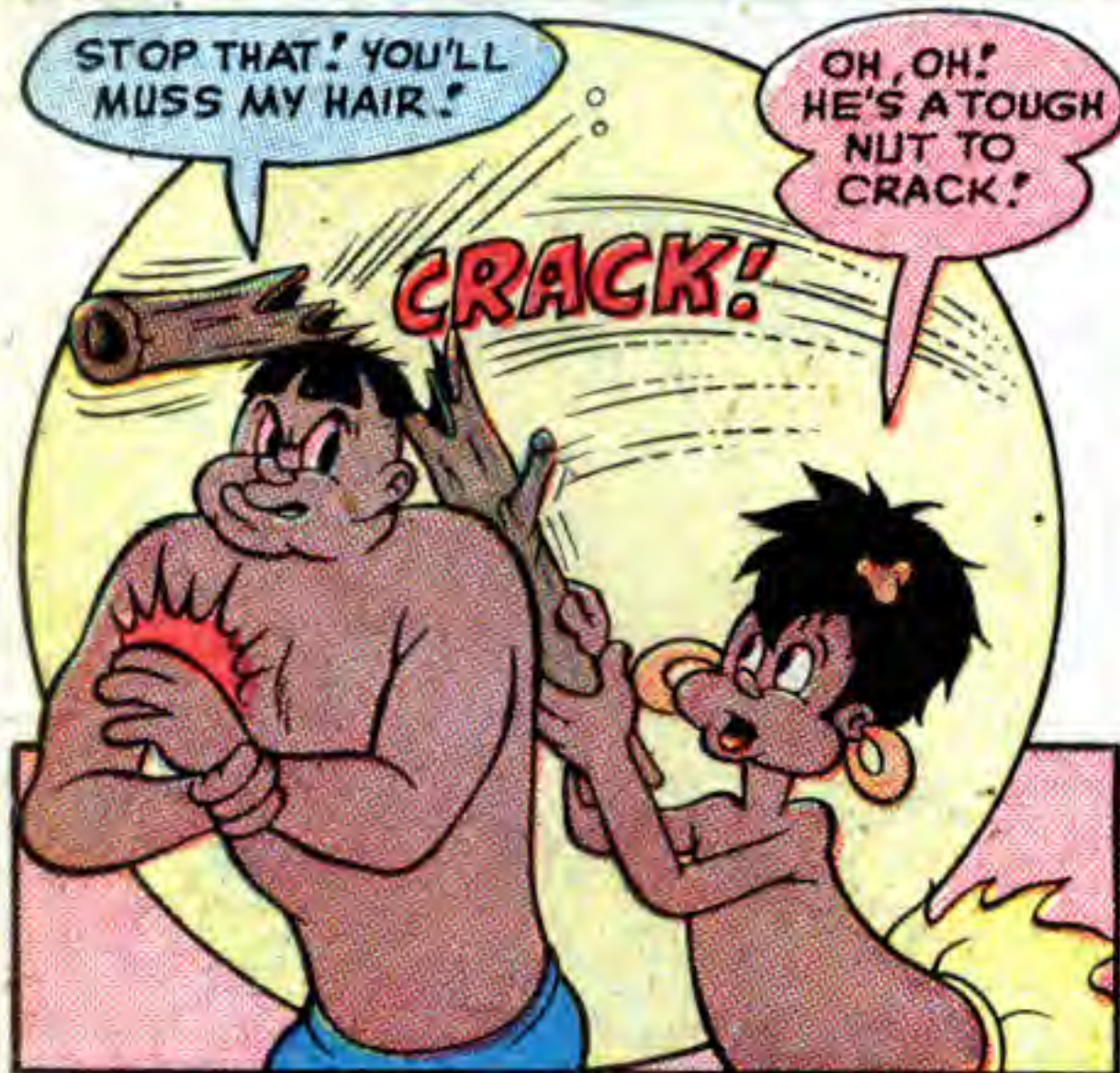
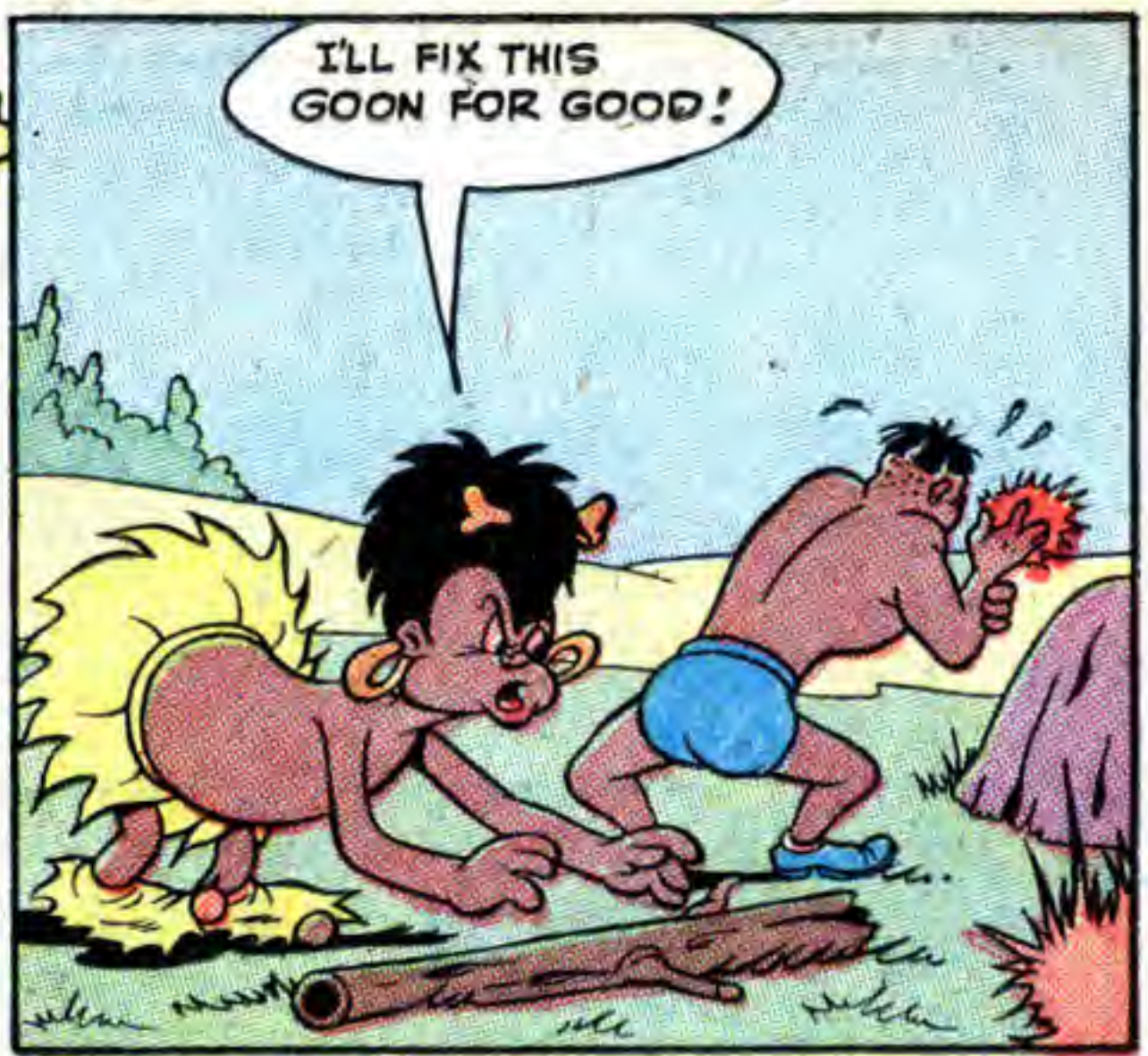
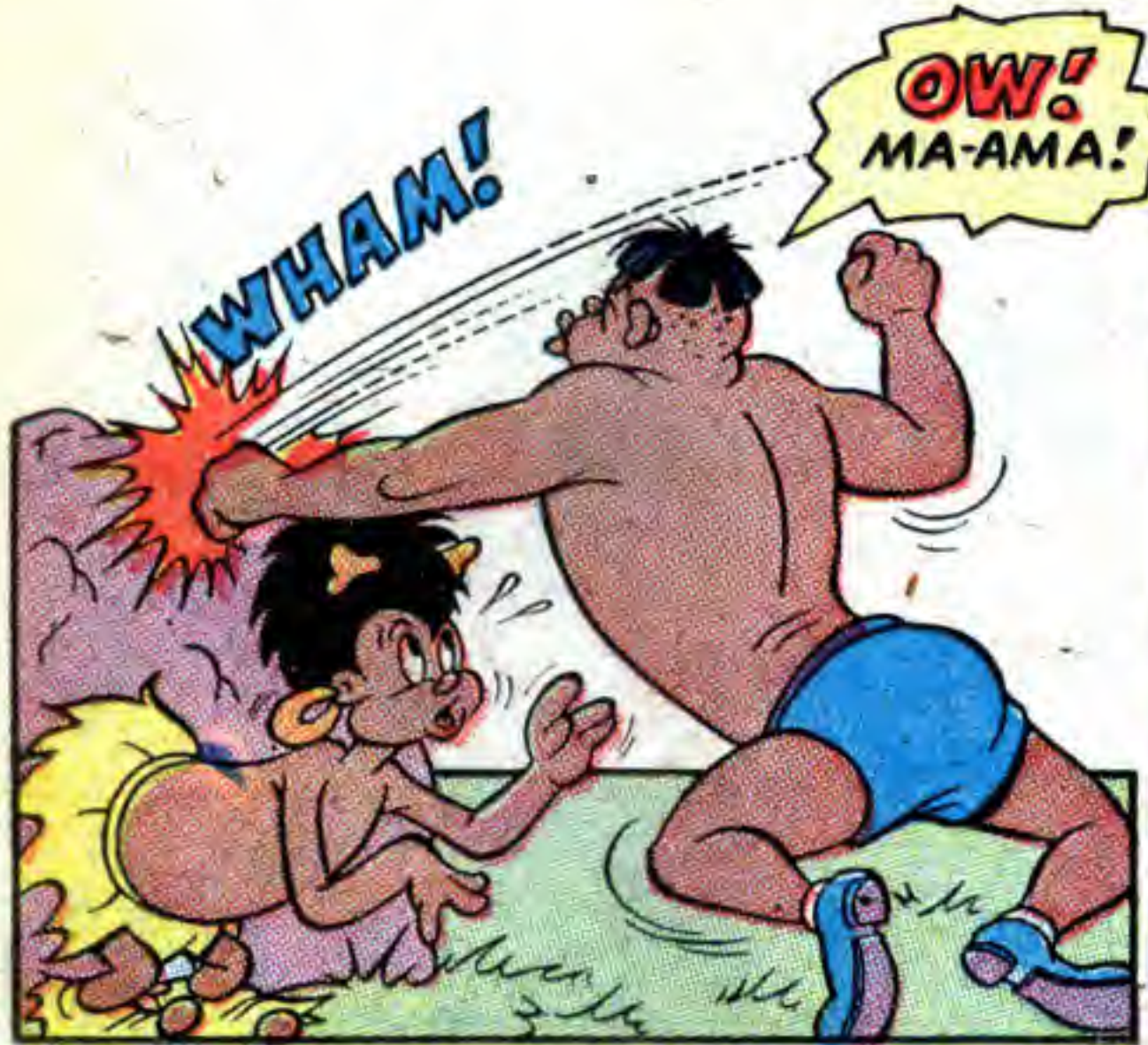


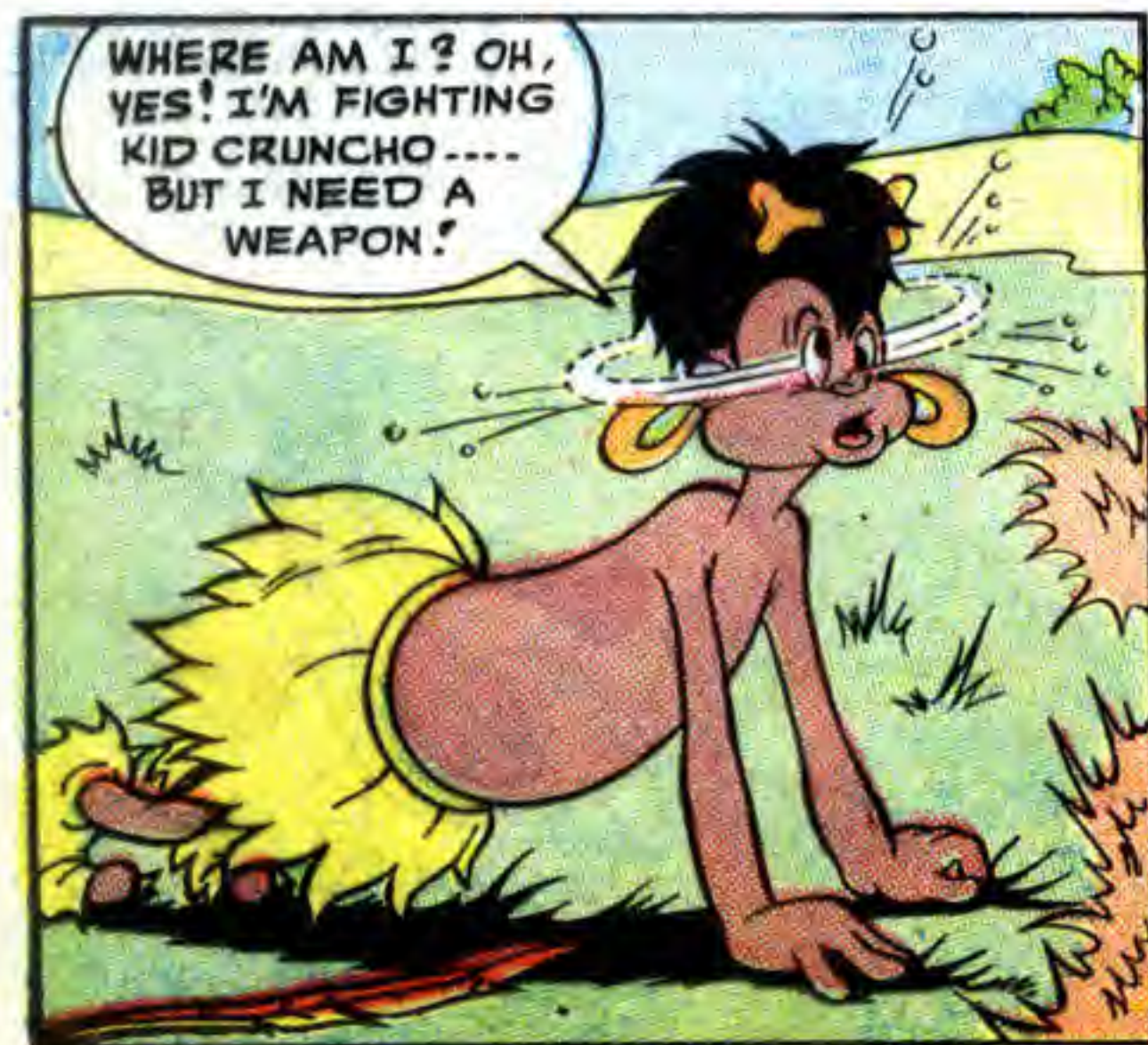
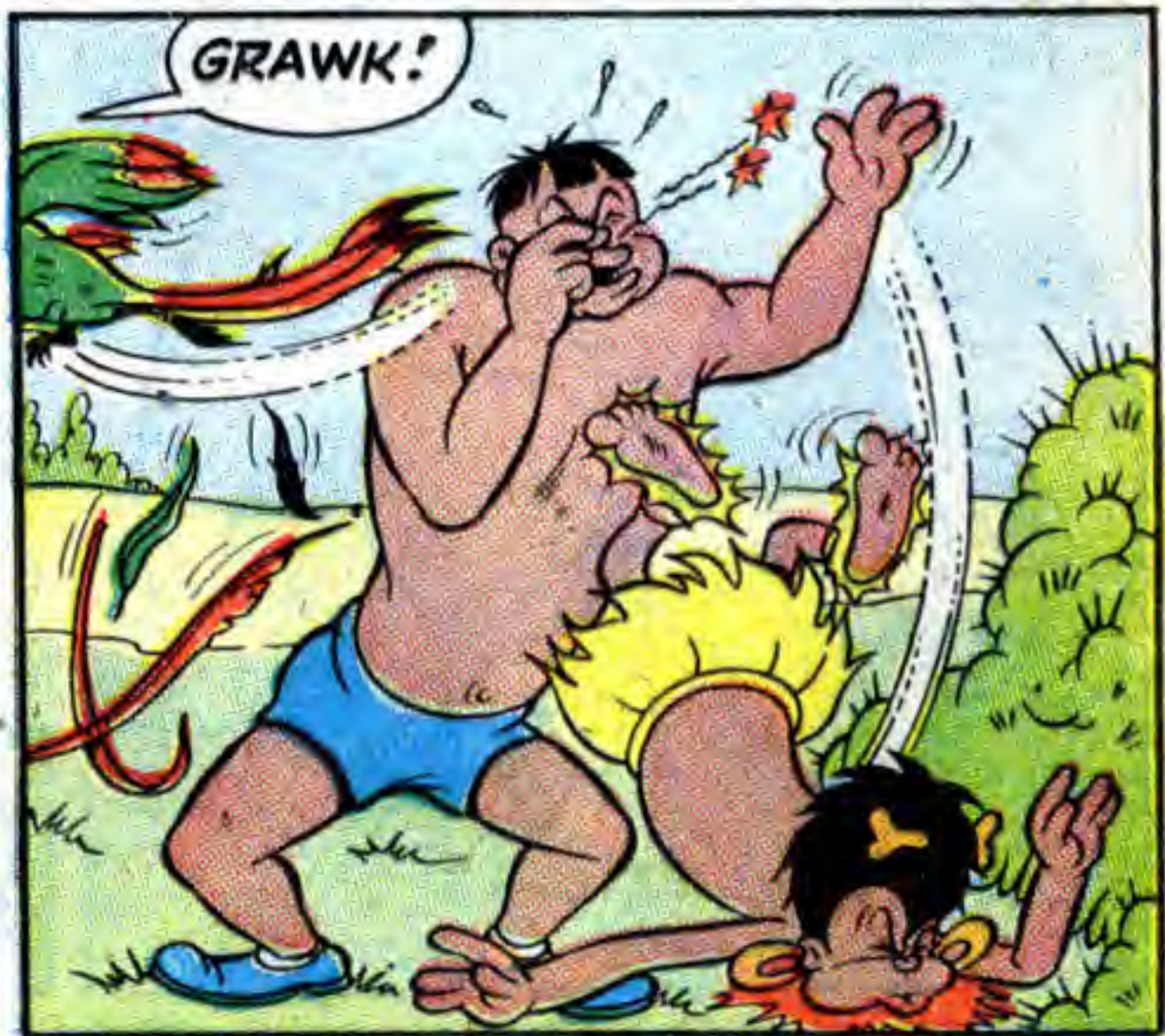
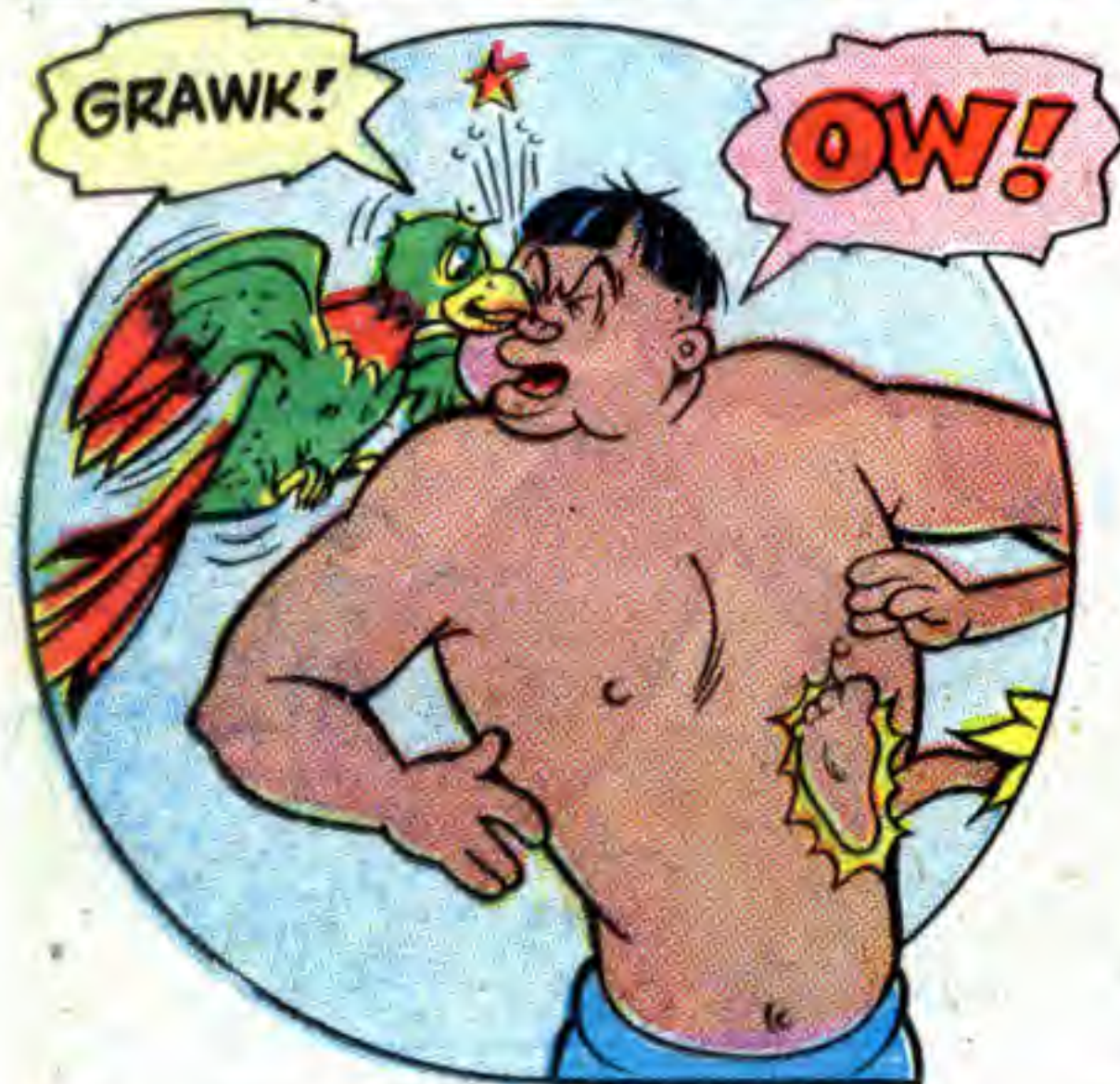
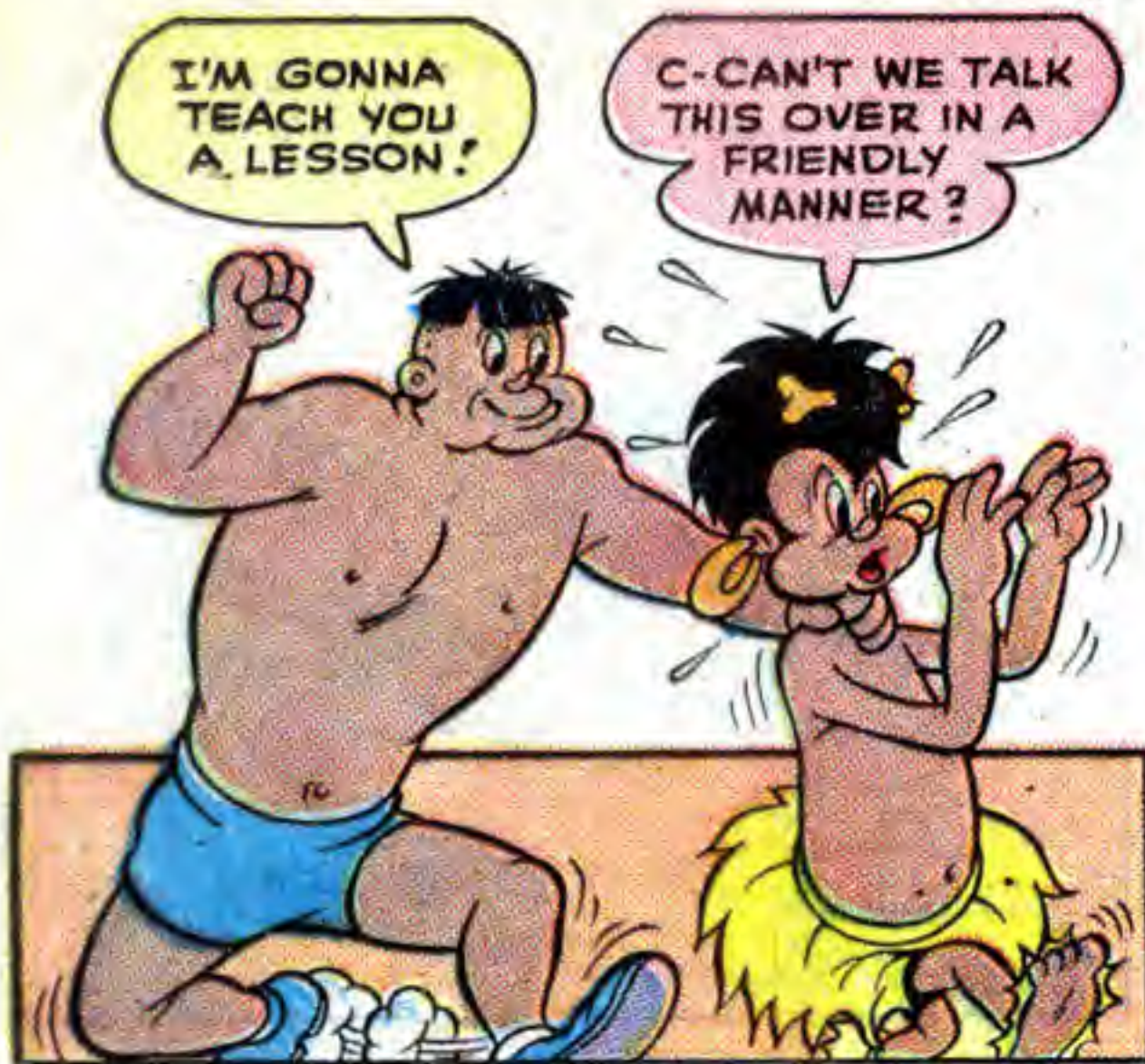
OH, FLOOOGY! IF YOU
COULD ONLY TALK
THAT KID INTO
GIVING BACK
MY DOLL!

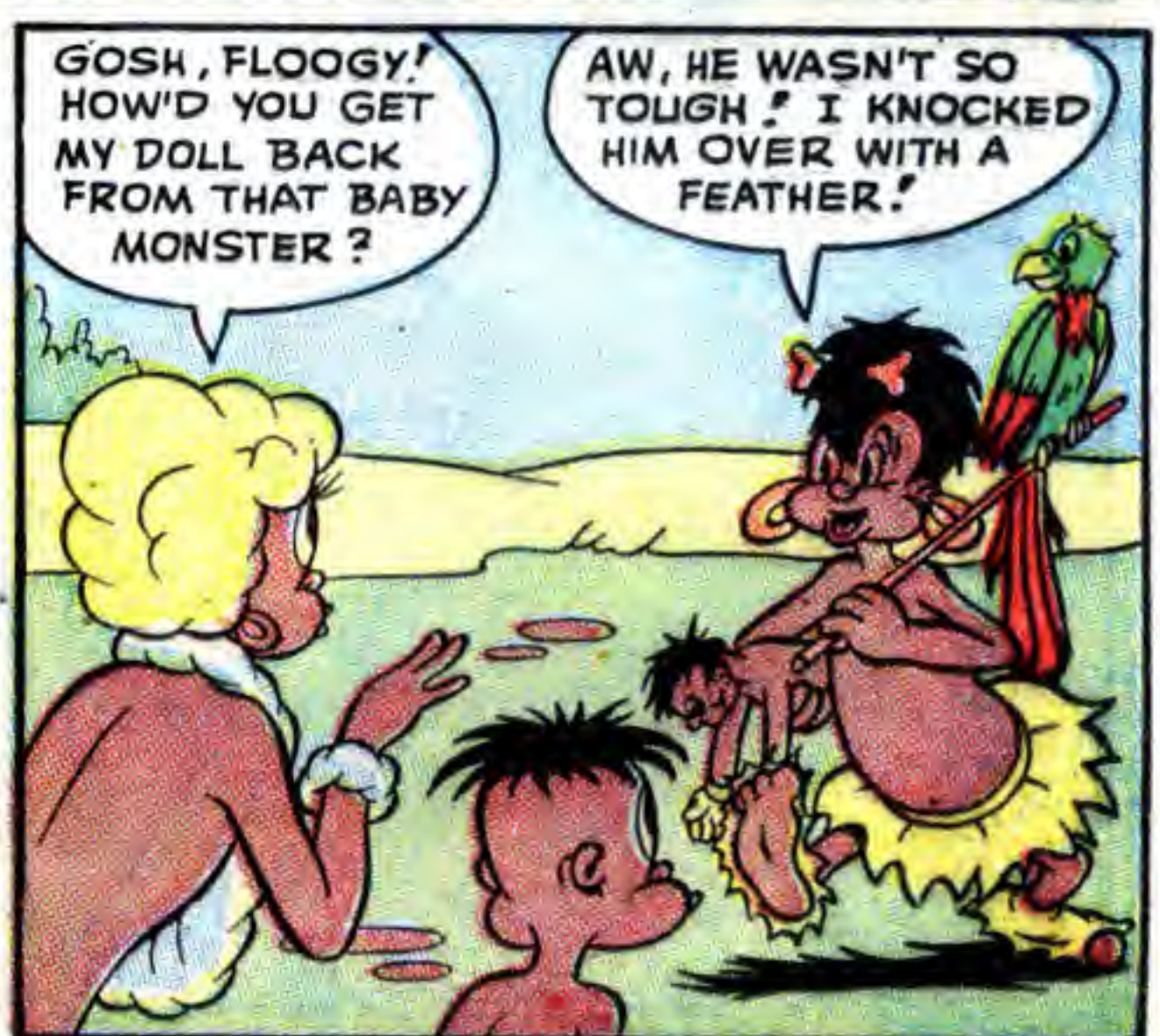
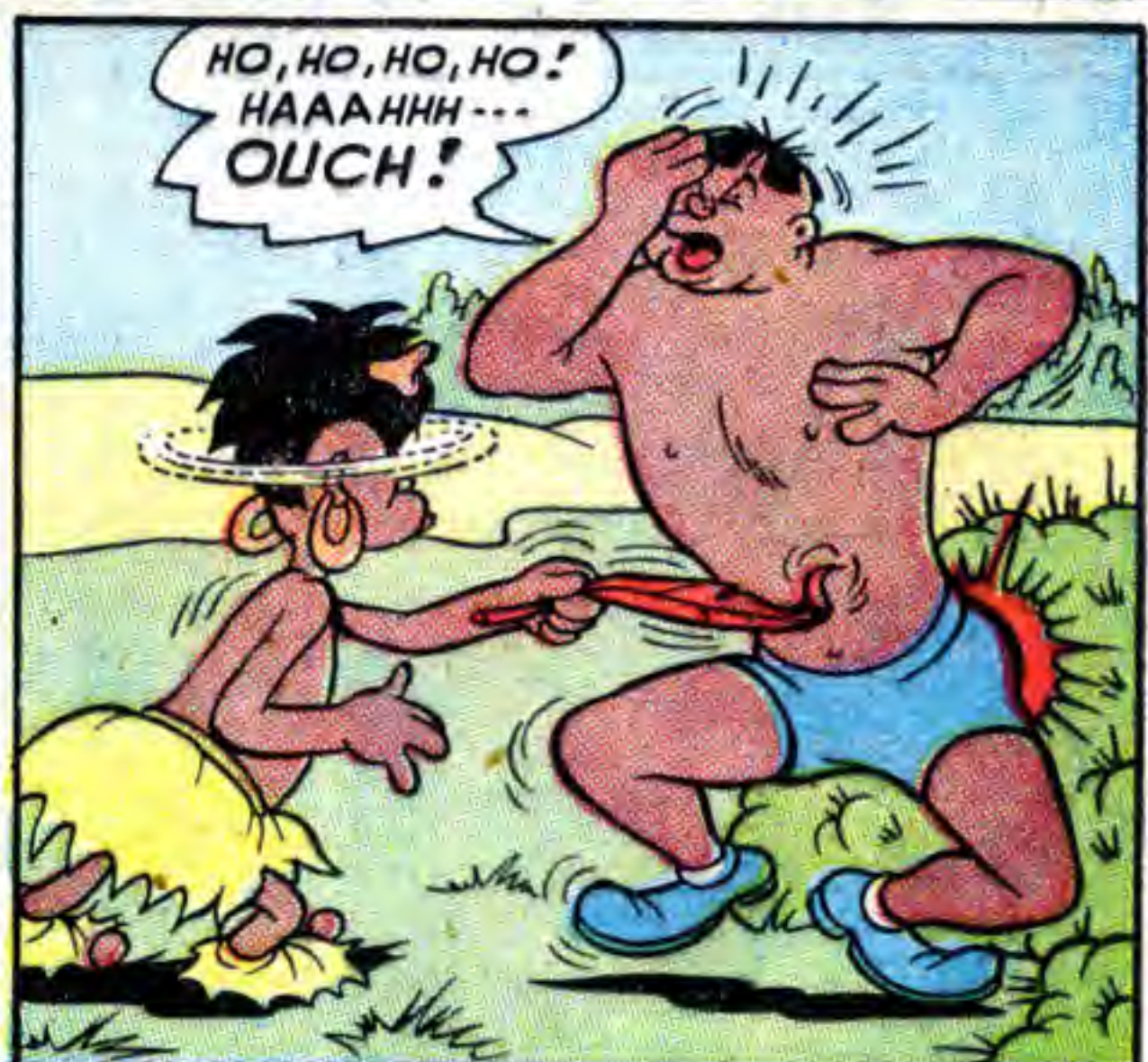
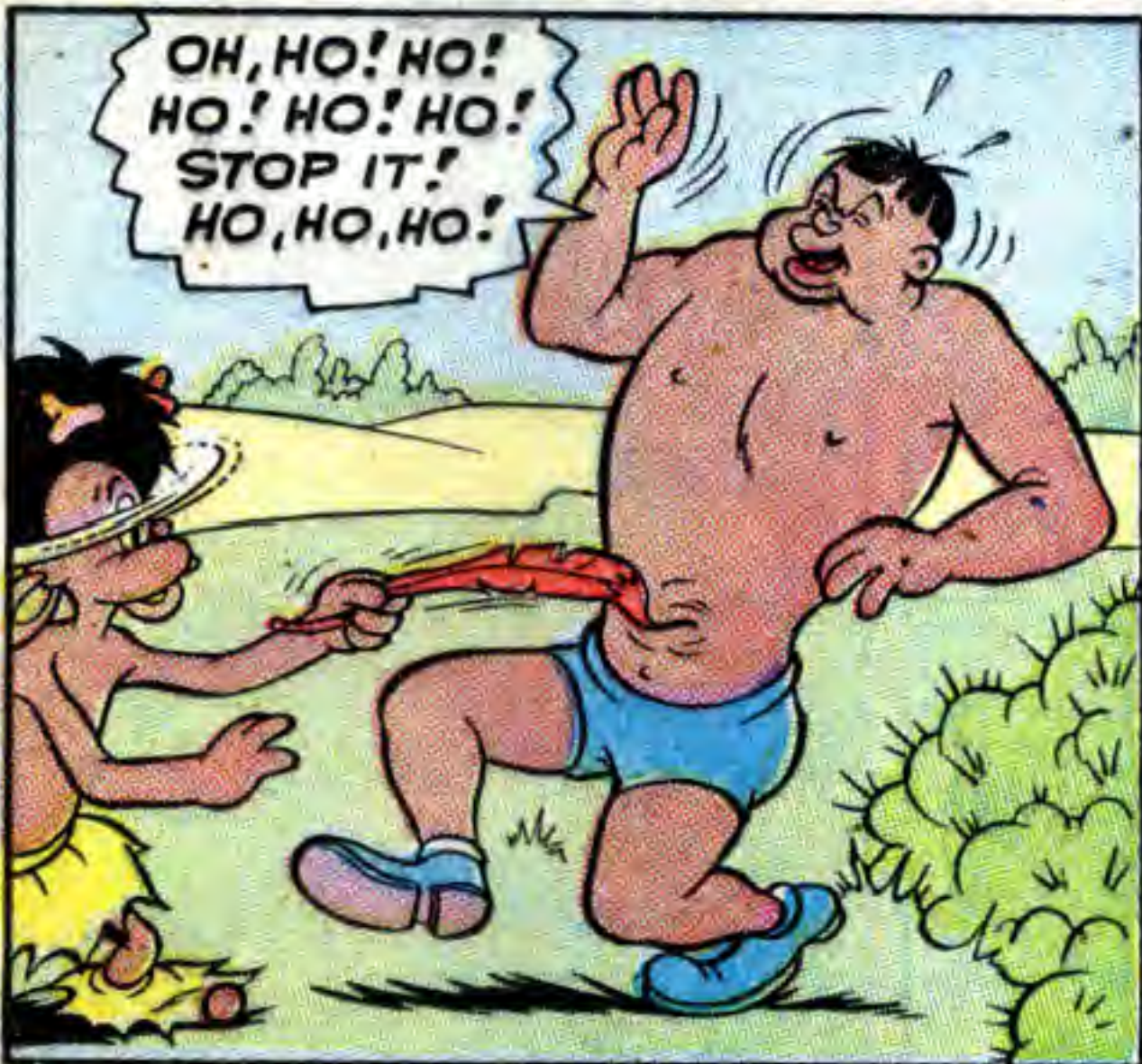
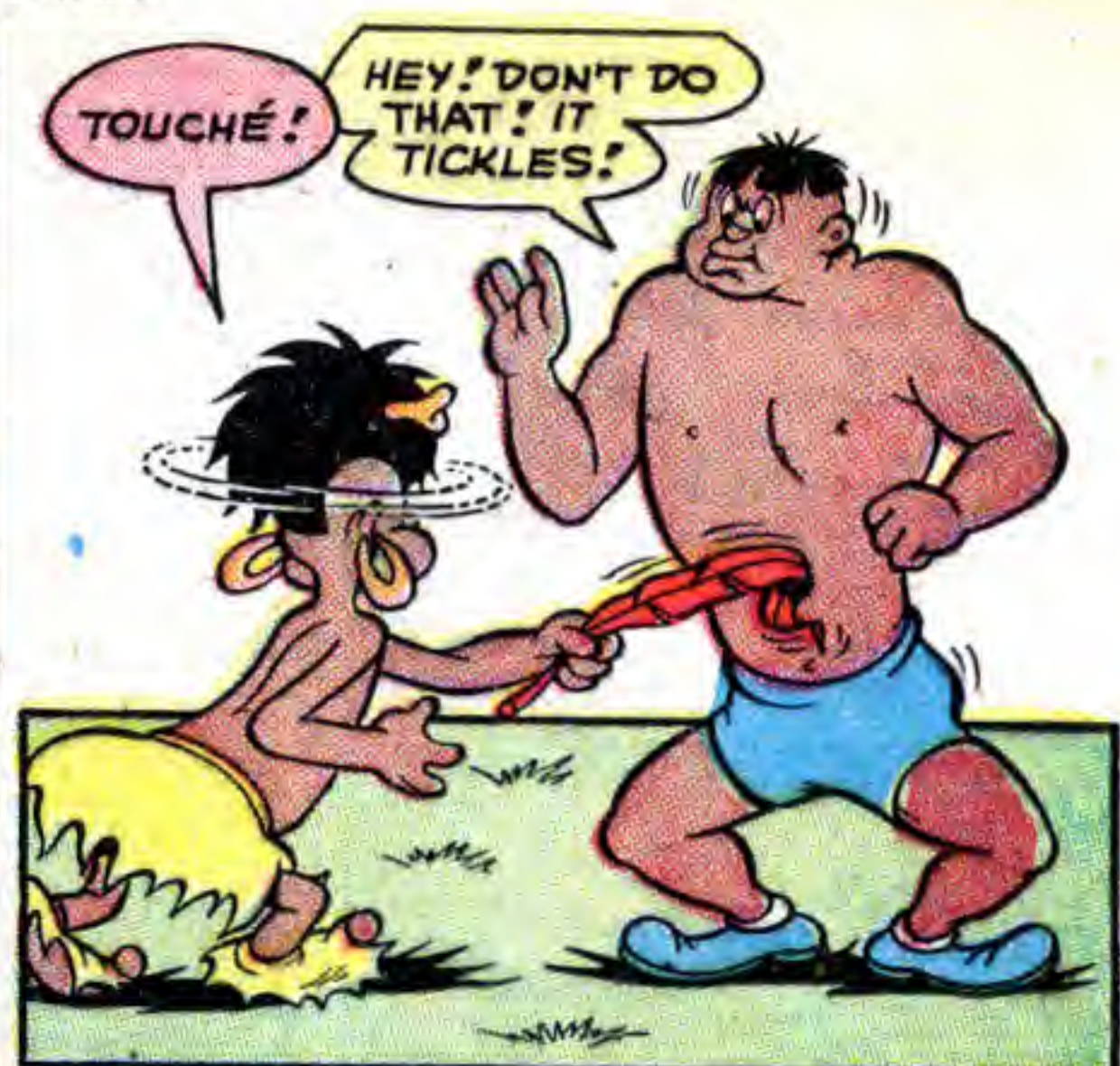
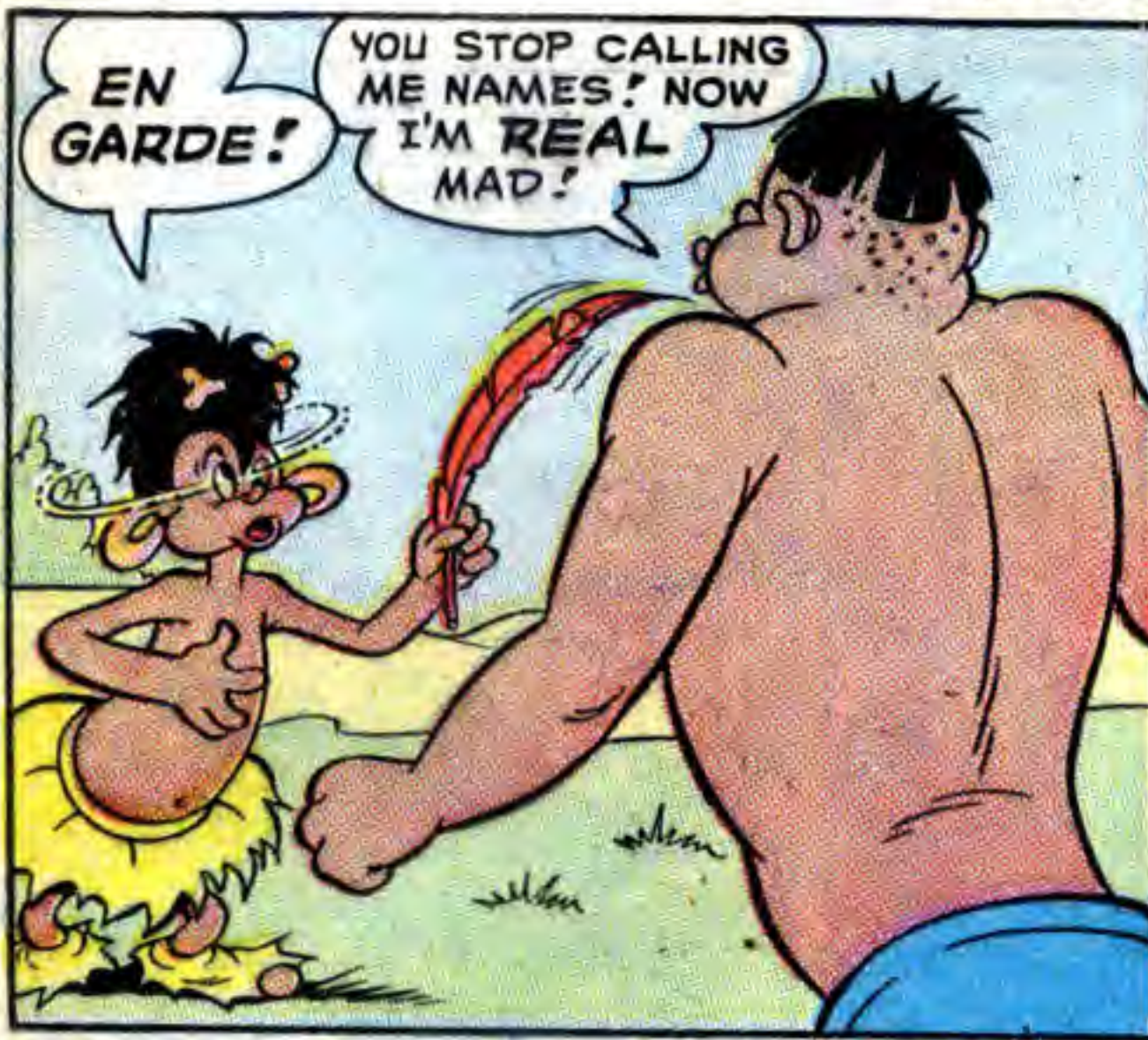
SURE, FLOY! WHERE IS
HE?











I WISH THAT FUSSY ILLUSTRATOR WOULD FIND A TYPE TO POSE AS MY FATHER SO I CAN FINISH THAT JOB!

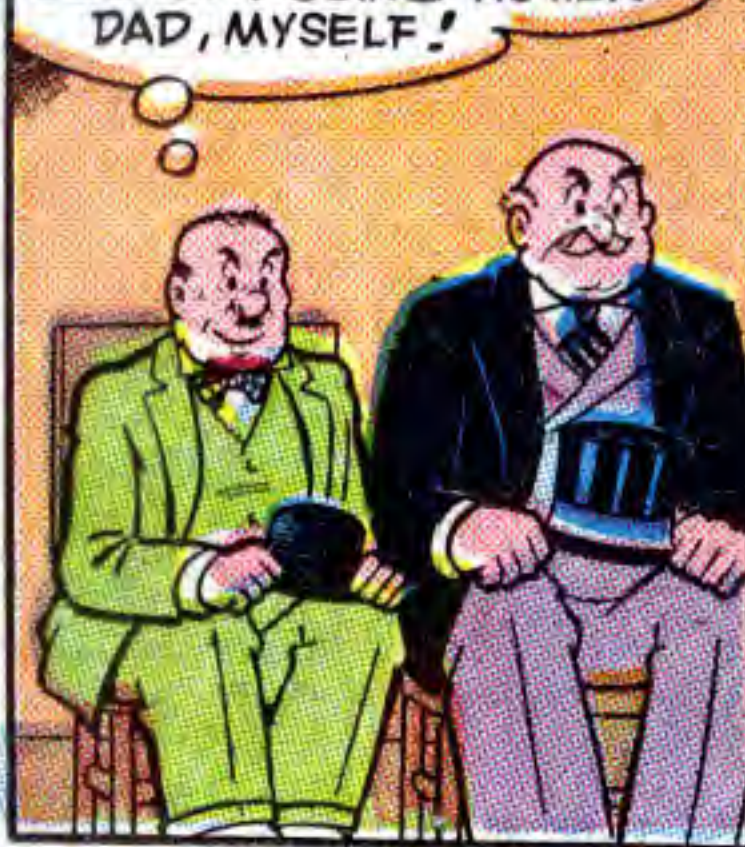
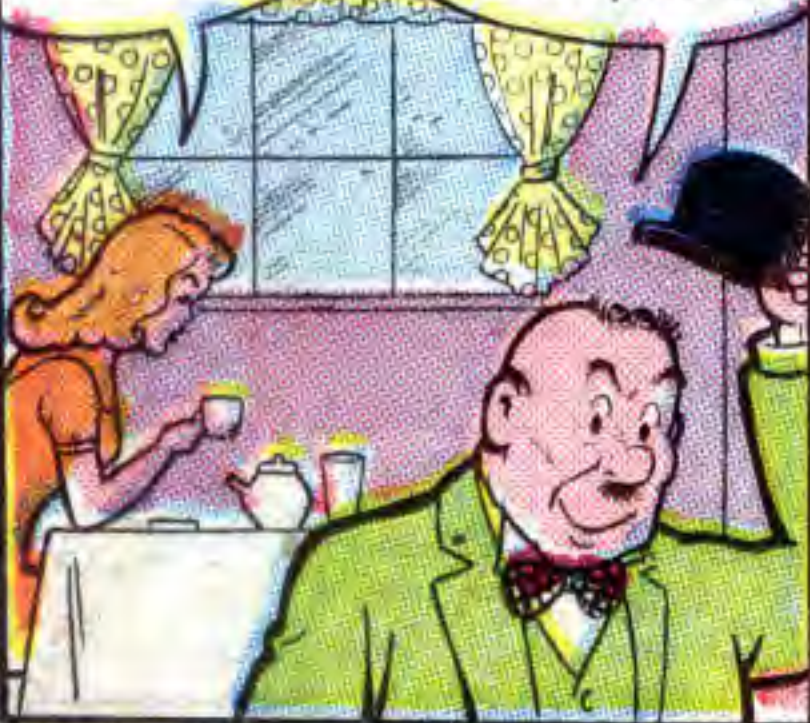
Molly the Model

AH, YOU'RE THE MAN I WANT...YES, YOU'RE EXACTLY THE TYPE!

I'M SURE HE WILL! SEE YA LATER, MOLLY!

LITTLE DOES MOLLY KNOW I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB OF POSING AS HER DAD, MYSELF!

BUT--BUT-- BUT-- BUT--

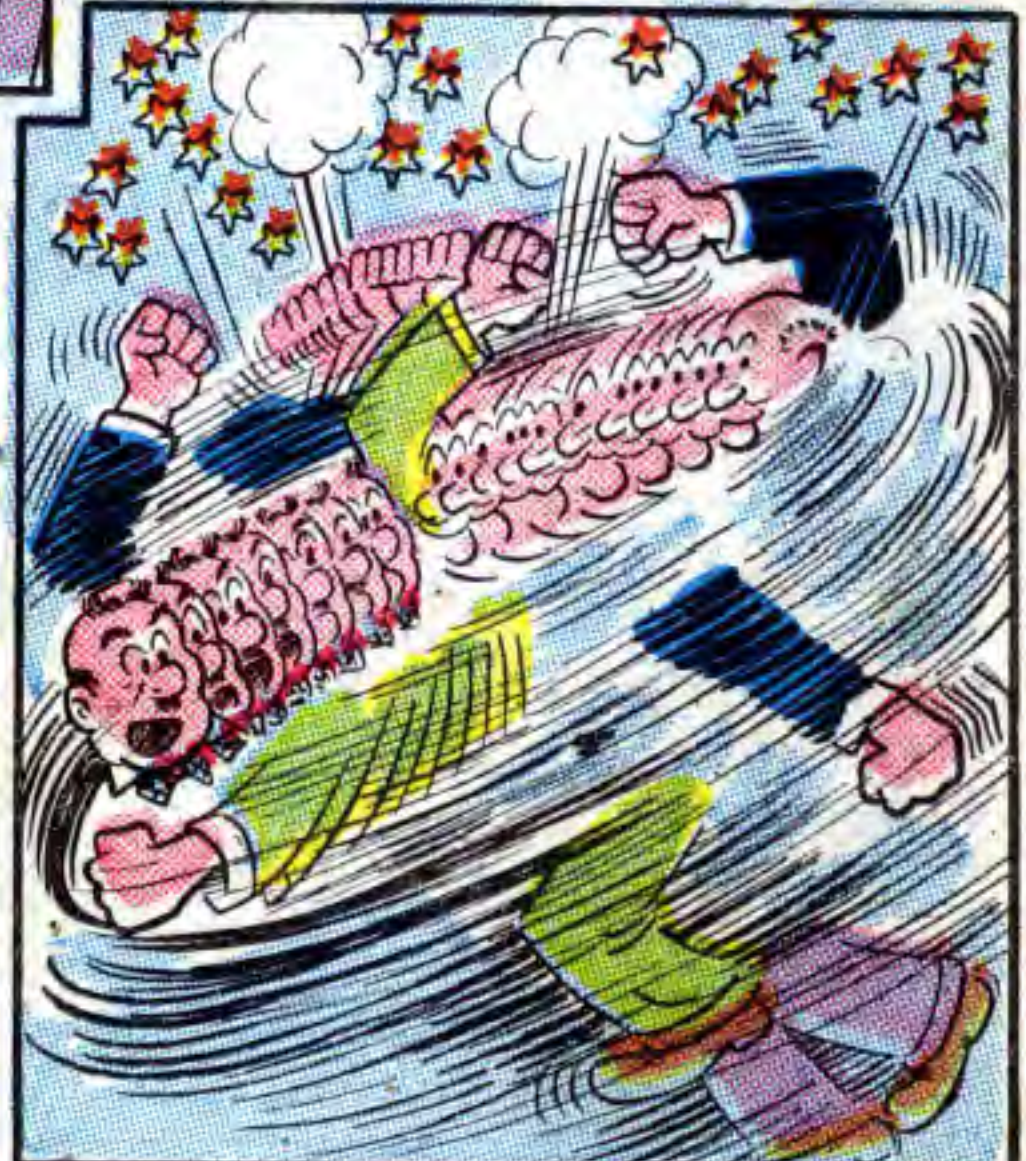


OH, RUN ALONG, SILLY! YOU'RE ABOUT AS FATHERLY LOOKING AS A FAT WOLF IN A CHICKEN COOP!

BUT-- BUT-- BUT--



WHY, YOU...

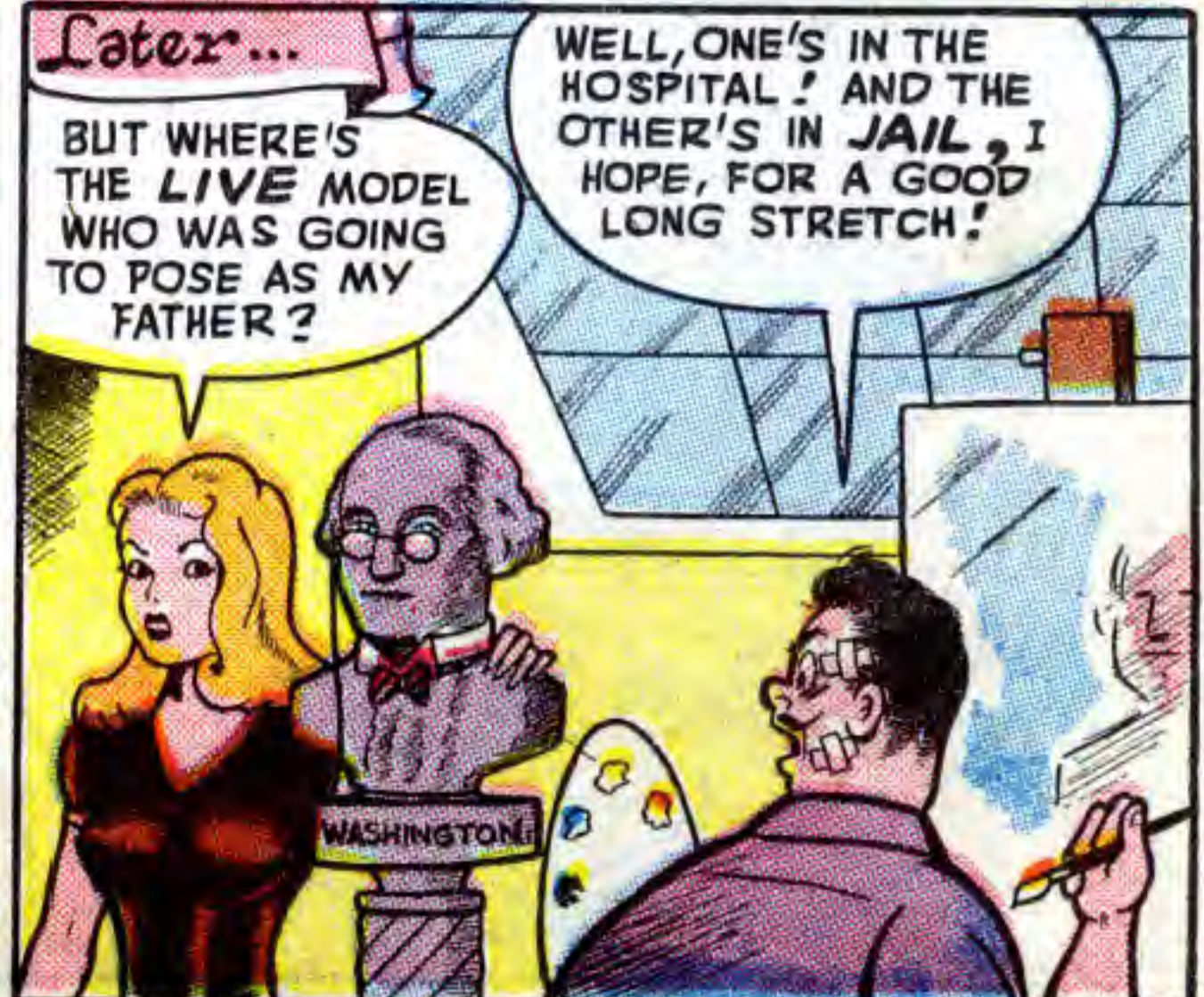


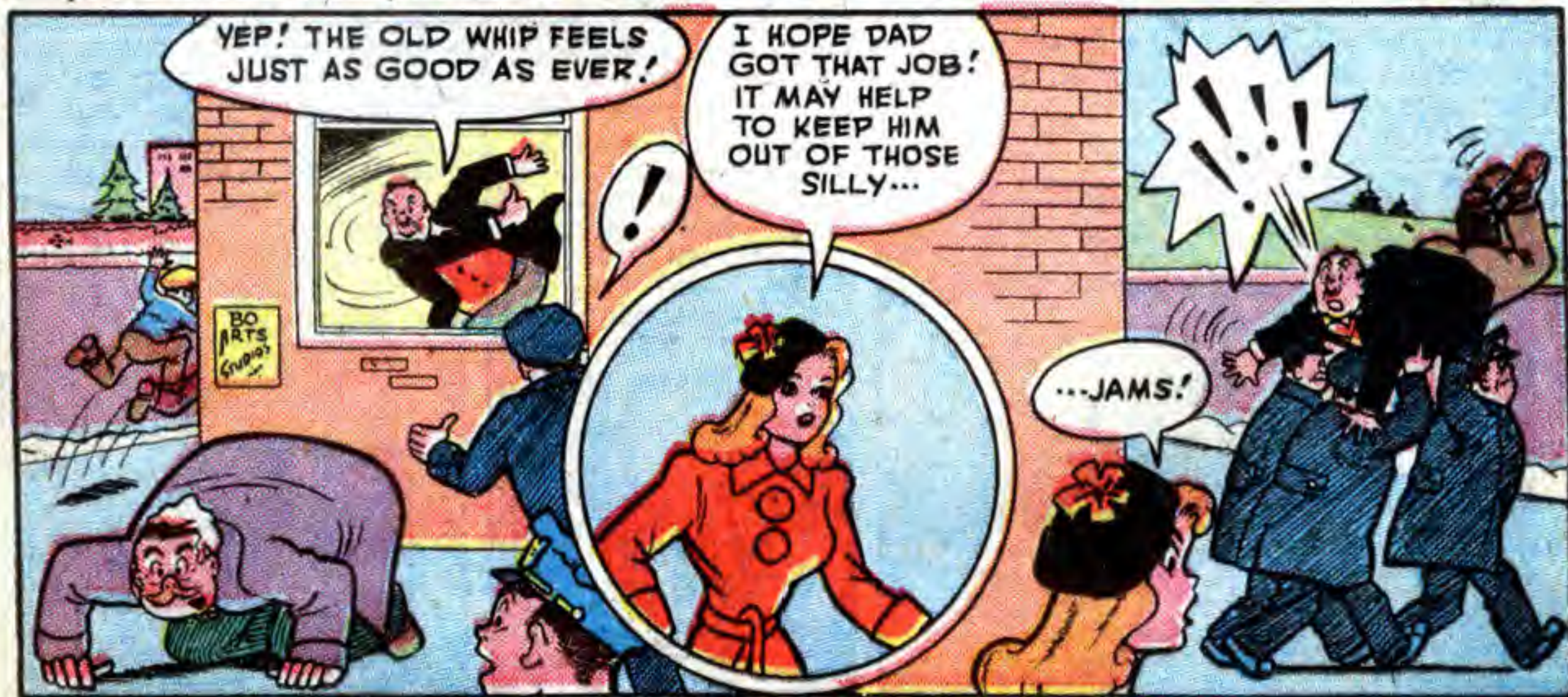
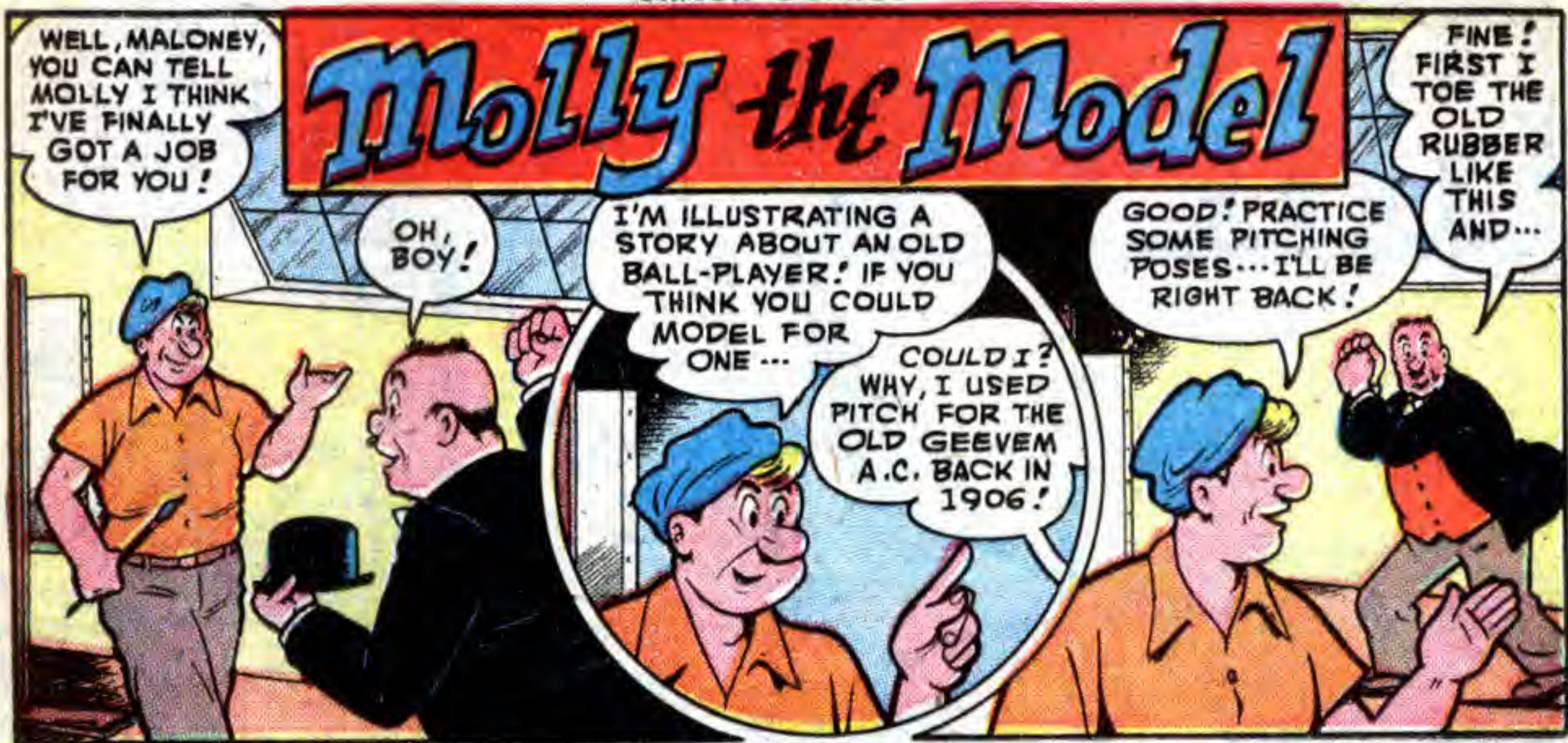
HELP! POLICE!

Later...

BUT WHERE'S THE LIVE MODEL WHO WAS GOING TO POSE AS MY FATHER?

WELL, ONE'S IN THE HOSPITAL! AND THE OTHER'S IN JAIL, I HOPE, FOR A GOOD LONG STRETCH!





HACK O'HARRA

A cab driver's job can lead him into strange places!
It almost led Hack O'Hara into SLAVERY! But a quick wit and ready fists put an end to a grim conspiracy!



THAT'S FER ME, HACK!
YOU'RE A GOOD MECHANIC-- LET'S BOTH SIGN UP!

NO THANKS, SID!
I THINK I'LL STICK TO THE OLD JALOPY FOR A WHILE!

TROULE MOTOR CO

MECHANICS WANTED!
BIG SALARIES
QUICK PROMOTION
\$100 PER WEEK!

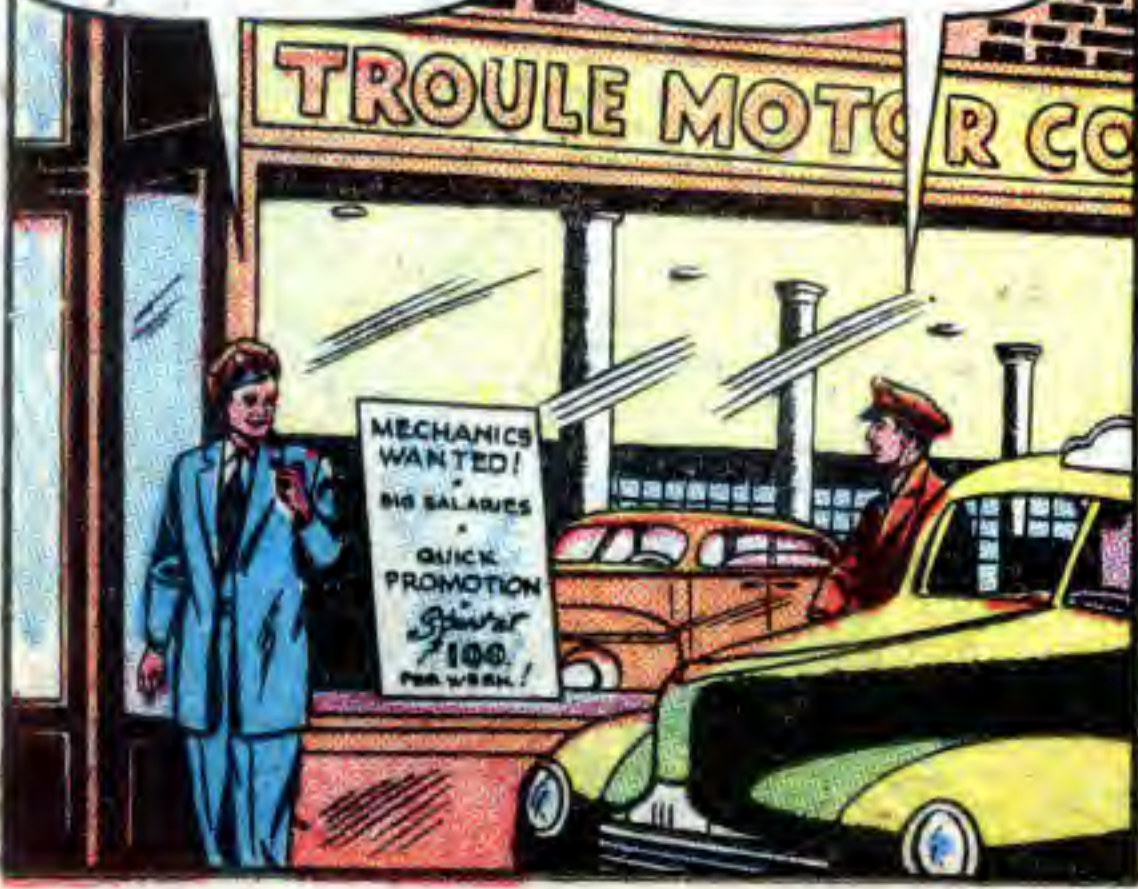
A few minutes later...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SID?

THEY SAID I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH-- DIDN'T HAVE TH' QUALIFICATIONS!
OH, WELL--

TOUGH LUCK, SID! IT'S TIME WE BOTH GOT BACK TO THE GARAGE!

I COULD OF USED TH' DOUGH, ALL RIGHT! SEE YA LATER, HACK!



But Sid Roberts did NOT see Hack O'Hara later!

HEY, HACK! SEEN ANYTHING OF SID ROBERTS? HE HASN'T BEEN BACK HOME OR TO THE GARAGE FOR THREE DAYS!

I HAVEN'T-- HIS MISSUS MUST BE WORRIED TO DEATH! I'LL DROP BY AND TRY TO CHEER HER UP!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE CAME HOME AFTER TRYING TO GET THAT JOB AT THE TROULE MOTOR COMPANY-- THEN HE WENT OUT AGAIN AND NEVER CAME BACK!

DON'T WORRY, MRS. ROBERTS -- WE'LL FIND SID IN NO TIME!

I WISH I COULD BE SURE OF THAT!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, HACK! YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOME HOPE!

DON'T WORRY! EVERY CABBY IN TOWN IS LOOKING FOR SID!

NO CLUES -- THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TRY TO RETRACE SID'S STEPS ON THE DAY HE VANISHED! I'LL START BY APPLYING FOR A JOB AT THE TROULE MOTOR COMPANY!

I WANT TO INQUIRE ABOUT ONE OF THOSE JOBS YOU'RE OFFERING!

YES, SIR! STEP RIGHT THIS WAY!

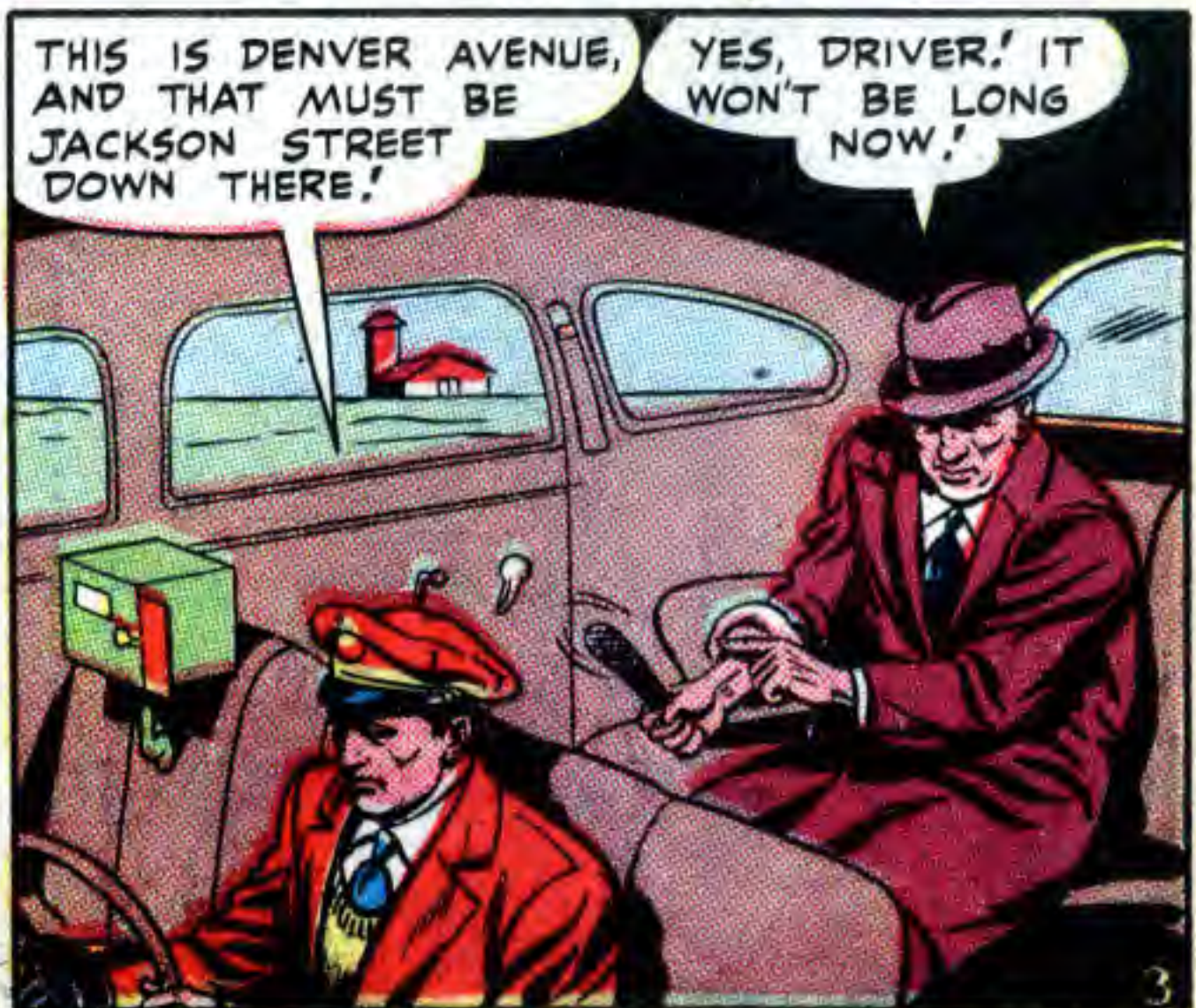
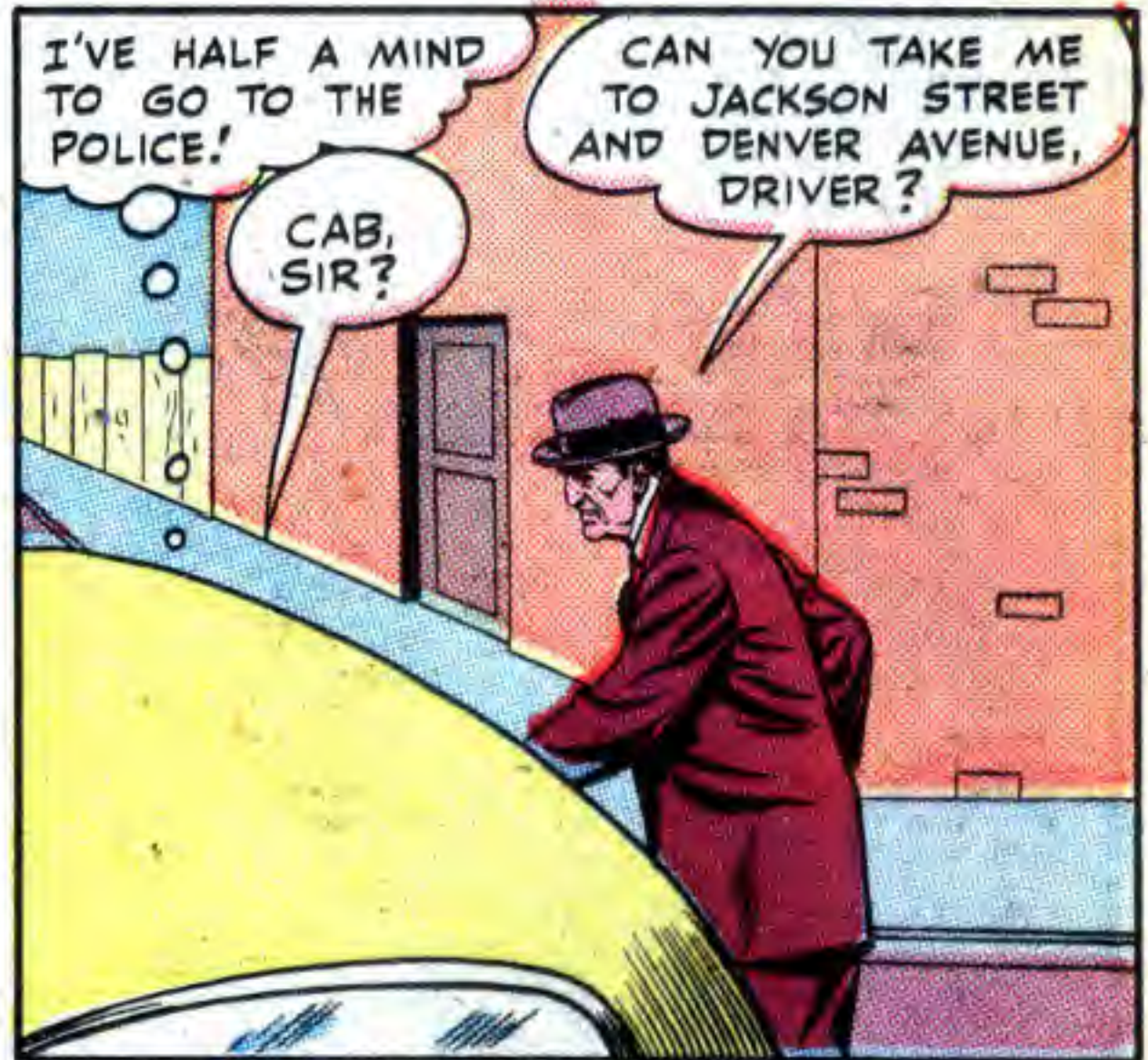
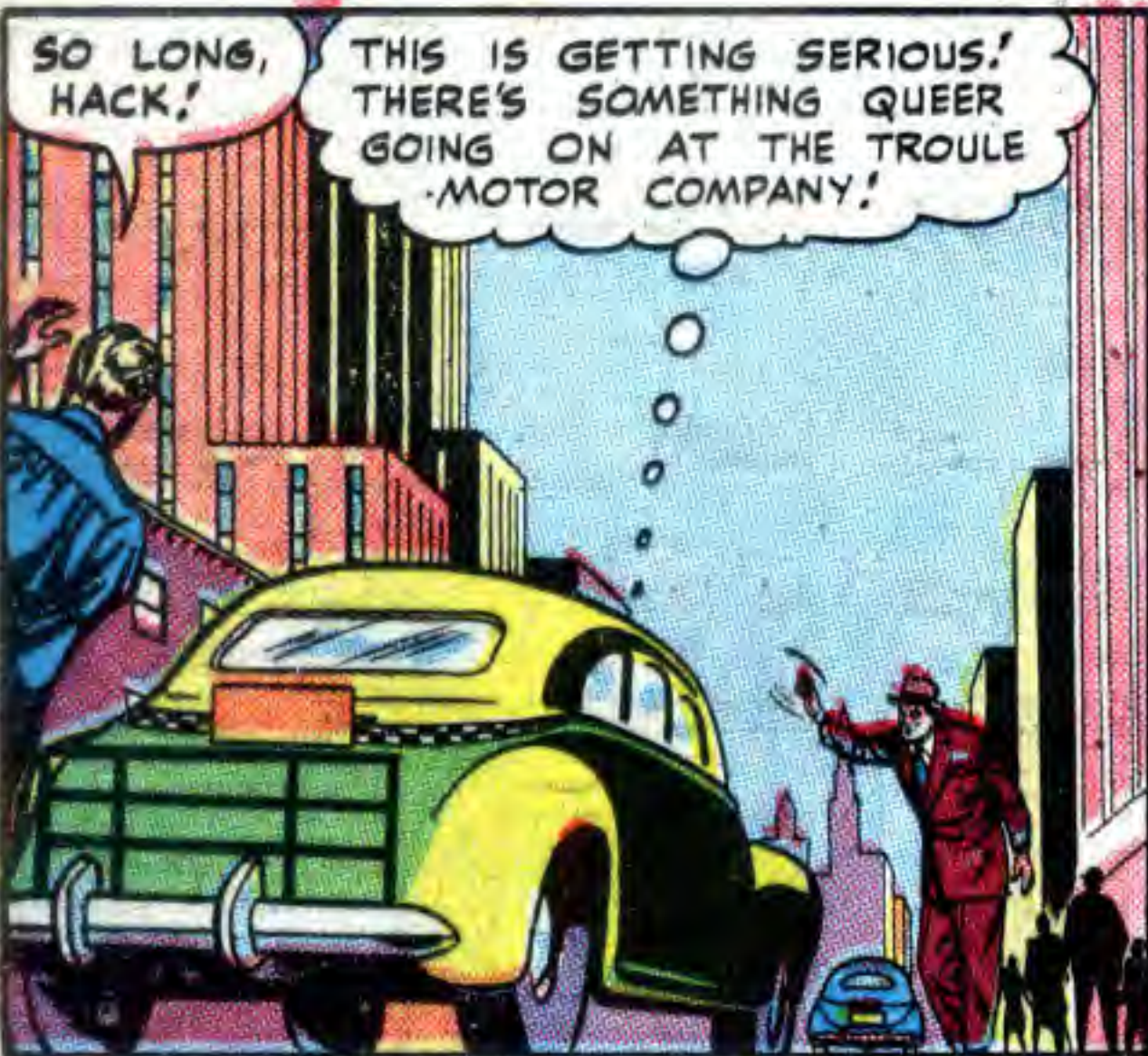
LET'S SEE-- I HAVE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND QUALIFICATIONS! I'M SORRY, MR. O'HARA, WE HAVE NO OPENING FOR A MAN OF YOUR TYPE AT PRESENT!

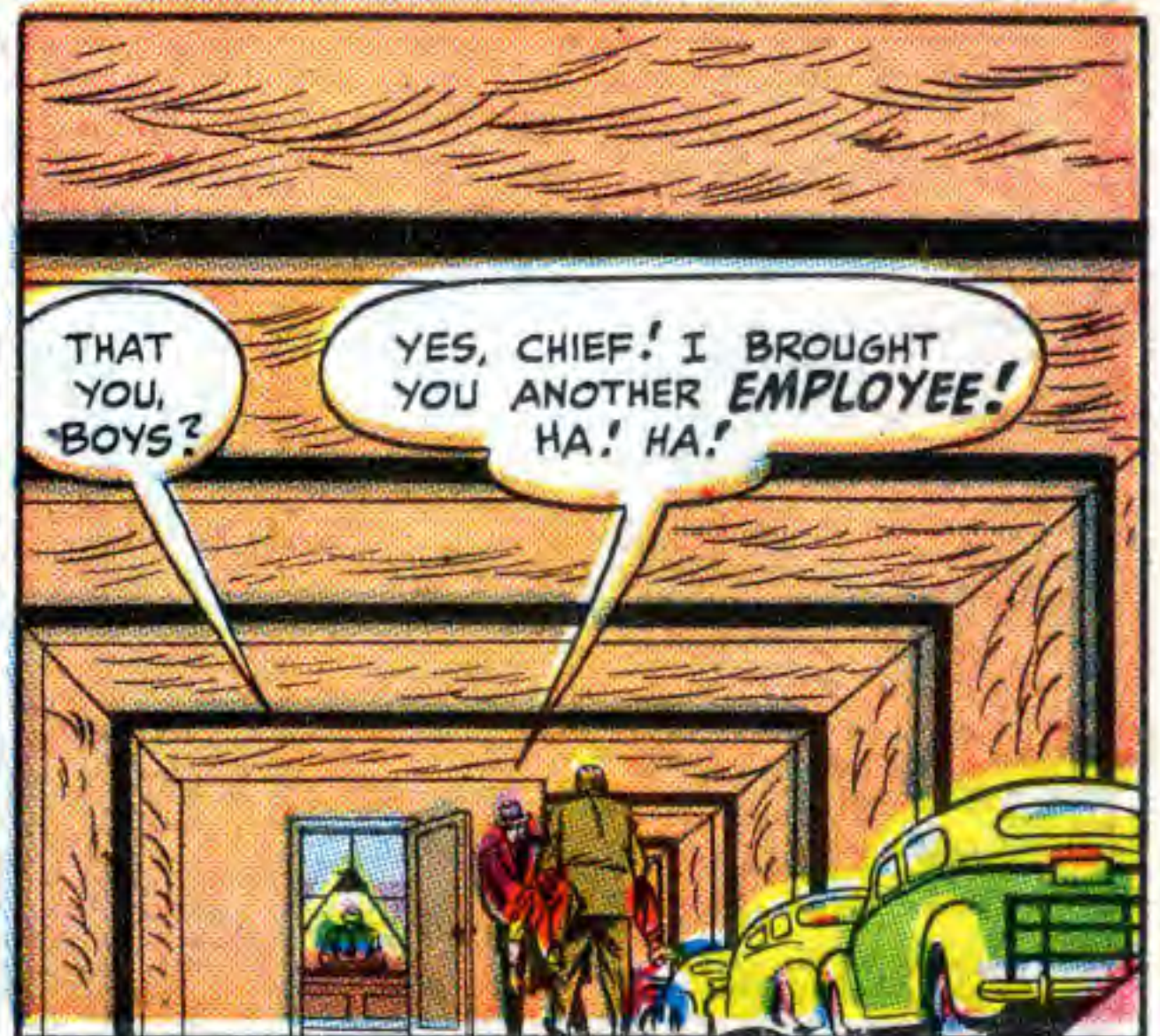
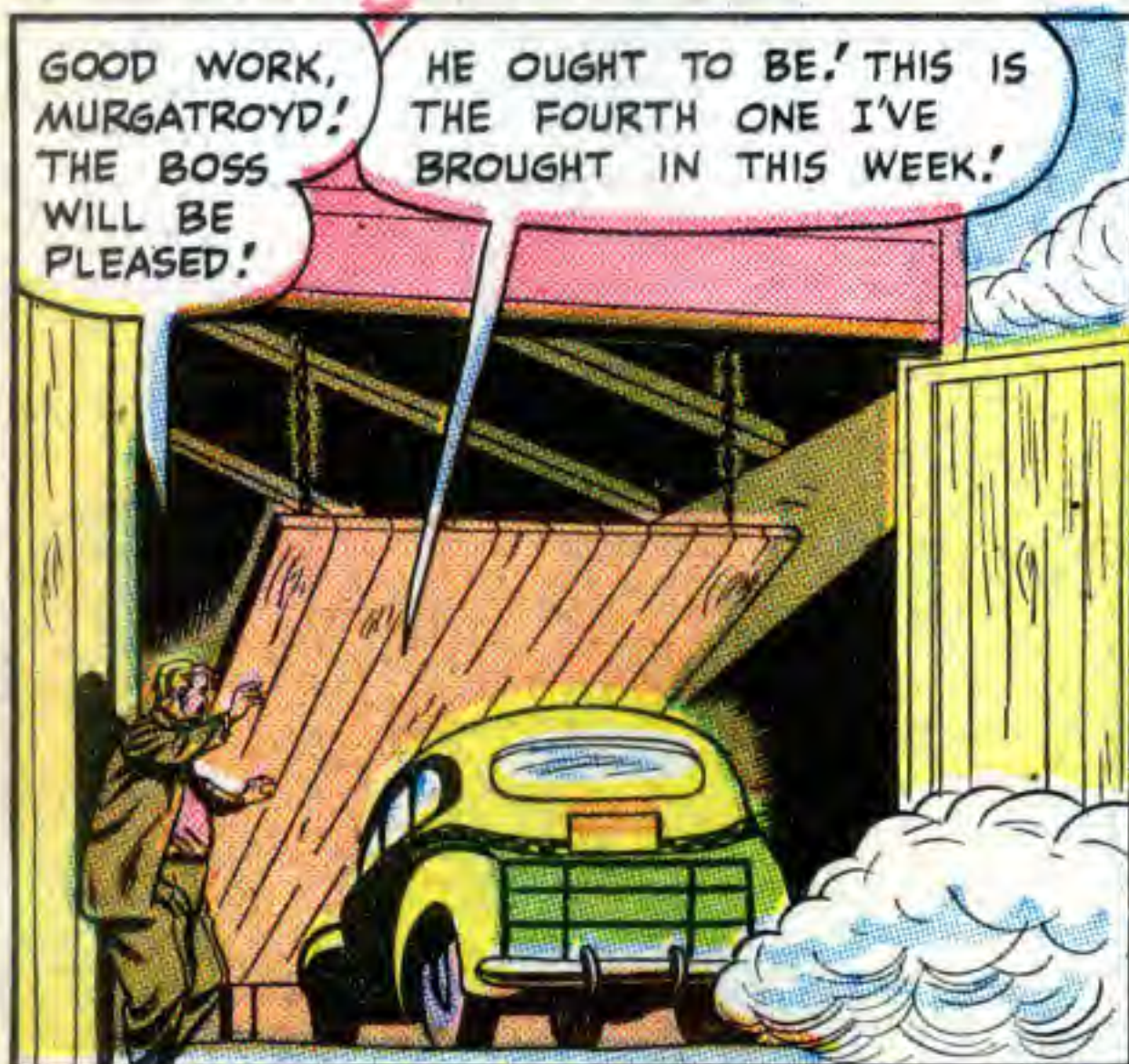
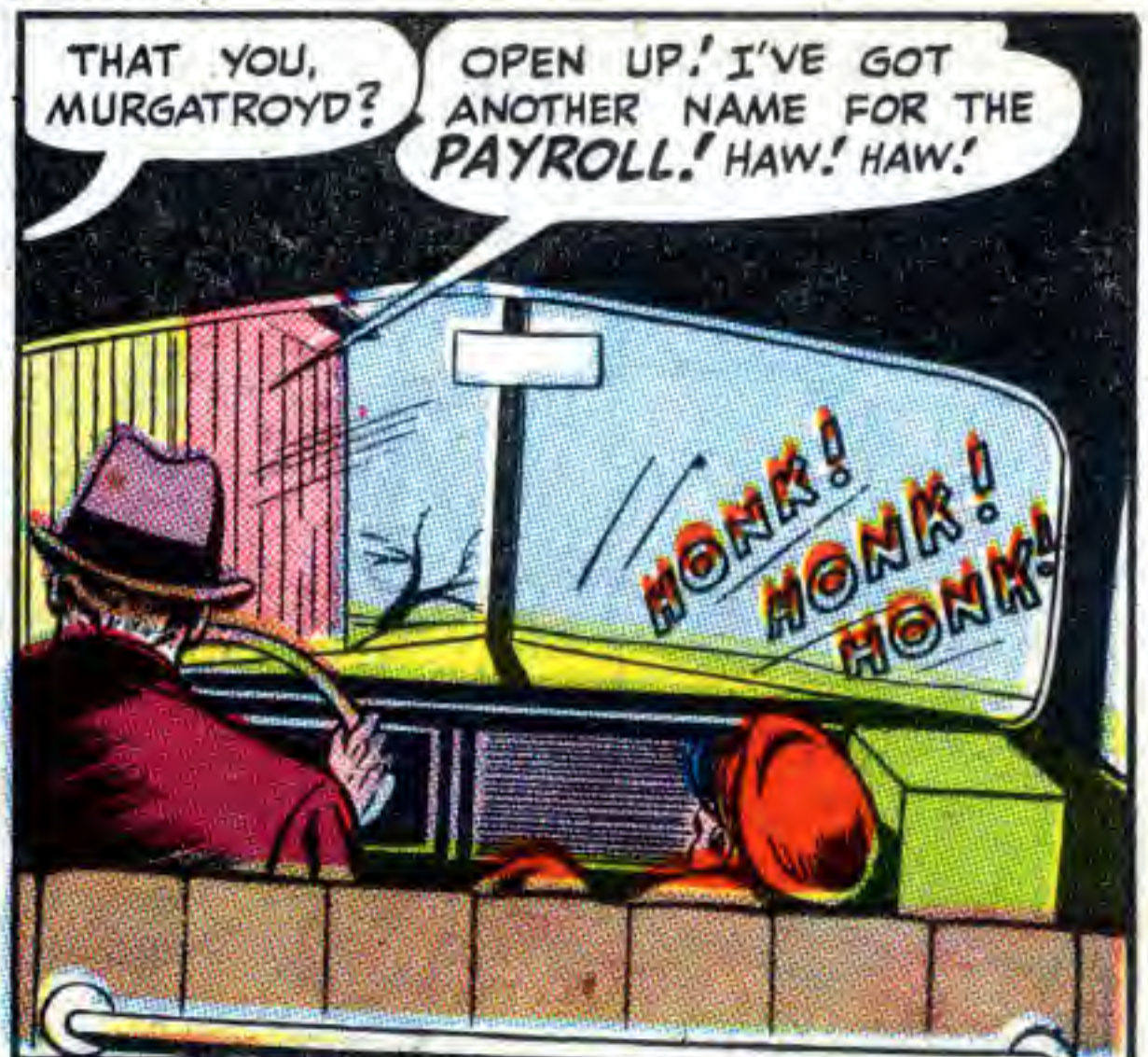
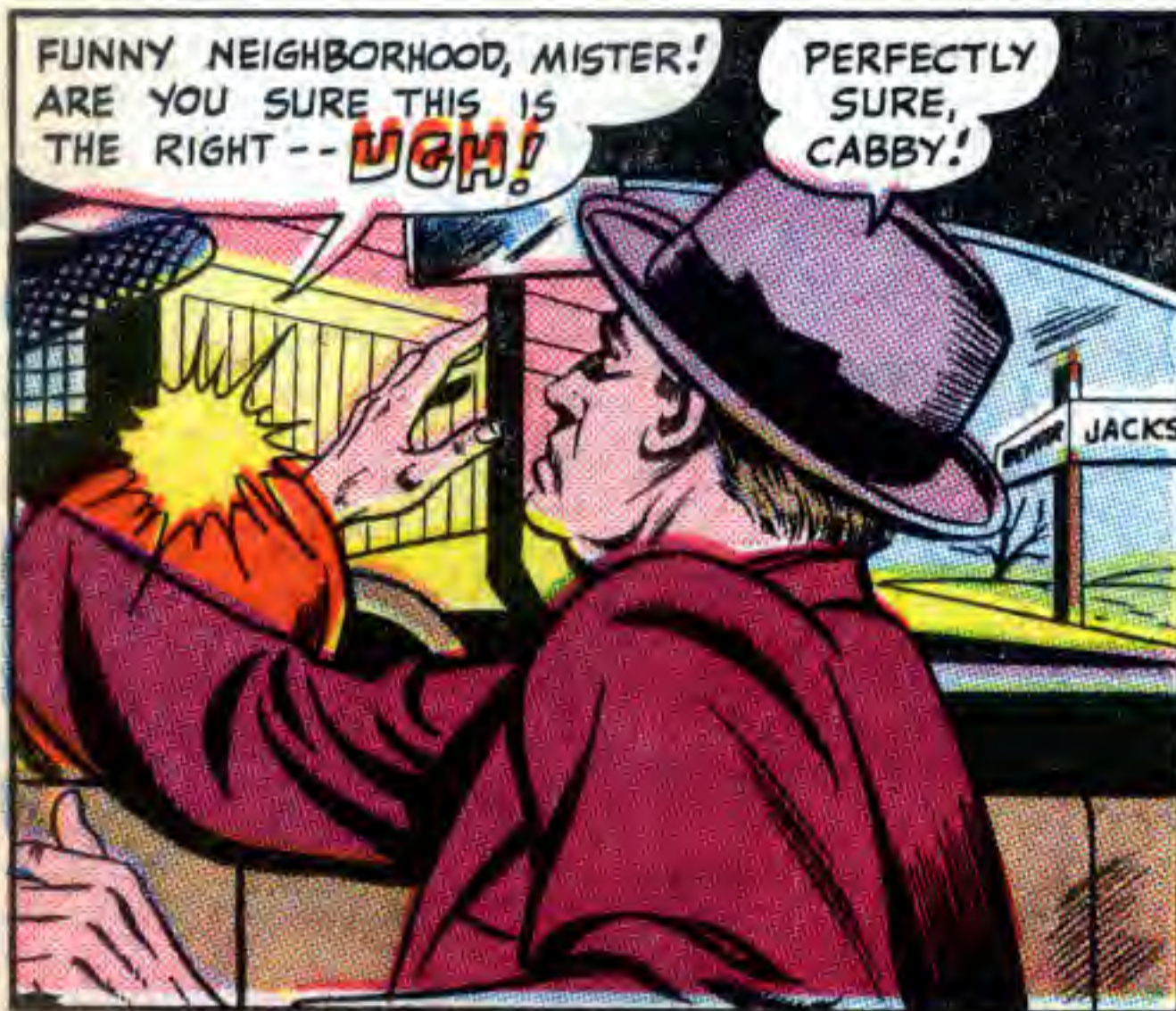
OKAY, MISTER!

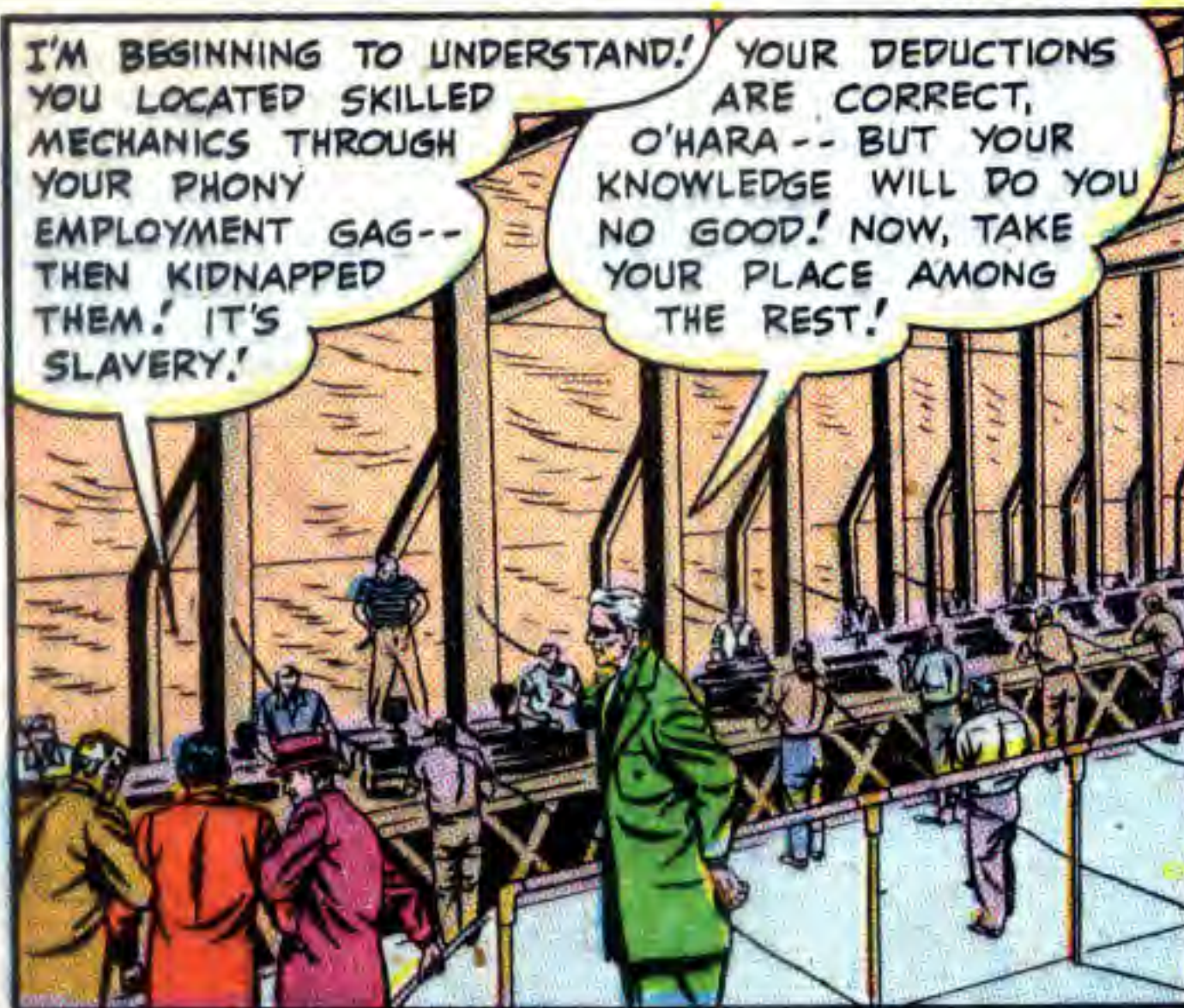
THAT'S FUNNY-- TURNING ME DOWN WITHOUT A REASON! SOMETHING FISHY HERE!

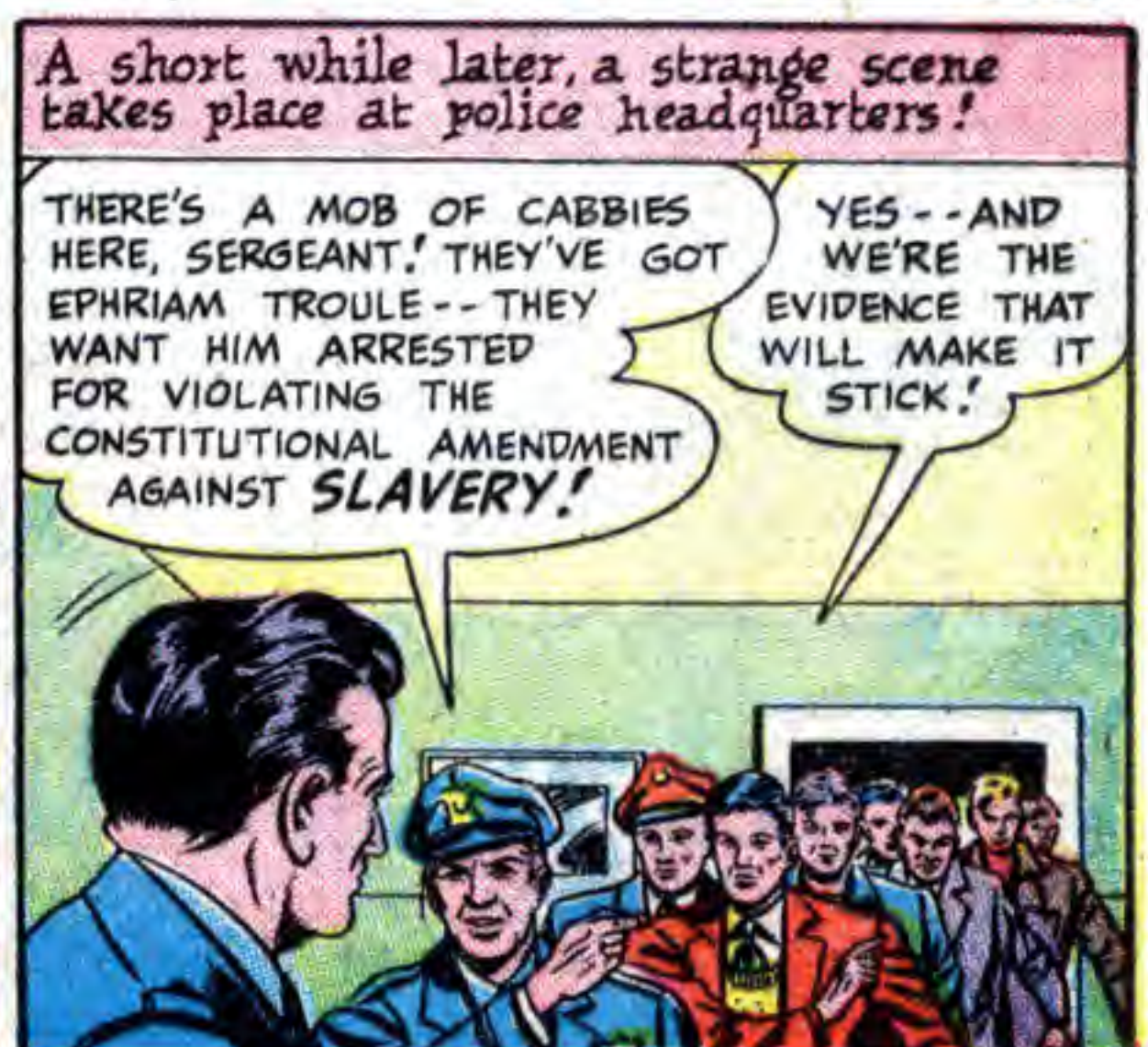
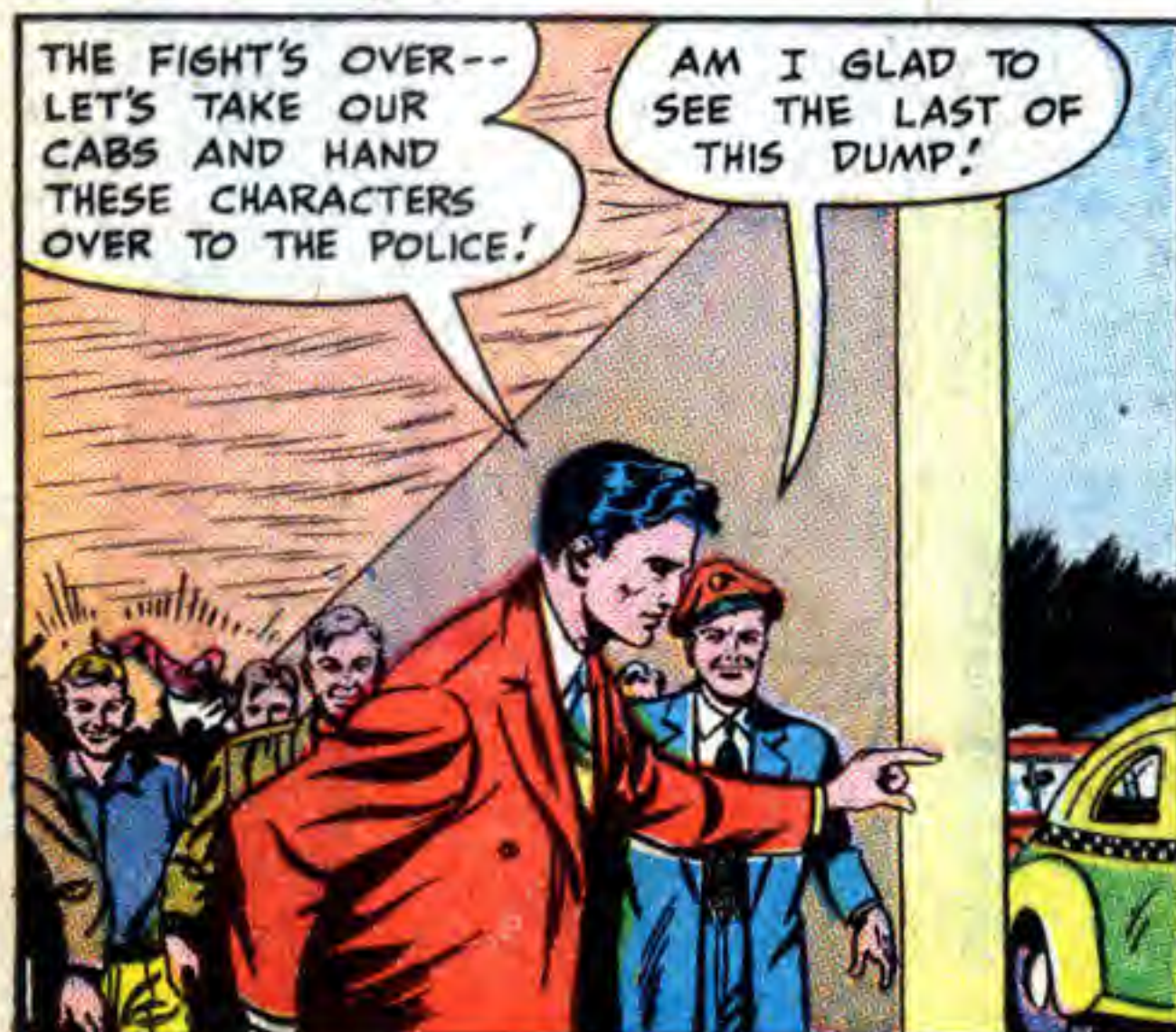
DID THEY TURN YOU DOWN, TOO?

YES-- I DON'T GET IT! I WAS TWELVE YEARS WITH THE MAGNUS MOTOR COMPANY AS CHIEF MECHANIC! THAT'S ENOUGH QUALIFICATION FOR ANY JOB!









PEN MILLER

This spider spun a wicked web and wove a little gag —
I don't catch flies, I catch the guys who got a lotta swag!



My
Klaus

YOU MUST BE NUTS, MILLER!
THIS STRIP IS AS SUBTLE AS
AN ATOM BOMB!

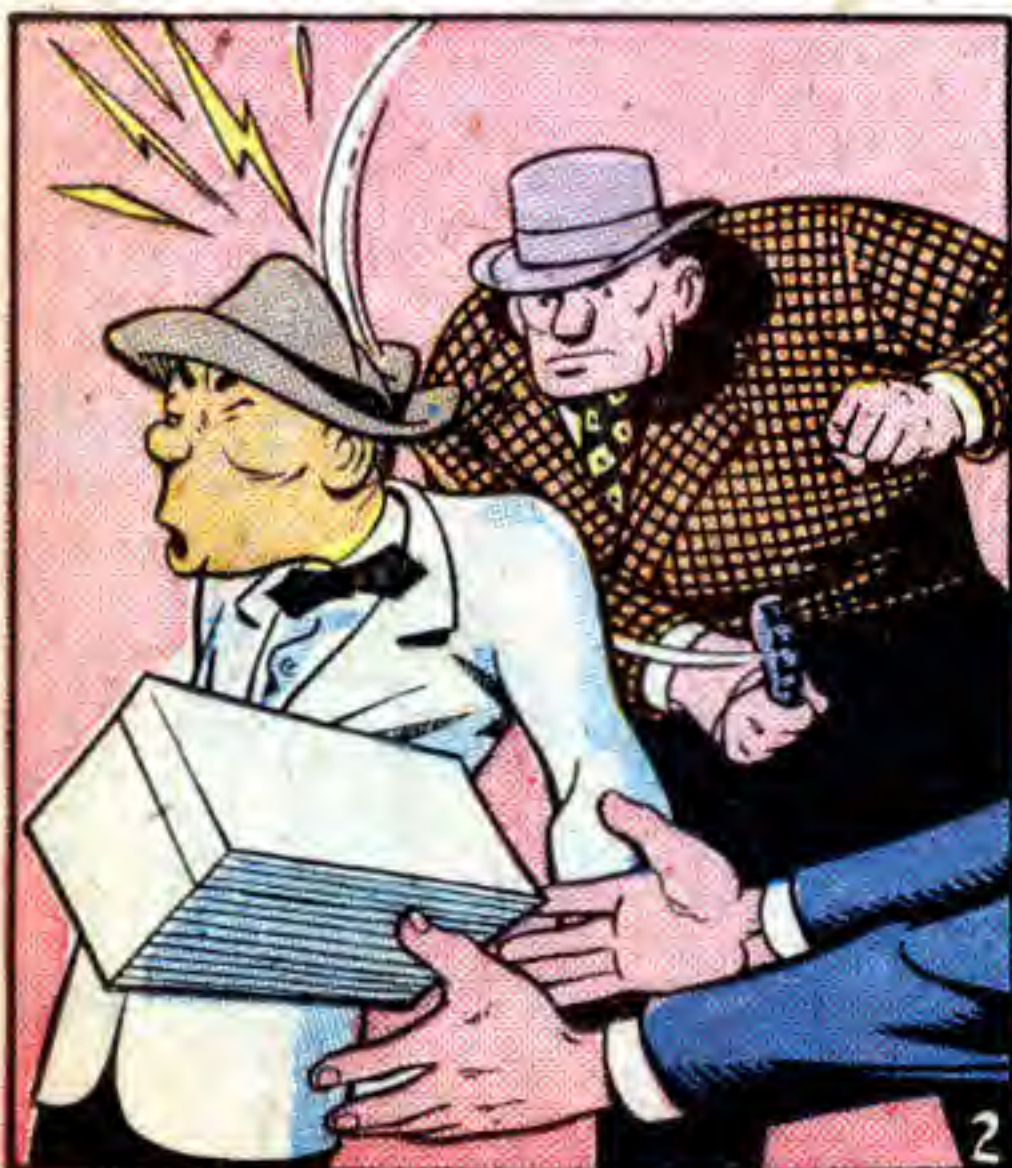
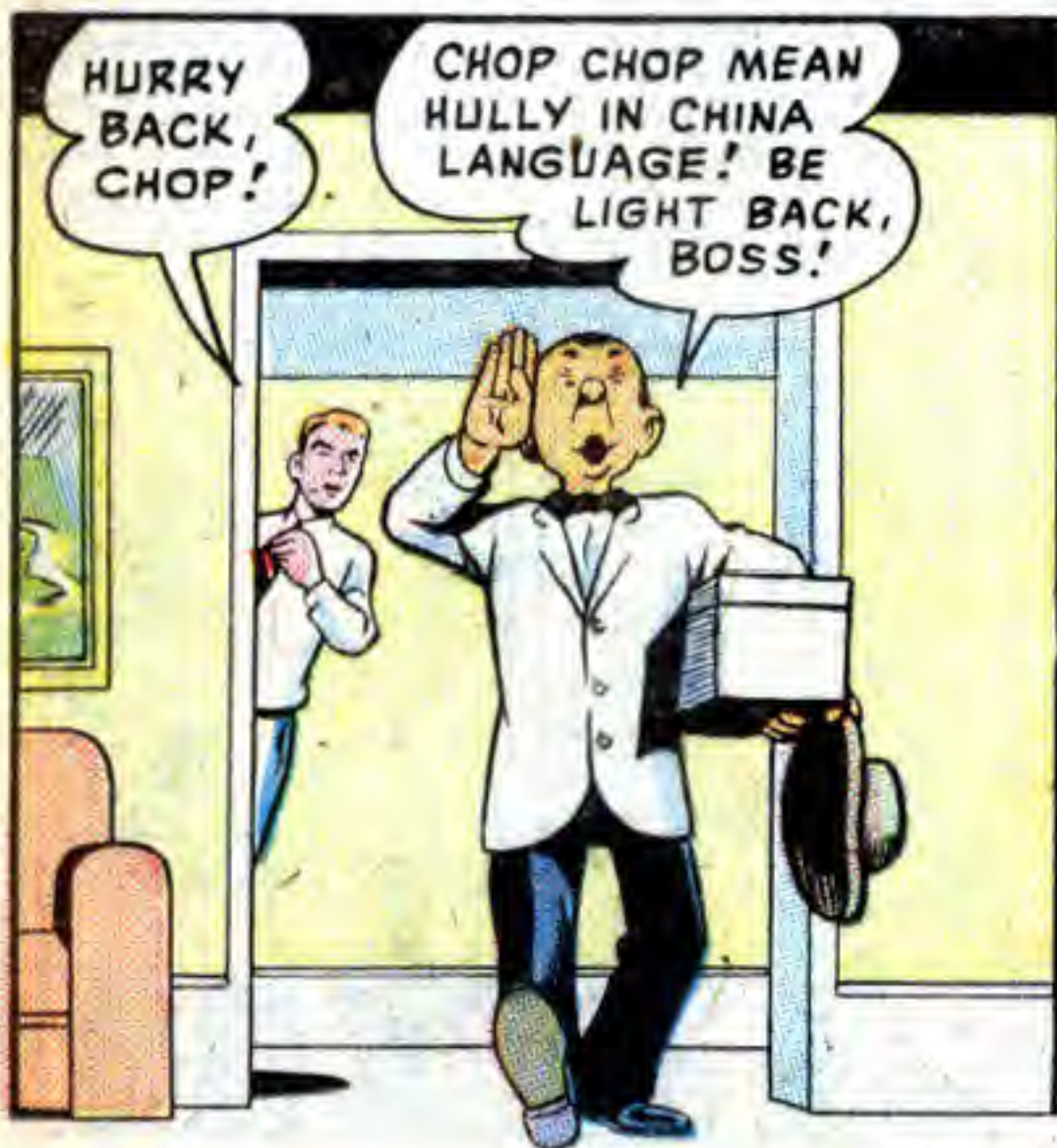
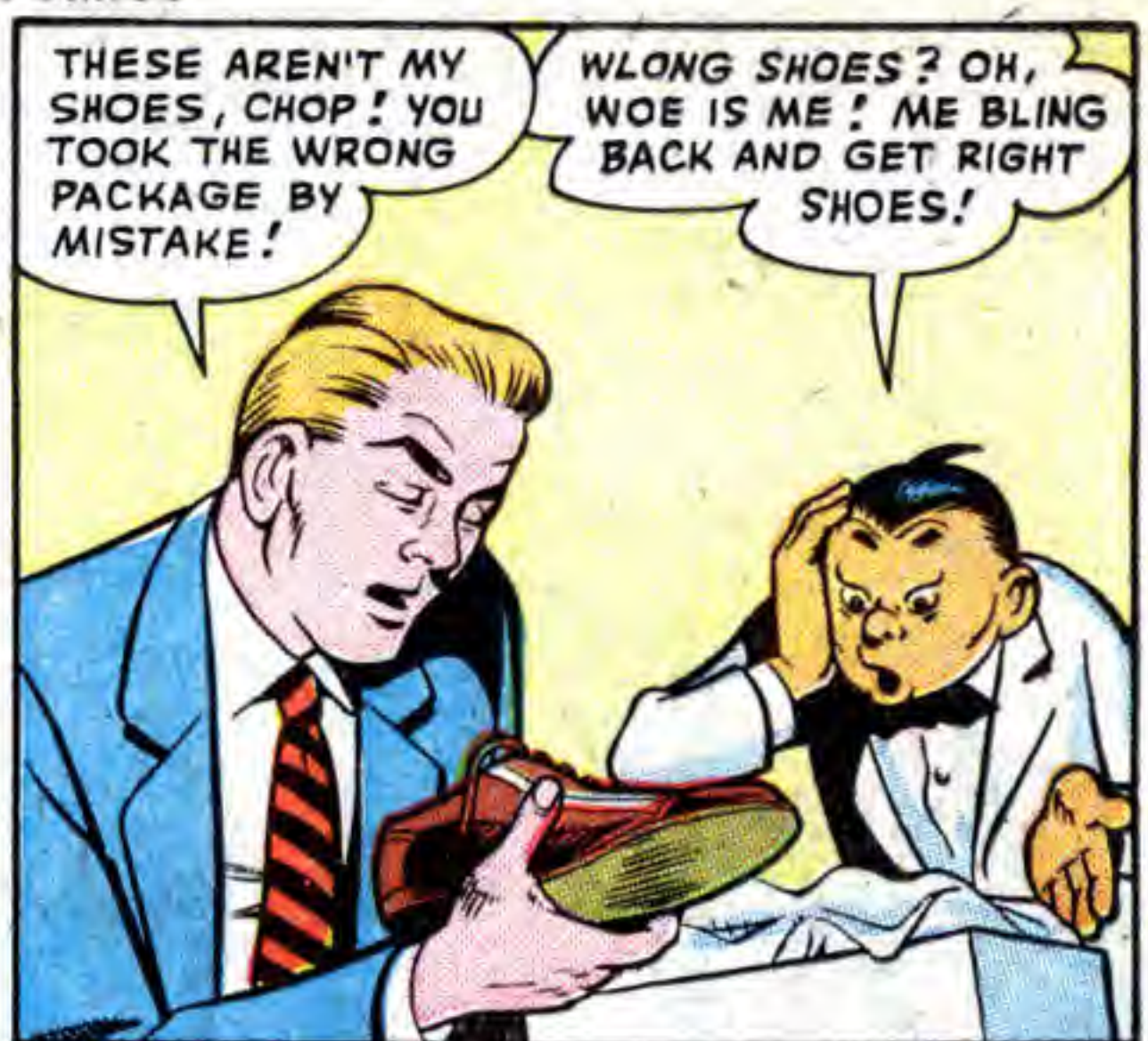
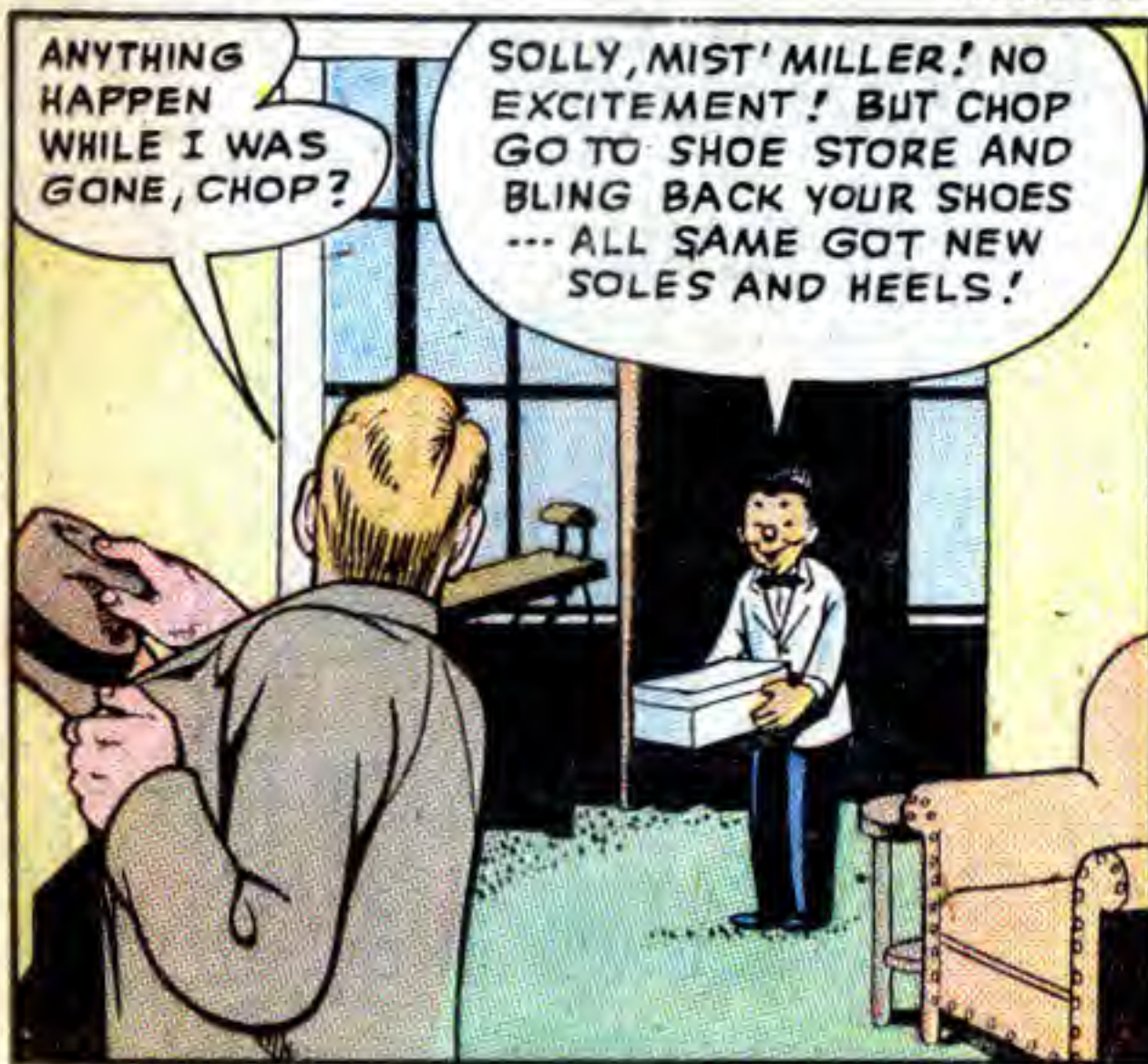
LISTEN, CHIEF... SWAGGER
KANE HAS THE DIAMOND
SMUGGLING RACKET SEWED
UP AND IT'S TIME THE PUBLIC
KNEW IT!

SO WHAT? THE FACT
REMAINS YOU HAVEN'T
A SHRED OF EVIDENCE
TO SUPPORT YOUR
CHARGES! WE
CAN'T PRINT
THIS!

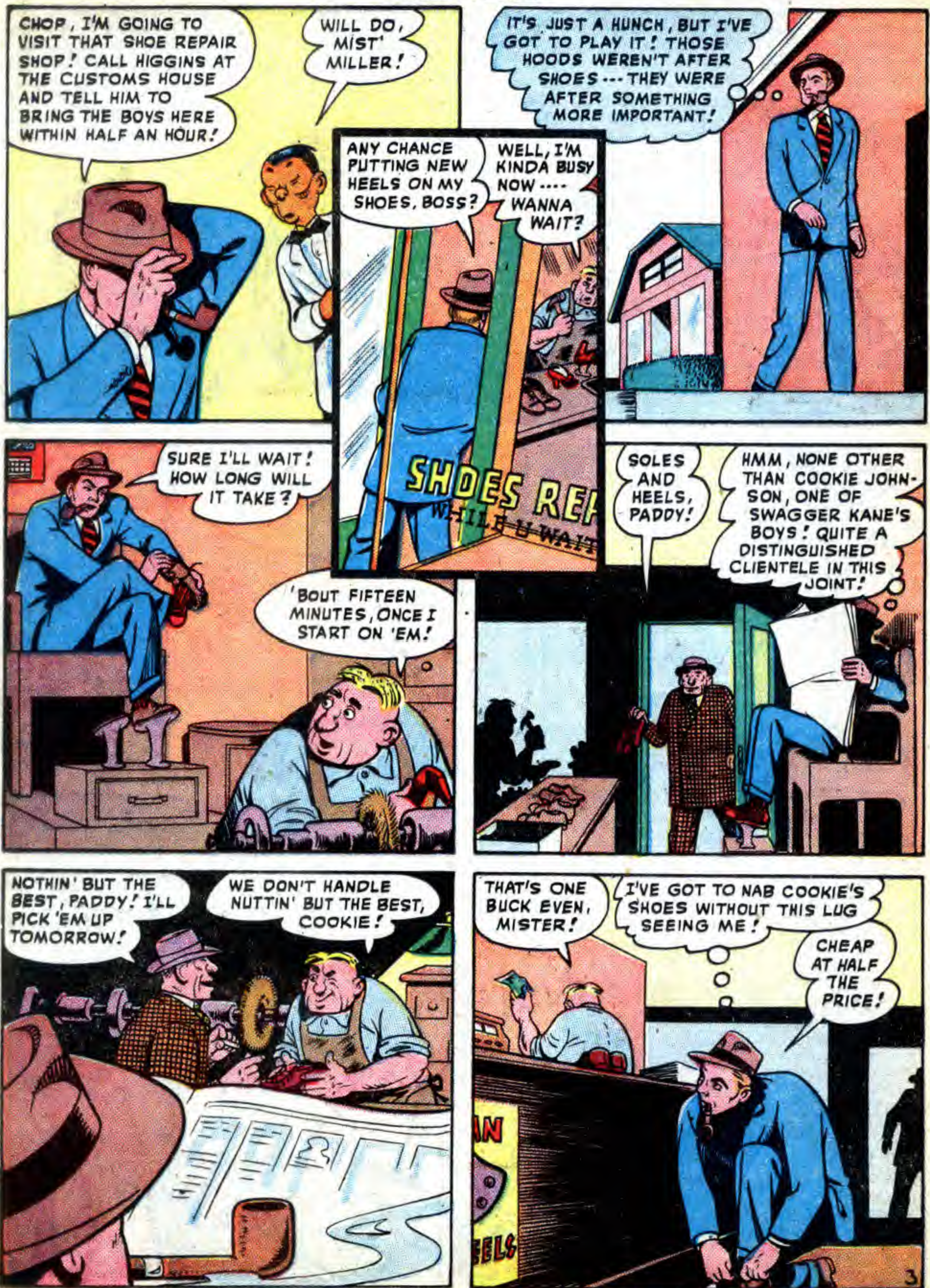
PRINT IT, CHIEF! I
PROMISE YOU BY THE
TIME THE RAG HITS THE
STANDS, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH
EVIDENCE ON KANE TO
HANG HIM!

THE CHIEF'S
RIGHT ABOUT
THE LACK OF
EVIDENCE, BUT
WHEN KANE
READS THE
STRIP, HE'S
BOUND TO MAKE
THE WRONG
MOVE I'M
WAITING
FOR!

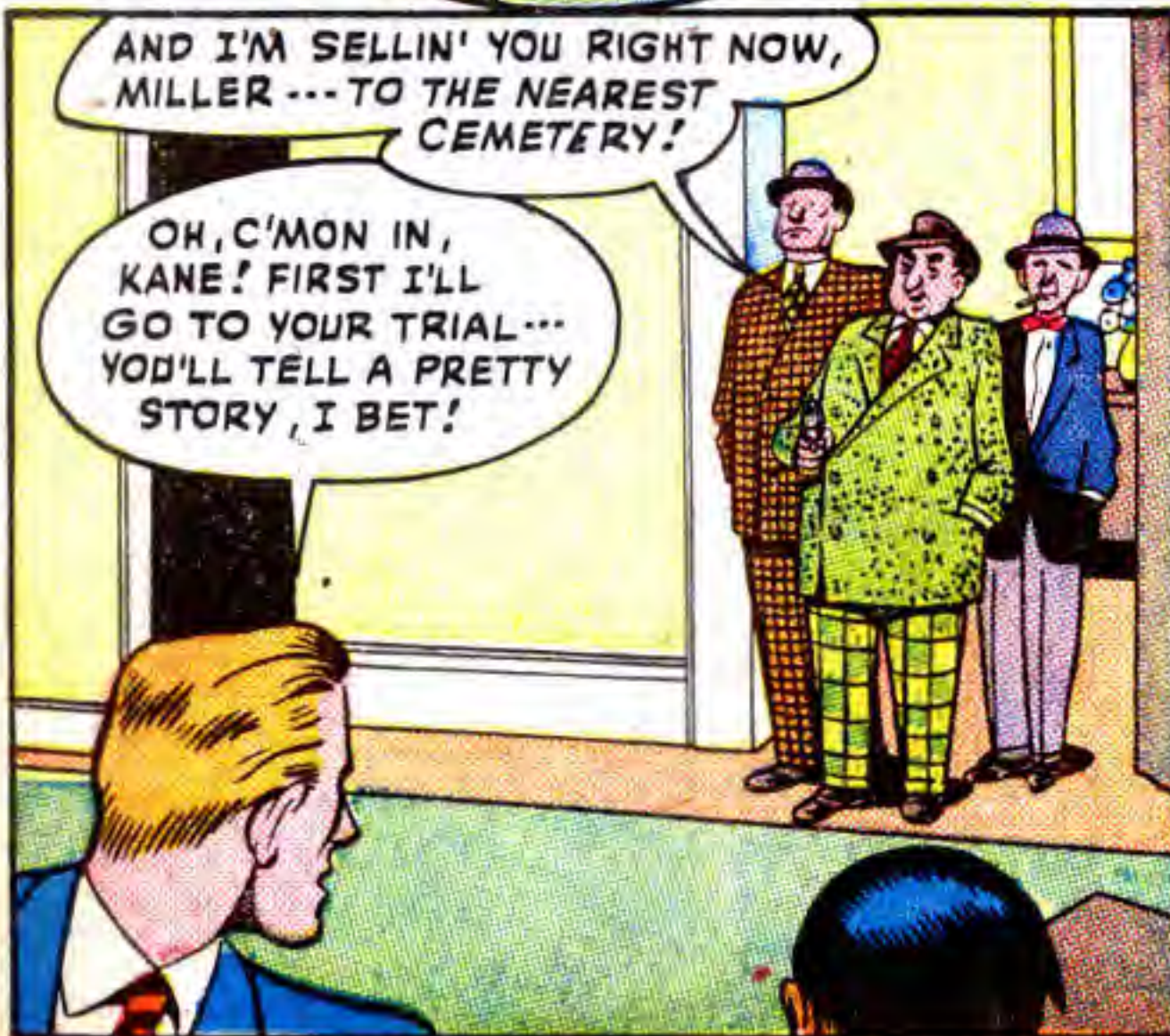
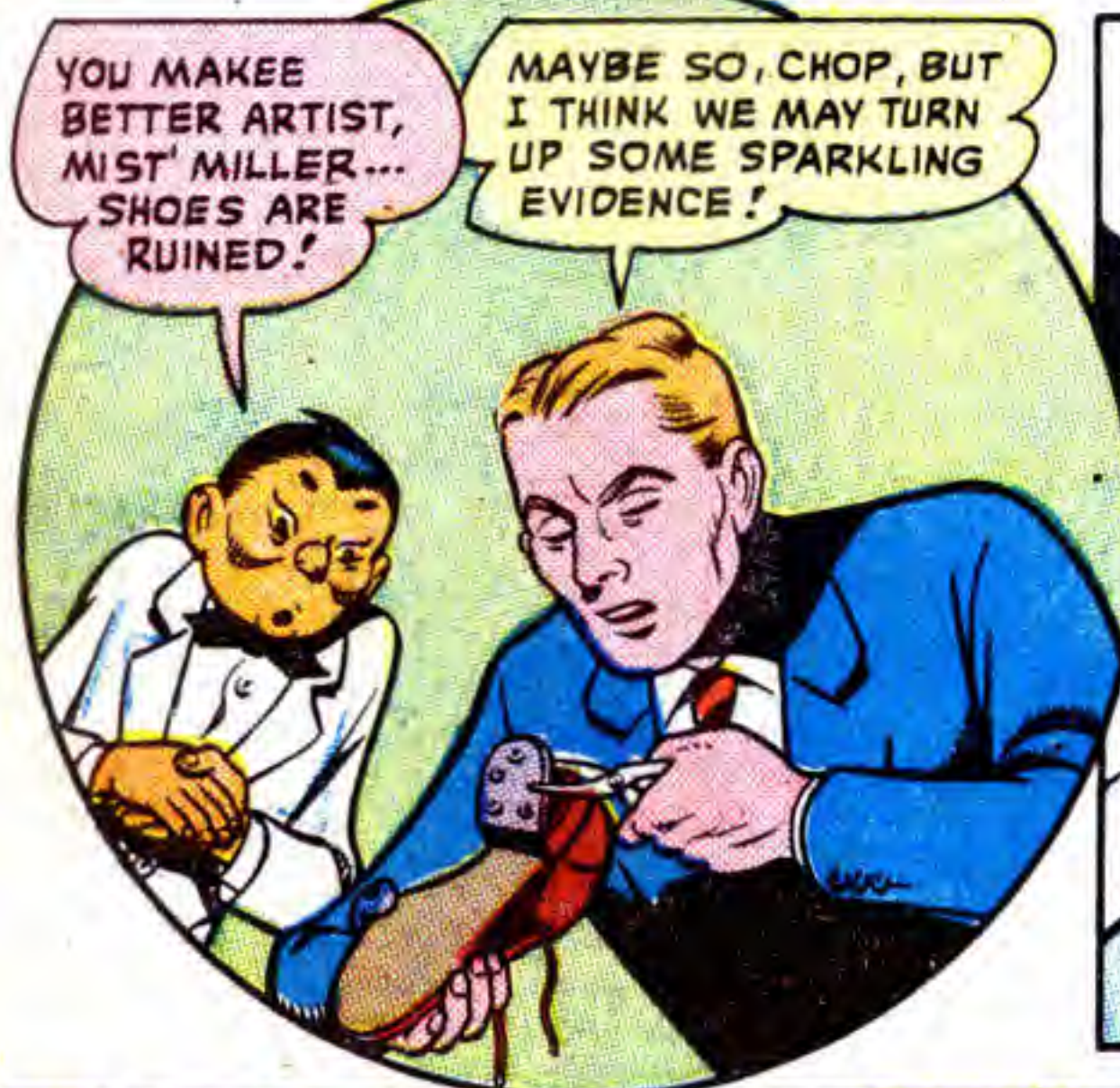
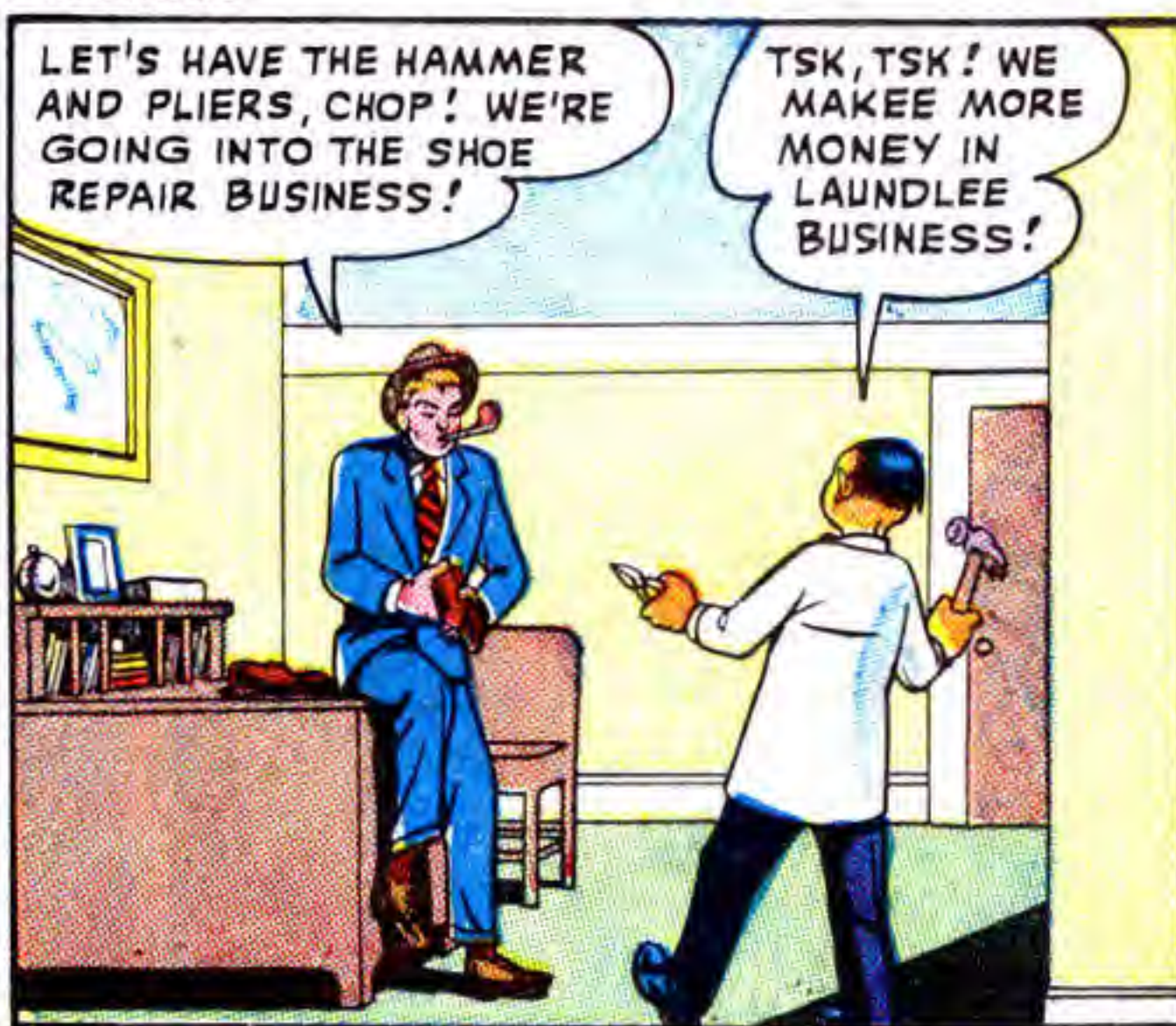
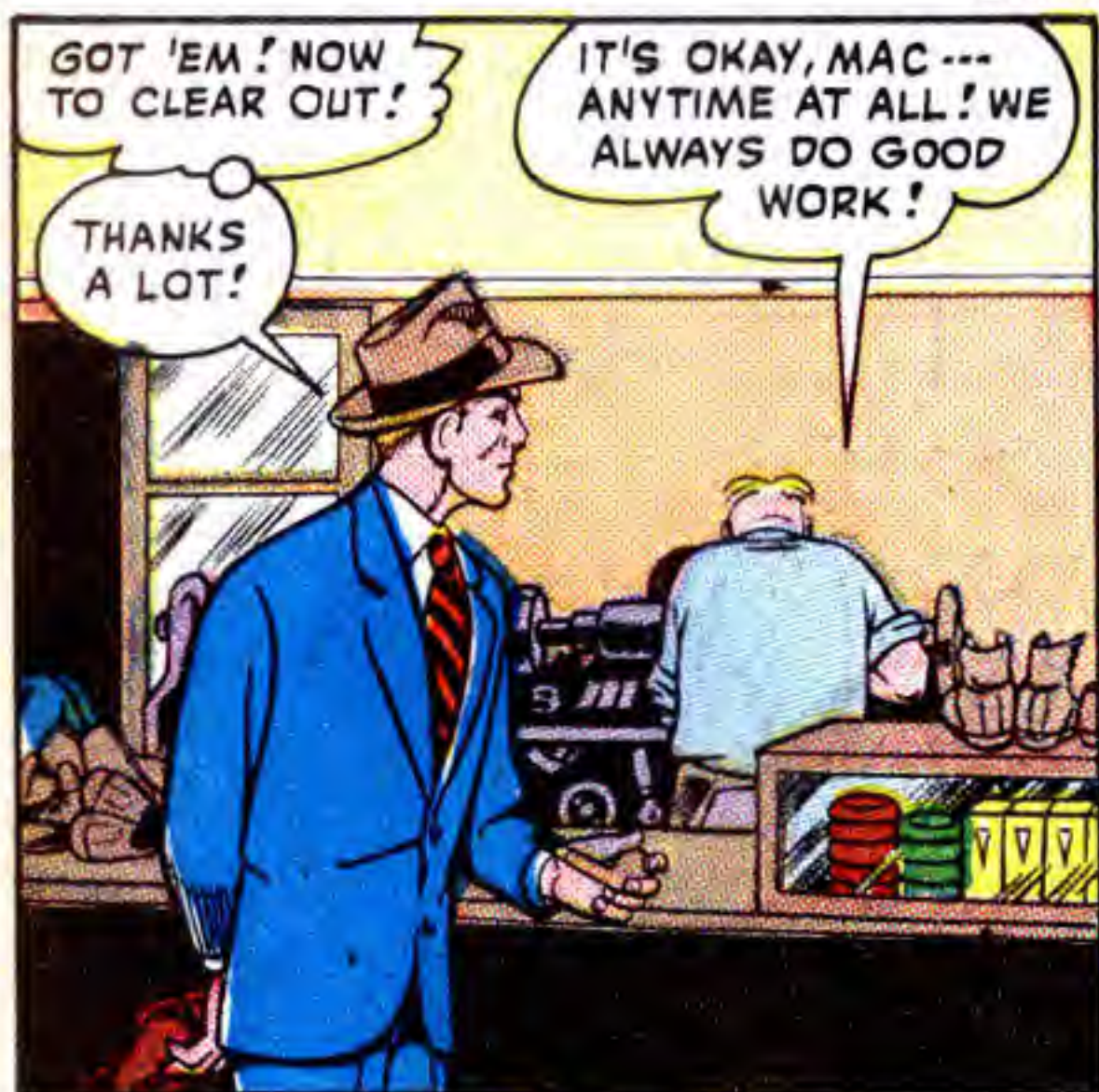


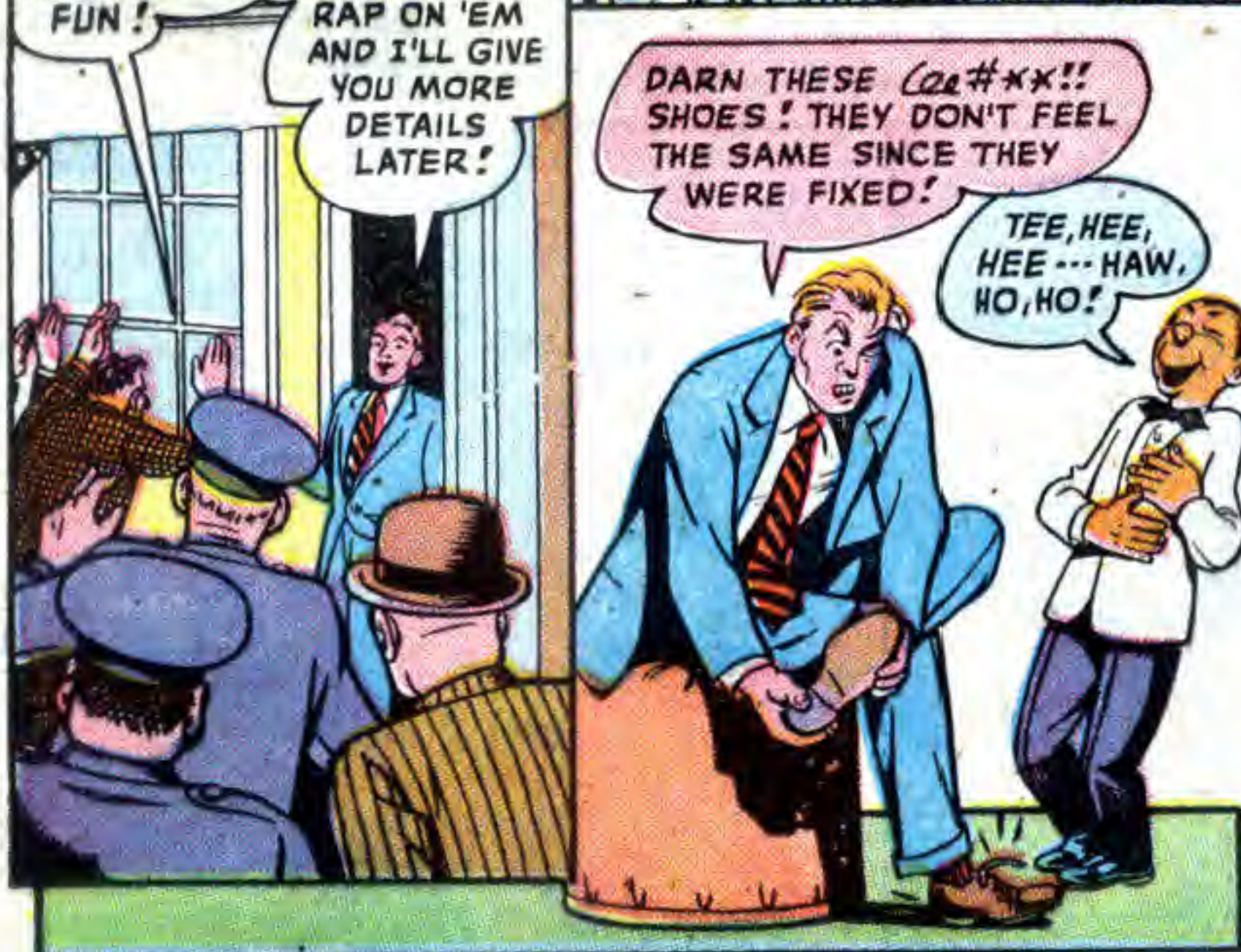
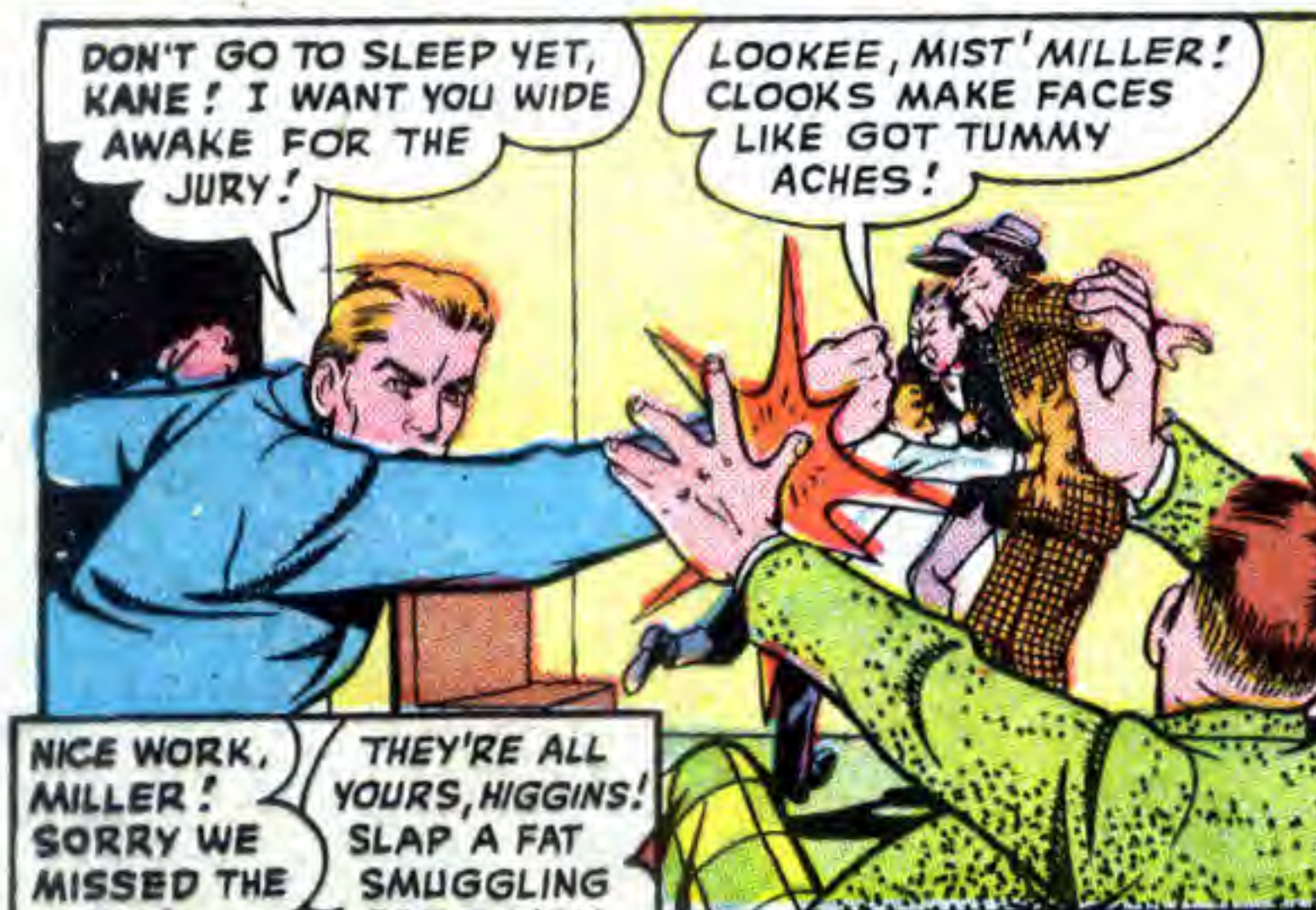


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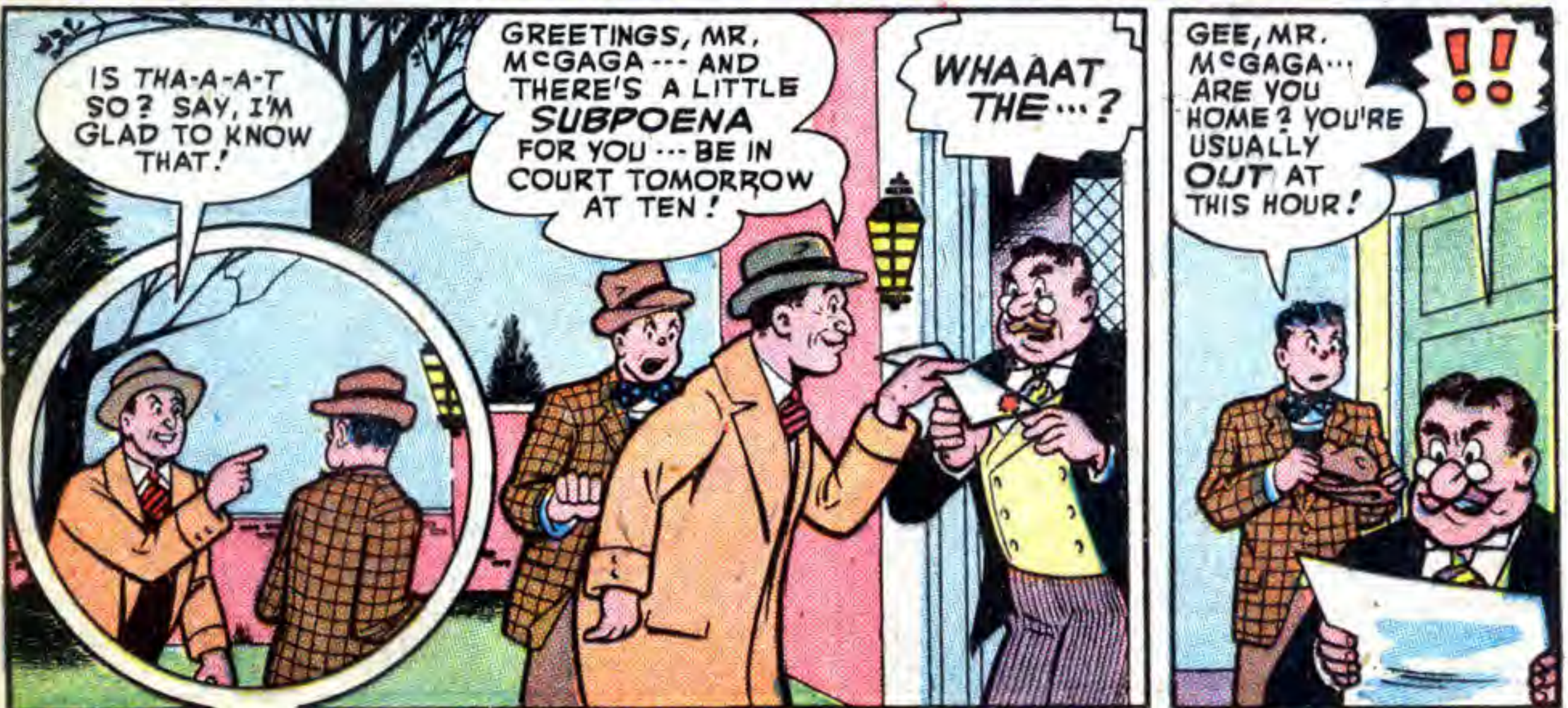
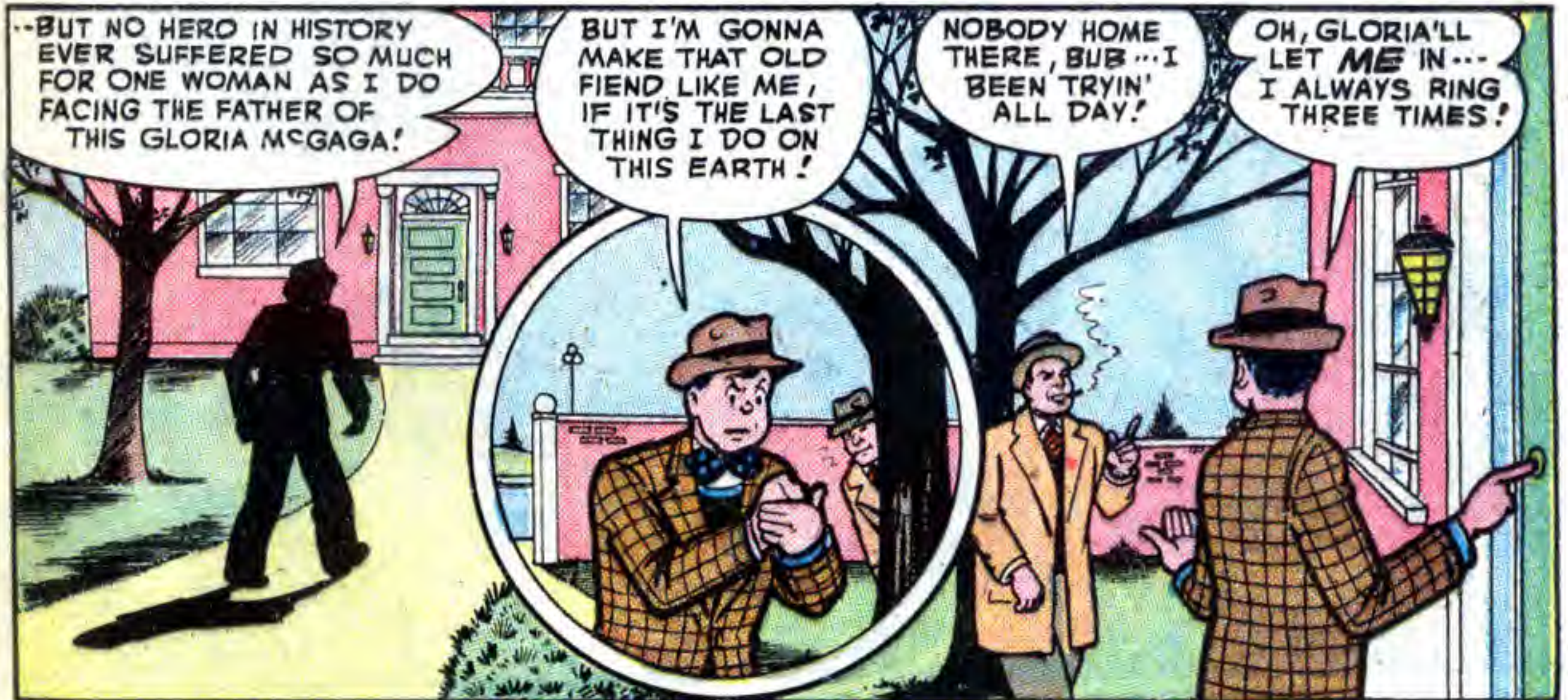


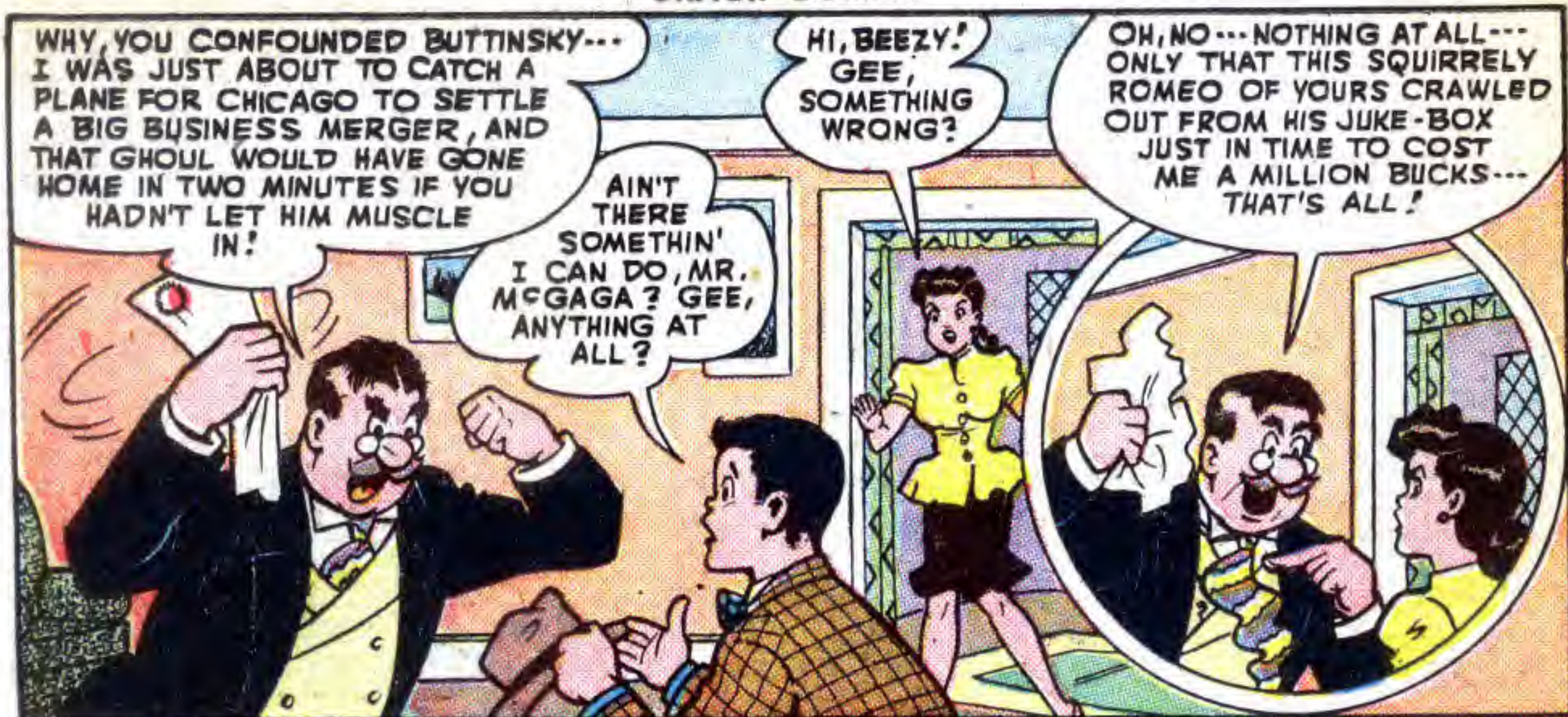
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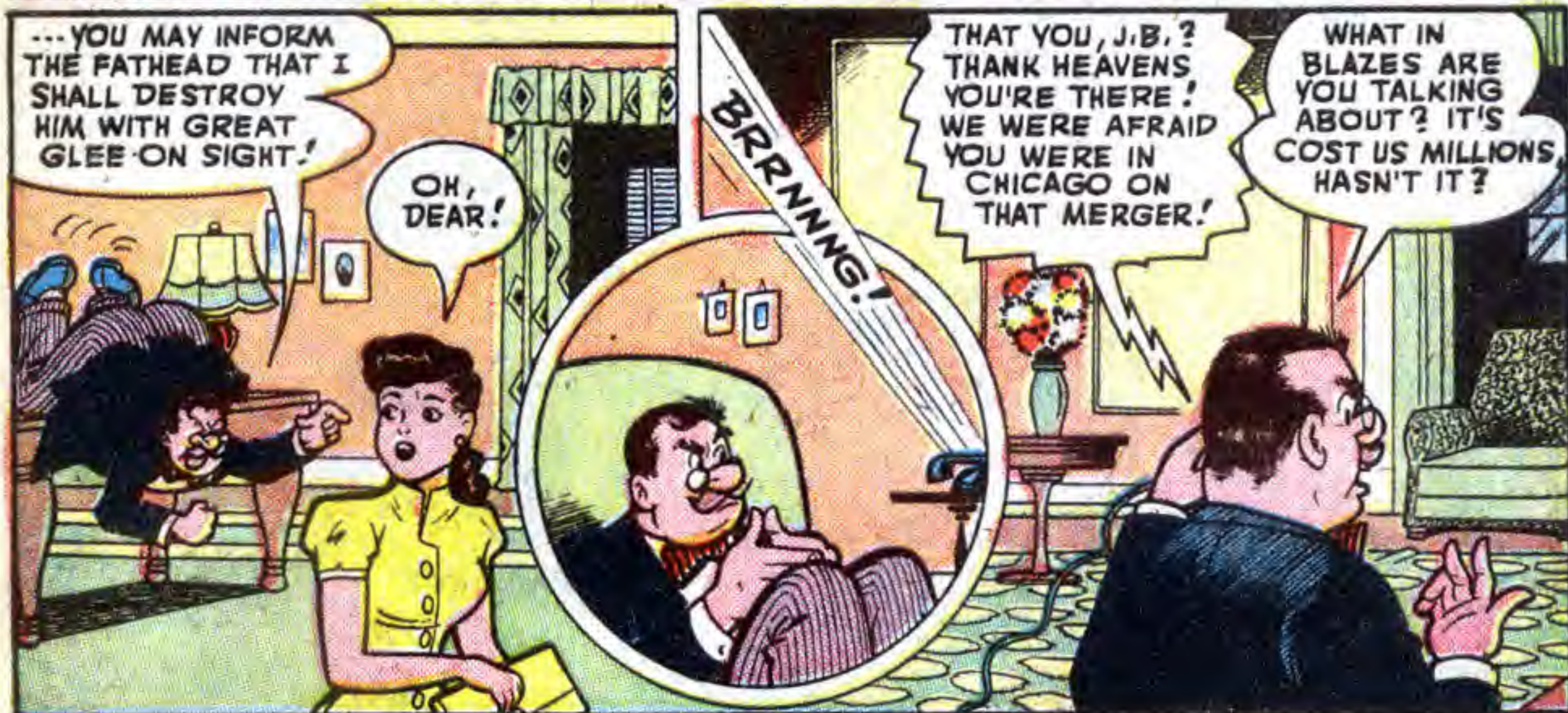
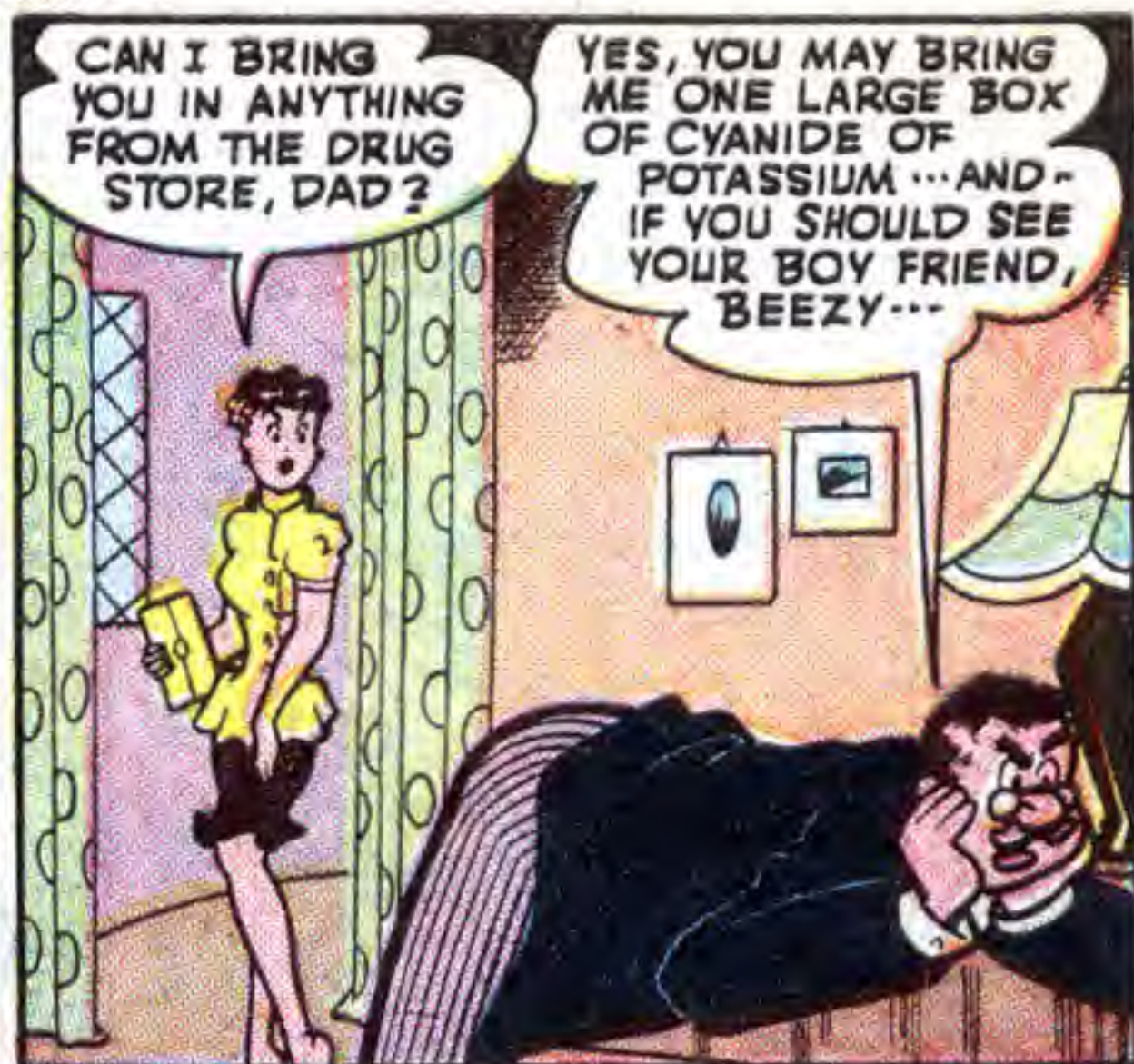


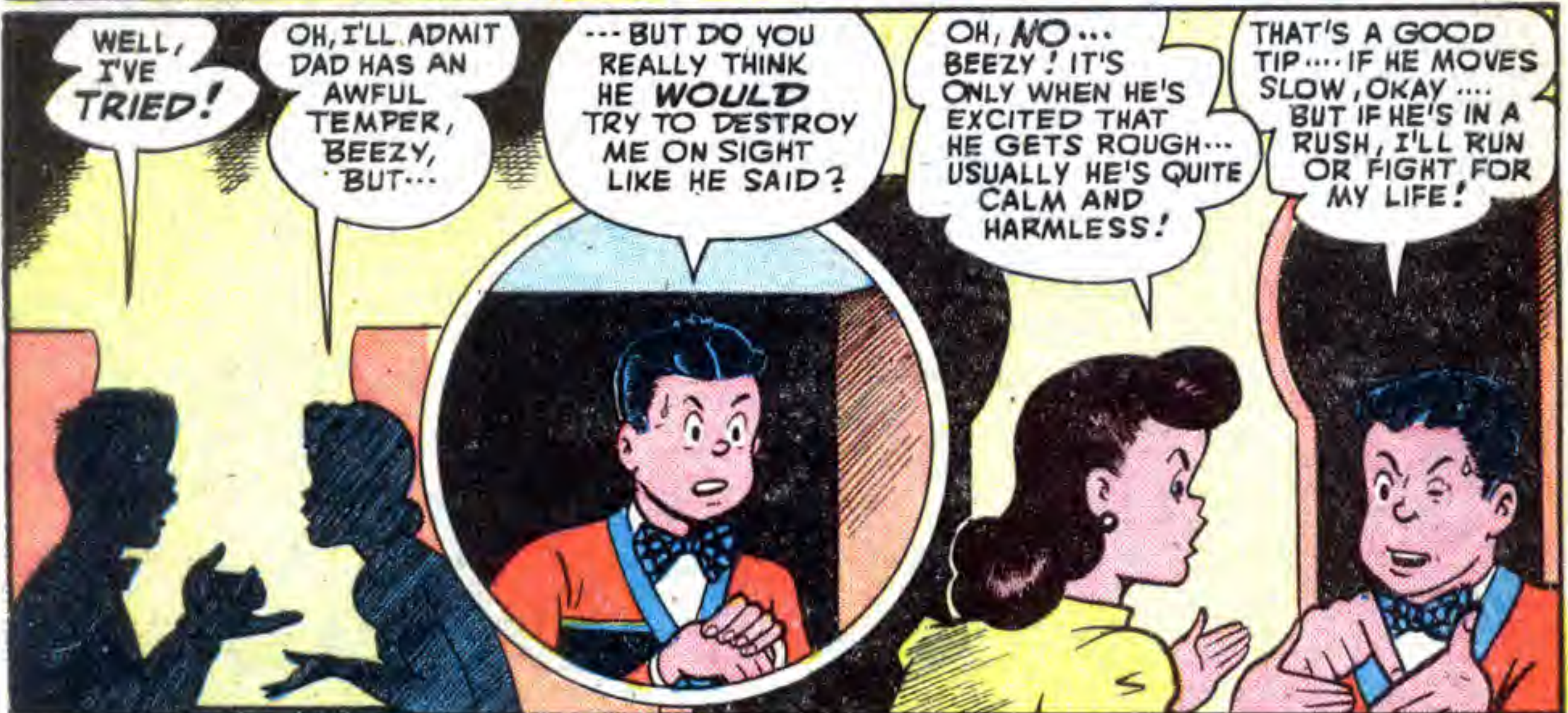
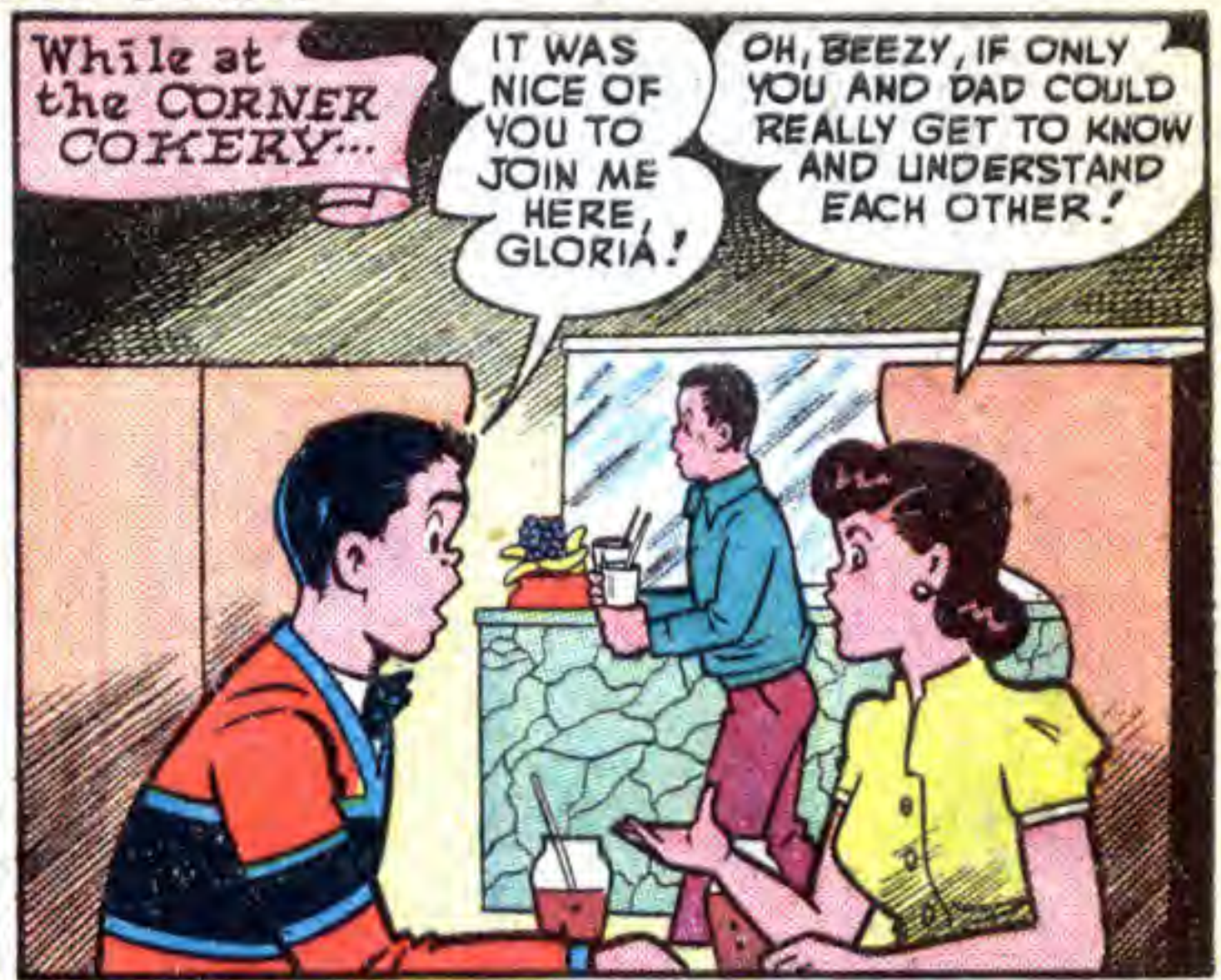


BEEZY

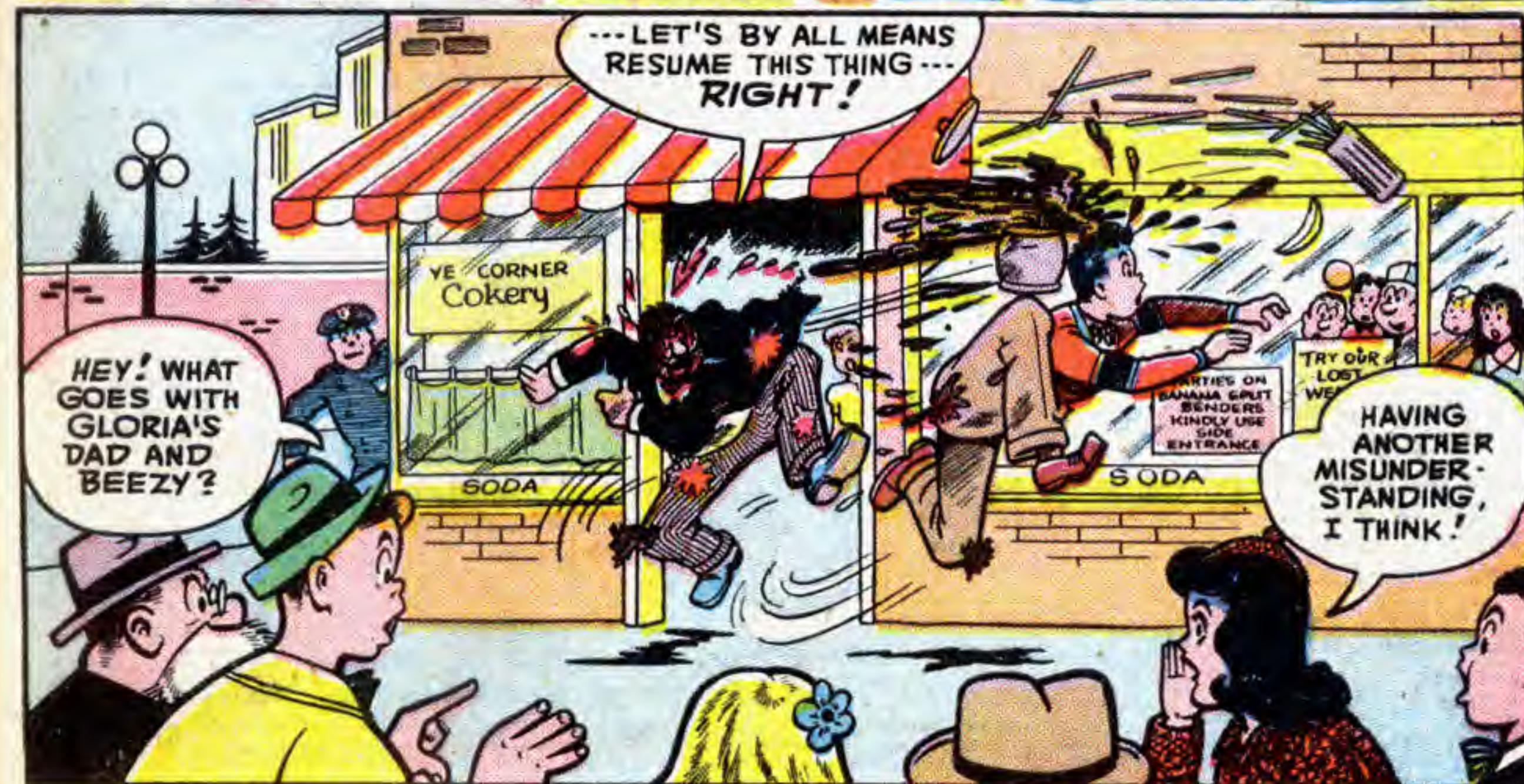
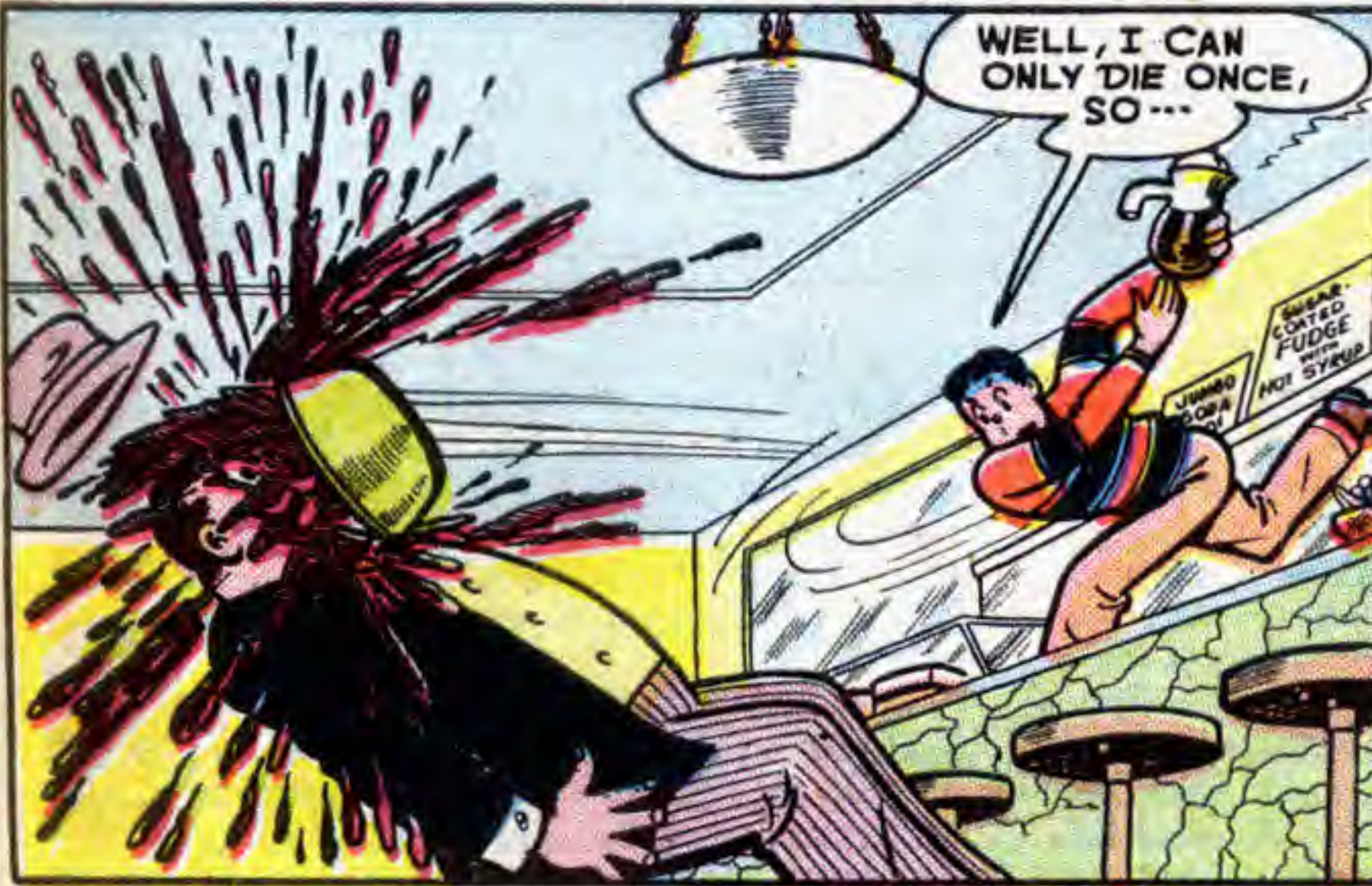








CRACK COMICS



The SKELETON

PETER Grott, known as "The Skeleton," sat in a dejected mood contemplating the open window of his cubby-hole room. Things had gone badly for The Skeleton during the past year and life had lost much of its savor.

But Peter, thin as a wraith—hence his pseudonym—wasn't licked by any means. He was low, but not down. He'd make a comeback.

What Peter had in mind was nebulous. Where most men of his stripe had to work with assistants, Peter worked alone—a thin shadow flitting in and out of the dark realms of lawlessness. Peter had tried a lot of tricks and rackets; but none had proved successful.

Now as he sat in a new town, he thought and pondered just what he might do to turn a penny. He was broke. Or almost broke.

He chanced to spot the telephone book and like a flash an idea hit him. Yes! It wasn't a new idea, but it hadn't been worked to death; and perhaps never had been tried in this town of Miles. Miles wasn't exactly a small town; it was a suburb of Evansville. Most of the latter city's wealthy lived in Miles.

The Skeleton began making rapid plans. He not only got his first idea but another struck him like a paving brick. He'd fool the law beautifully while gathering himself a nest egg.

Peter Grott left his hotel and went to a clothier where he made various purchases for a "Mr. Mark Vale." He had them sent to the hotel. After a light lunch, he followed the clothes.

The first thing Peter did after arriving in his room was to lock the door and take up the telephone book. In the Classified he found several names which he jotted down in a small book. This he put into his pocket. Then very carefully Peter dressed in his new clothes.

The Skeleton grinned weirdly when he surveyed himself in the long door mirror. He was a changed man.

Since his bill was paid at the hotel, there was no sense in drawing attention to himself when he left. So he merely flipped the pass key on the desk, nodded to the sleepy clerk and walked out.

He got a cab in front of the hotel and gave the address of the town's largest hotel. Upon arrival, he registered as Mr. Mark Vale, Dallas, Texas. Cattleman.

Mr. Mark Vale was shown to a luxurious

suite. He handed the boy a dollar, telling him that his luggage would arrive the next day.

Alone in his room, Mr. Vale again surveyed himself. The big ten-gallon hat made him look top-heavy but still it gave him the appearance of a rich cattleman. His thin, emaciated face lost some of its gauntness under the huge Stetson.

But that wasn't all. Old friends of The Skeleton would never know him now—not in his suit, several sizes too large, but padded expertly to make him appear stout. Yes, the disguise was perfect.

Mr. Vale got on the phone and rang up one of the leading jewelers of the town. He asked for the manager and when he got him on the line, ordered him to send up some valuable diamonds "something matched" that would make a nice necklace for his daughter, about to graduate from a fashionable girls' school.

The jeweler was delighted. Of course, he had heard of Mr. Mark Vale, and felt honored that he was calling upon him. He would send his best salesman over with a nice assortment of unmounted diamonds.

When the salesman arrived, he was greeted by a jovial-voiced man on the rotund side but with a singularly thin face. Some fat men were that way; some of them had exceptionally thin legs, the salesman knew. He quickly displayed his fine diamonds.

Mr. Vale looked them over, listened to their merits from the salesman, but shook his head.

"Not just the thing I'd like to see," said Mr. Vale. "I'm sorry, man, but I guess we can't do business."

The salesman, dismayed but overawed by the great man, bowed out.

Mr. Mark Vale then got on the phone again. He called another jeweler, and the same thing happened.

"I guess you folks in Miles have to cater to somewhat limited means," said Mr. Vale unctuously. "Who is the best jeweler in Evansville?"

"Oh," said the salesman, bowled over, "that would be Toffany, Inc., biggest firm this side of the Alleghenies. They'll certainly be able to please you, Mr. Vale."

When the salesman arrived from Toffany's, Mr. Vale found the diamonds well matched, just the thing he had in mind. Would the salesman mind leaving them until his daughter—arriving that afternoon—could look them over?

CRACK COMICS

"Of course, I'll be glad to give you my check for their entire value," said Mr. Vale.

The salesman held up his hands in horror. "But of course not, Mr. Vale. That is not necessary at all. I'll be glad to leave them—there is about \$50,000 worth in that order—for your daughter to examine. I'm sure she'll be pleased."

The salesman bowed out. Mr. Mark Vale hurriedly stepped out of his "overstuffed" outfit, tossed his Stetson in a corner, donned his former garb, and made tracks out of the hotel. He didn't even bother to pay his bill. What was the use? No one in the lobby recognized him, and he was carrying no luggage.

When Chief of Police Unger called Lance Gallant in on the theft case, he was a worried official.

"Clues?" he barked. "Nothing but a fat hombre with a phony name. He beat the hotel. They say they didn't even see him leave."

Lance grinned. "No use in getting in a sweat, chief," he said quietly. "Maybe I can help. Give me all the details available and I'll get to work."

Unger gave them. They were meager.

Lance stood up. "Well," he said, "this fat chap hasn't gone far. I don't think he's even left the city. I'll check the airport and other avenues."

No one had seen the fat Mr. Vale except a small restaurant proprietor a few blocks from the last hotel The Skeleton had visited.

Back in his office, Lance spoke to Biff, his gruff but honest pal and man of all work. He gave him the layout as it was then. And for the next two days Biff worked on the case, as did Lance; but neither uncovered a clue of the fat Mr. Vale.

Lance held a meeting in his office on the third day following the theft of the jewels. Kim Meredith, Lance's fiancee, was there. She was grinning when she heard all the details.

"Why, Lance," she said, "I never knew you to be stumped—and by such an insignificant little fat man!"

Lance laughed. "Stumped for the moment, Kim; but did you ever hear of me failing? . . . Say, that sounds like bragging, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no," said Kim smugly. "That's just the Lance Gallant back-pat!"

Biff said, "What're we gonna do, boss?"

Lance grew serious. "Will you pardon me a moment, Kim and Biff? I want to go into my private office."

When he had gone, Kim and Biff looked at each other.

"I know what that means," said Kim.

"Me, too."

Lance closed the connecting door and stood in the middle of the floor. Rolling up the sleeve of his left wrist, he gently rubbed a birthmark. A strange thing happened: a glowing form appeared before him.

"Hello, Lance," said the newcomer.

"Michael," said Lance. "I'm in a spot. I've got to trap this thief. Can you help me? You must know the details."

Michael Gallant nodded. He was Lance's dead twin brother. When he died he had bequeathed to Lance immortal power. By merely rubbing the birthmark on his left wrist Lance could call his brother, whose spirit then entered his body, making him the indomitable Captain Triumph, nemesis of crime!

"Go to the police show-up tonight," said Michael, "and look for a very thin man commonly known as 'The Skeleton.' He's your man. When he committed the theft he wore a large-sized suit, padded. Got that?"

Lance nodded. "Thanks, Mike. I'll be there."

Captain Triumph put the finger on The Skeleton that evening at headquarters. The thin man railed and struggled, but they found the unmounted diamonds strapped to his leg. Captain Triumph had won again!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of CRACK COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

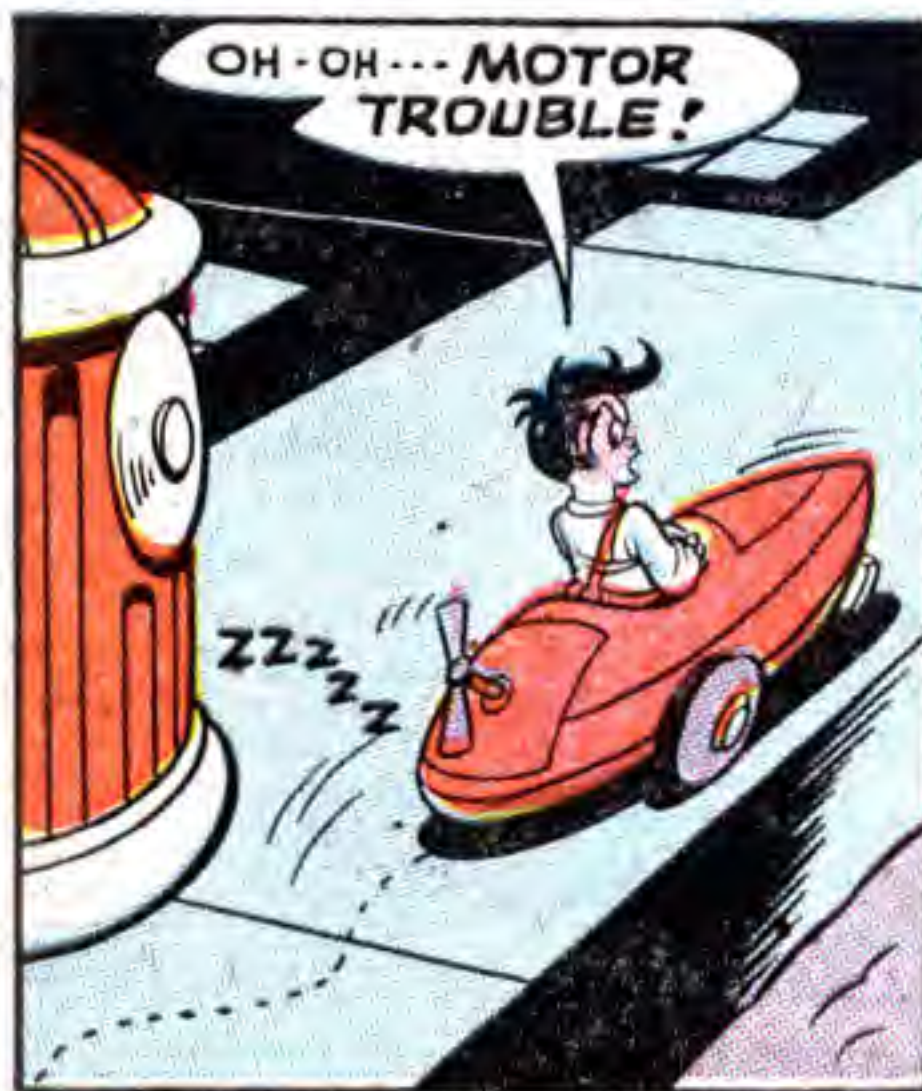
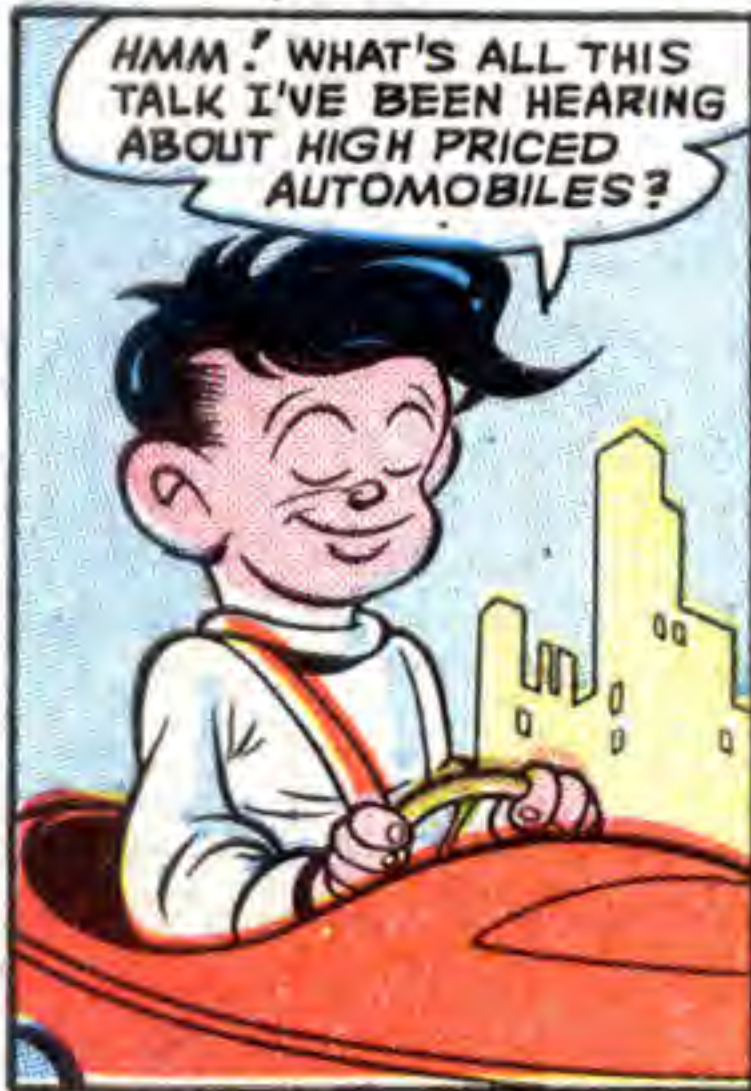
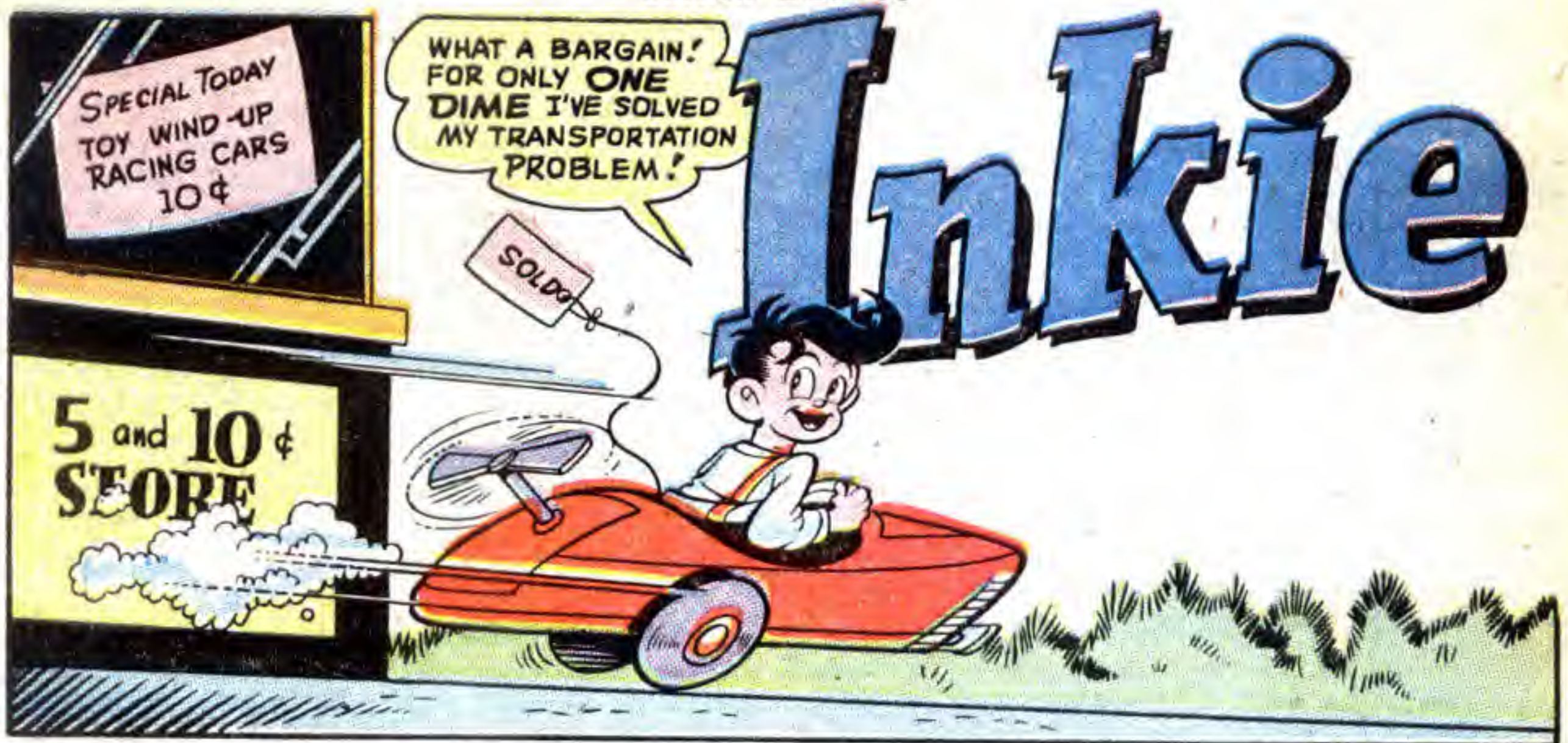
Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

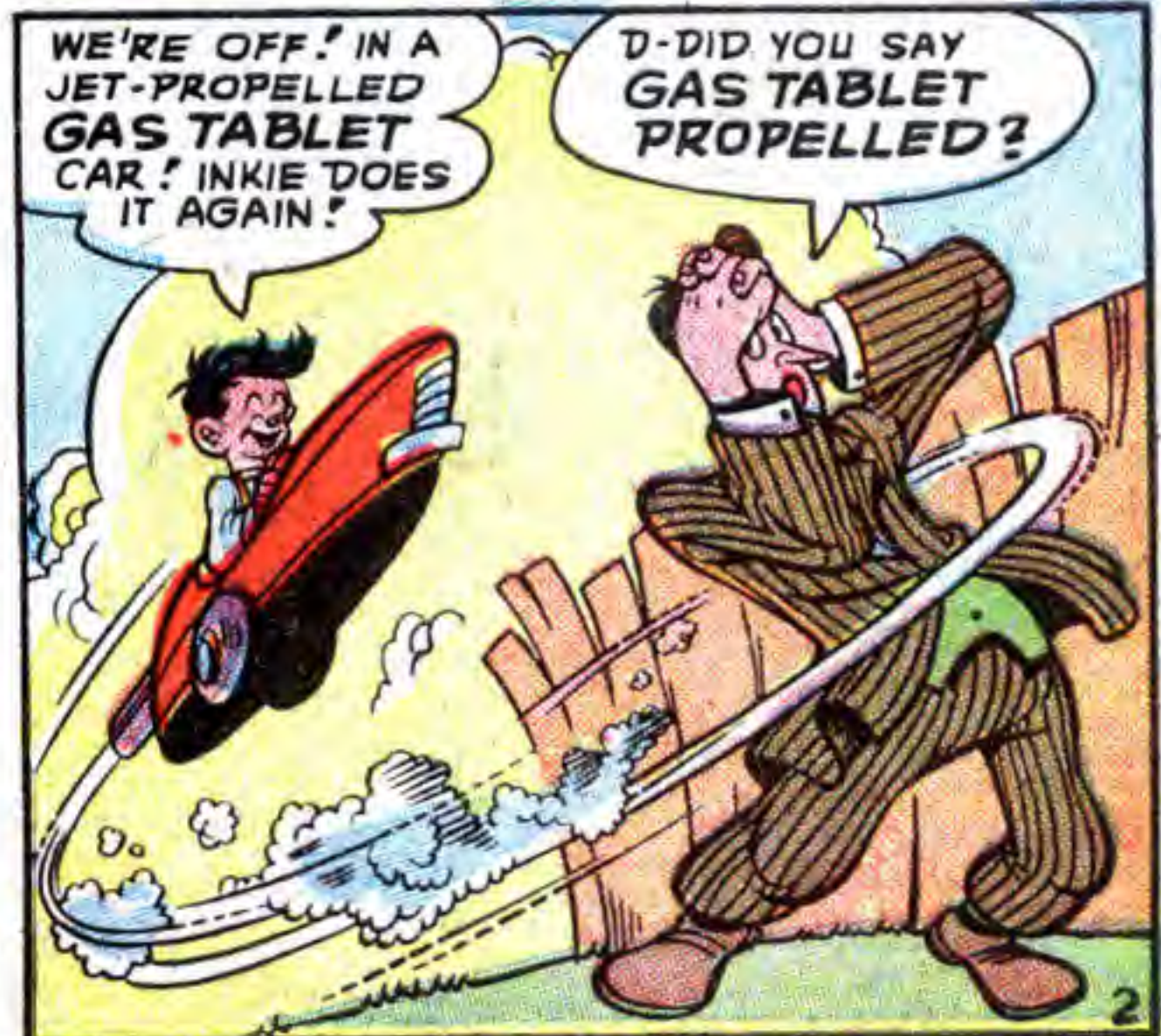
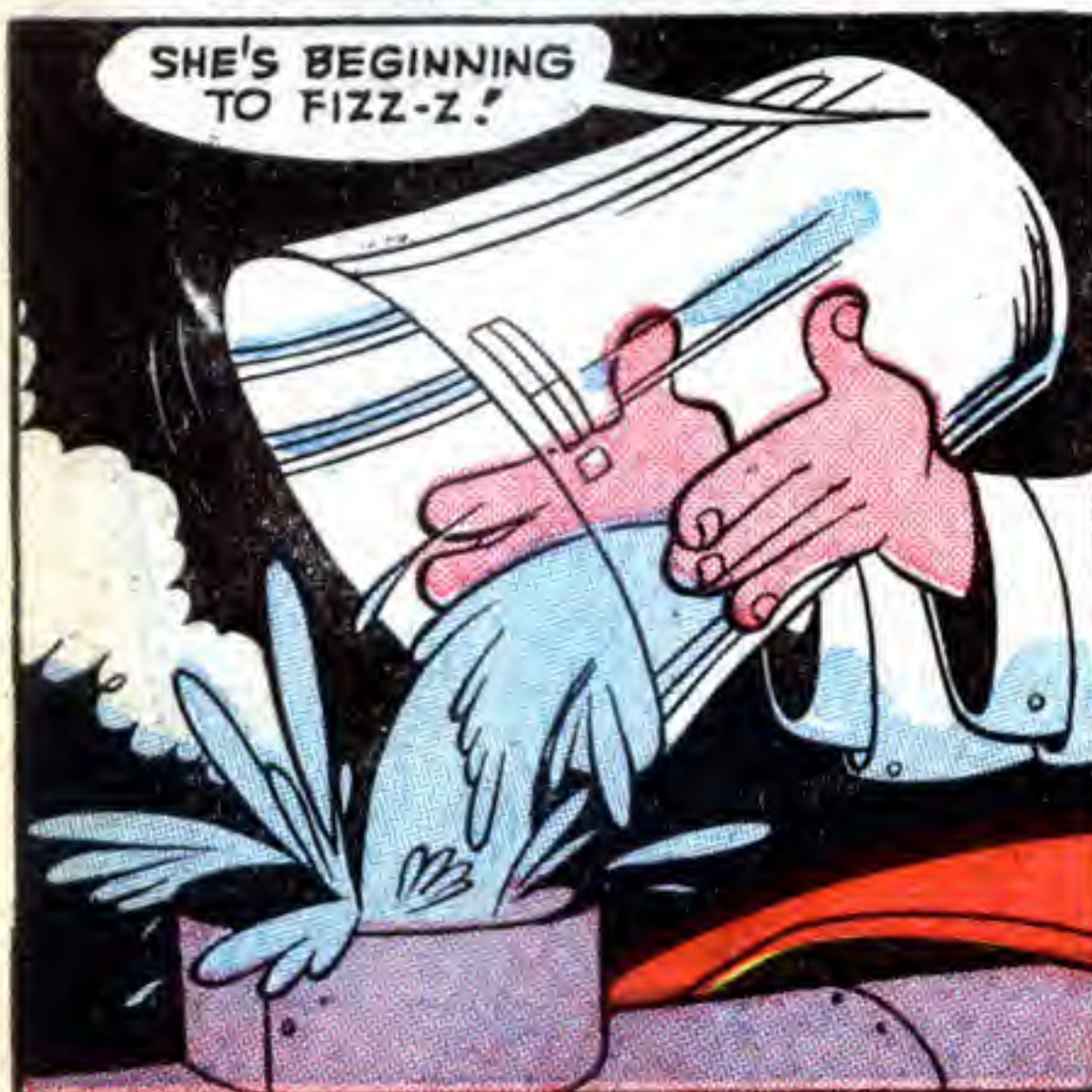
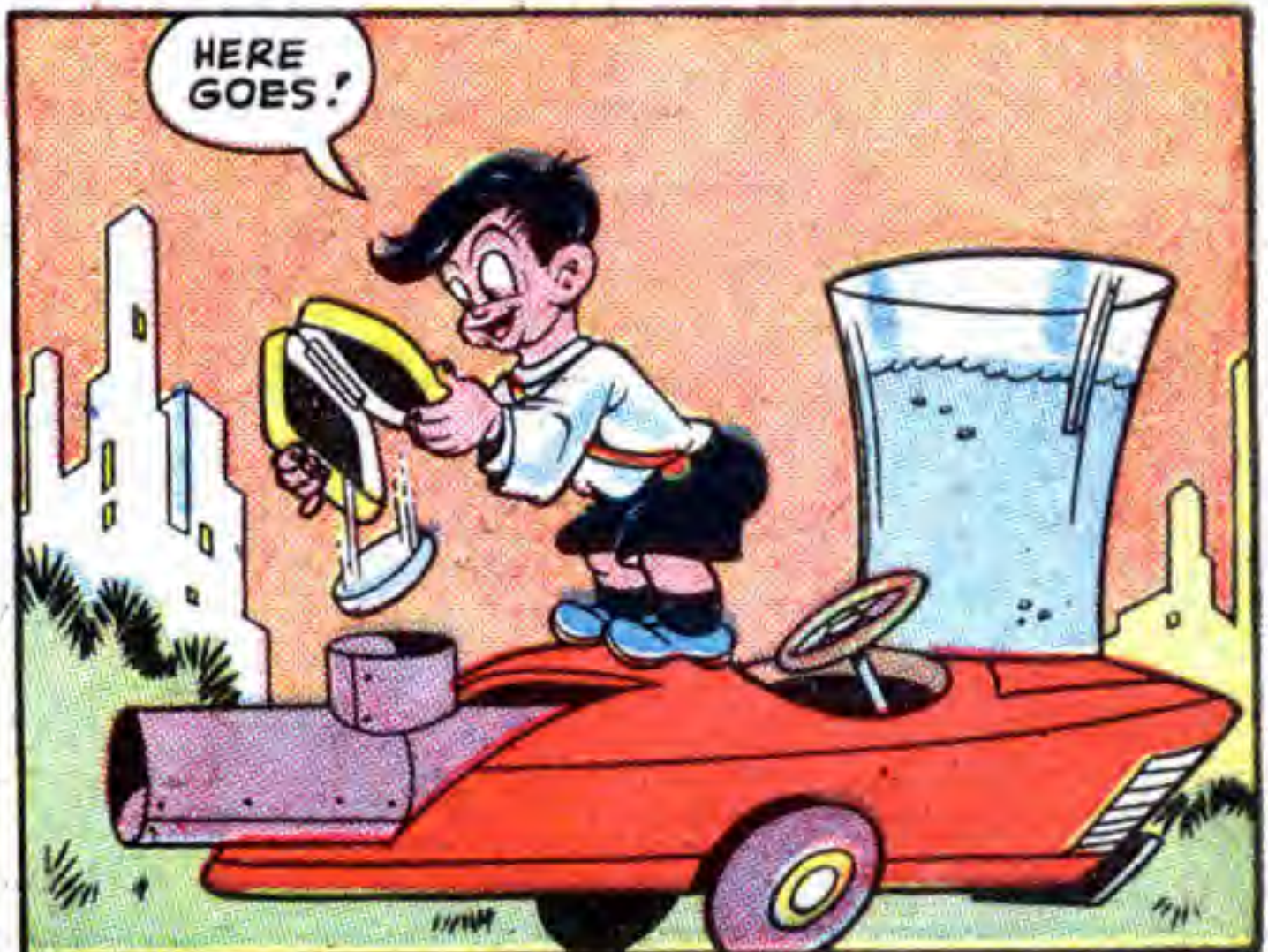
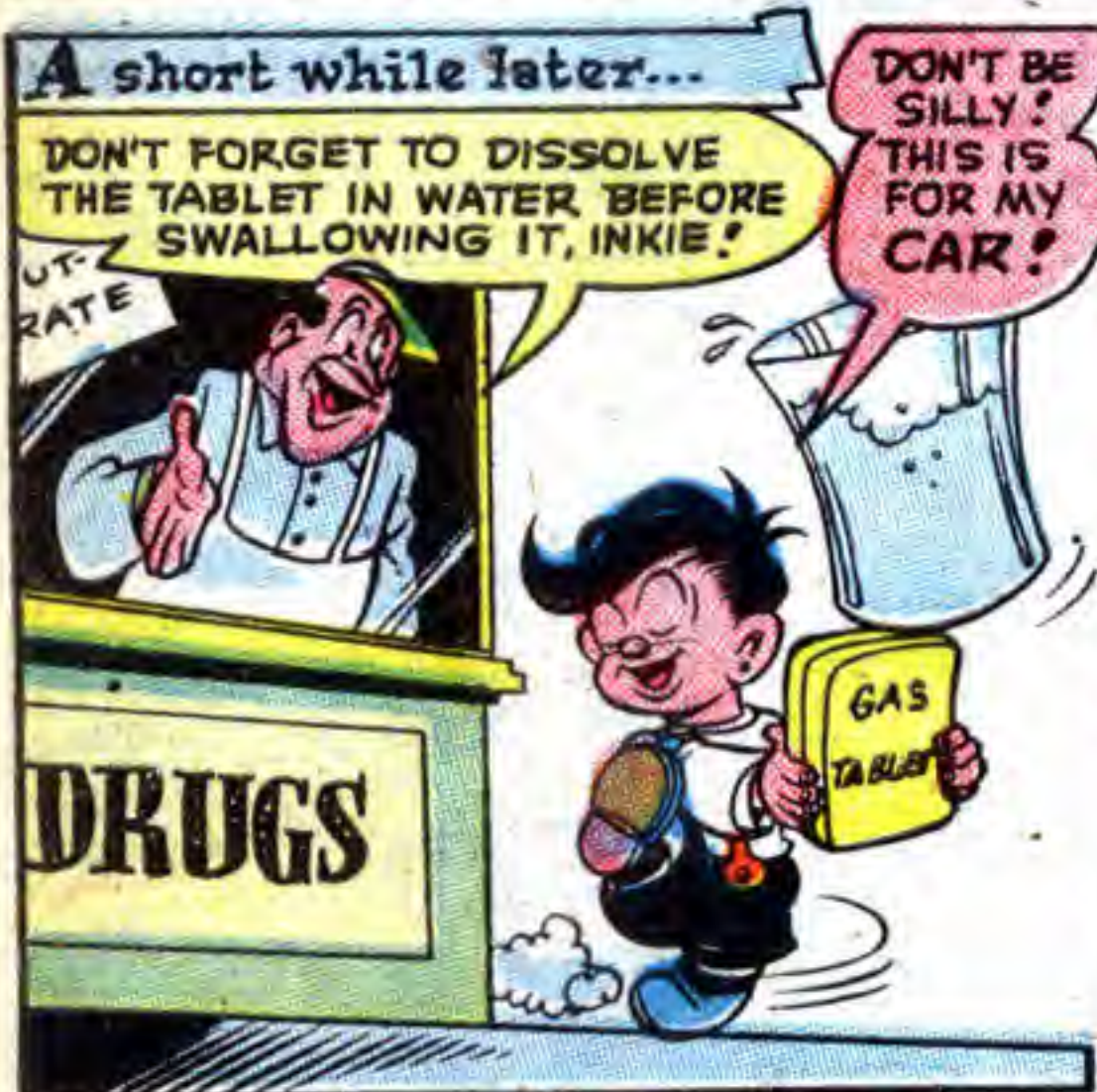
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

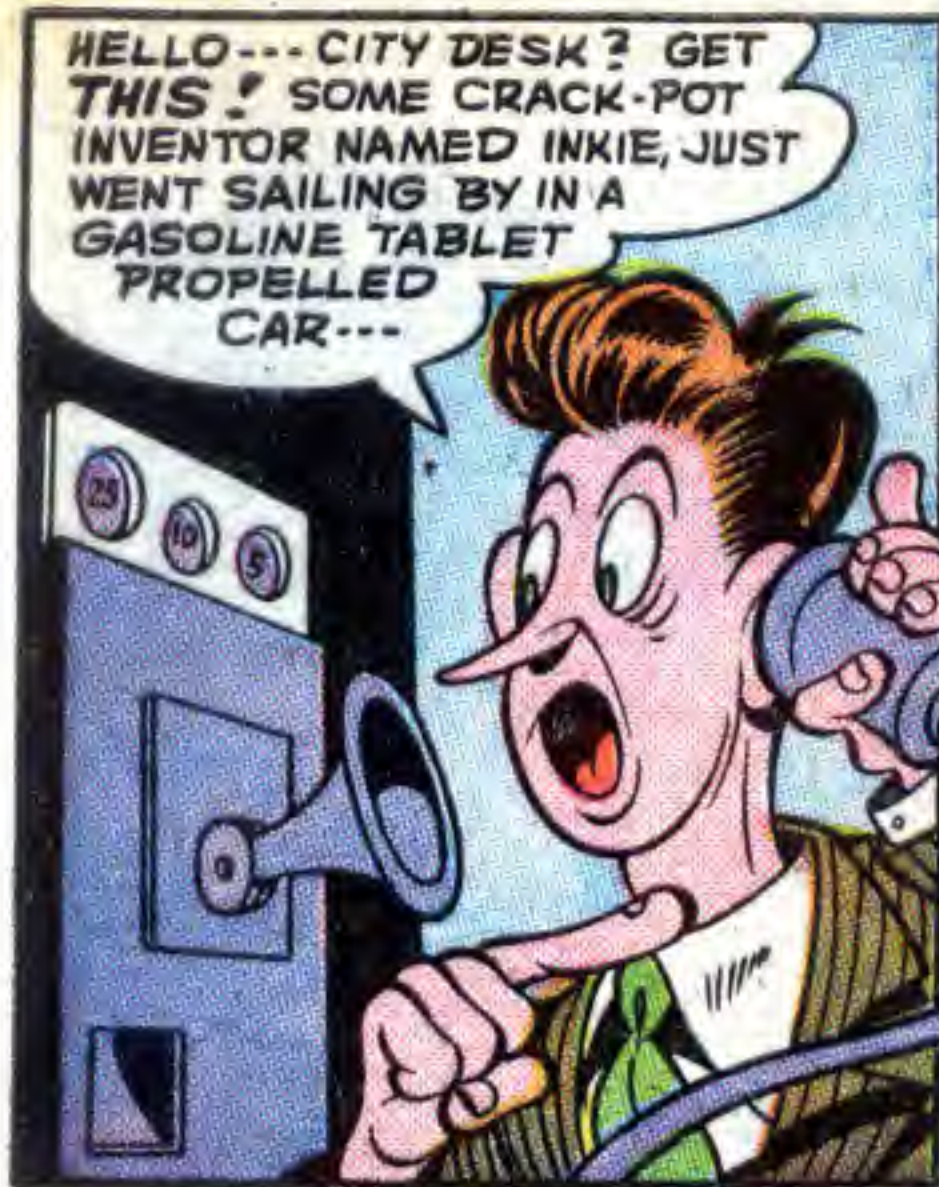
EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1947
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

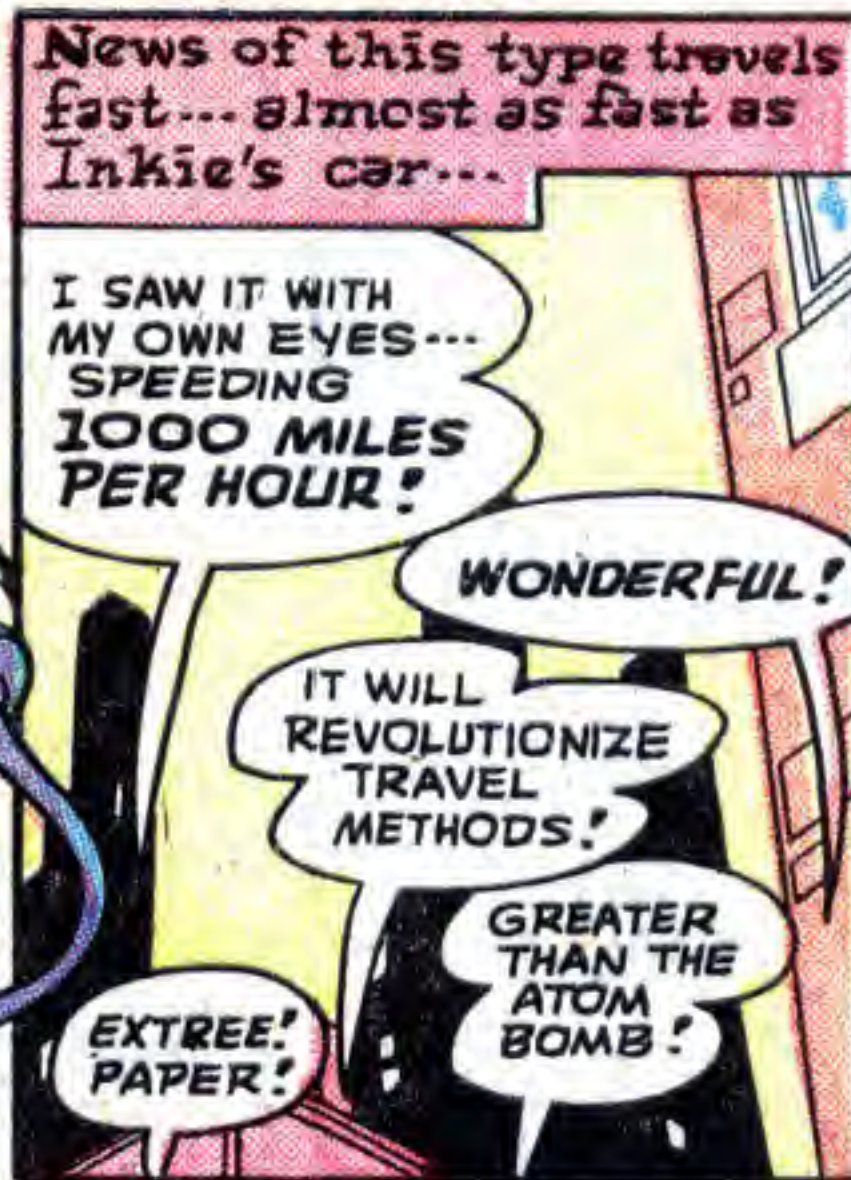




CRACK COMICS



HELLO---CITY DESK? GET **THIS!** SOME CRACK-POT INVENTOR NAMED INKIE, JUST WENT SAILING BY IN A GASOLINE TABLET PROPELLED CAR---



News of this type travels fast---almost as fast as Inkie's car---

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES--- SPEEDING 1000 MILES PER HOUR!

WONDERFUL!

IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE TRAVEL METHODS!

GREATER THAN THE ATOM BOMB!

EXTREE! PAPER!



LOOK, SMITH--- READ THIS!

HMM-M! VERY BAD, JONES!

LIGHT WEIGHT CAR CO.



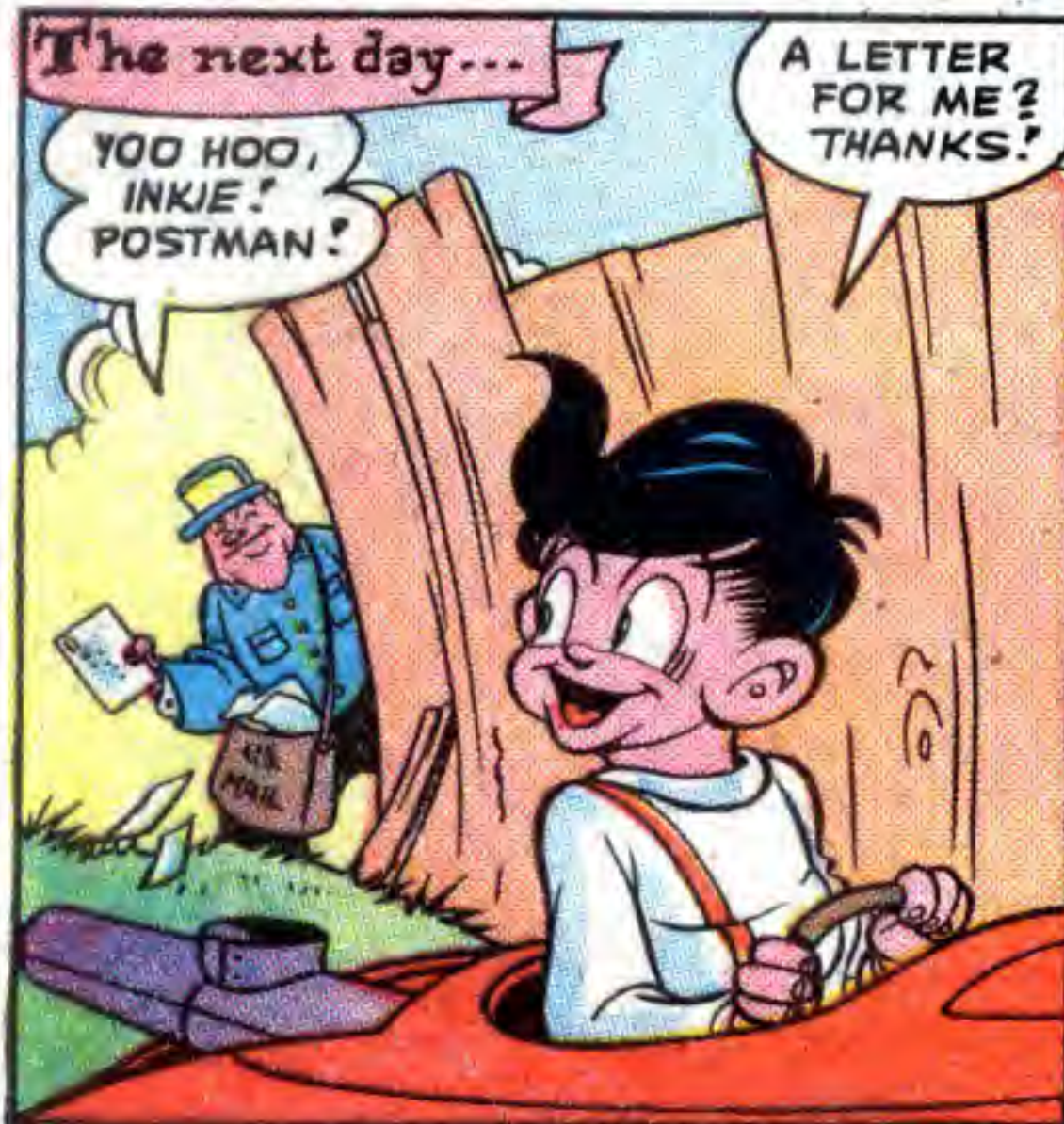
IF THIS FELLOW INKIE HAS SOMETHING WE CAN USE, WE'LL BUY HIM OUT!

AND SUPPOSE HE **WON'T SELL?** A TABLET PROPELLED AUTOMOBILE WILL PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS! WE'VE GOT MILLIONS INVESTED IN OUR CAR FACTORIES!

NEWS
GASOLINE
TABLET
RACING
CAR BREAKS
ALL SPEED
RECORDS!



SEND HIM A TELEGRAM --- NO, WAIT! WE MUSTN'T APPEAR TOO ANXIOUS! A LETTER WILL DO!



The next day---

YOO HOO, INKIE! POSTMAN!

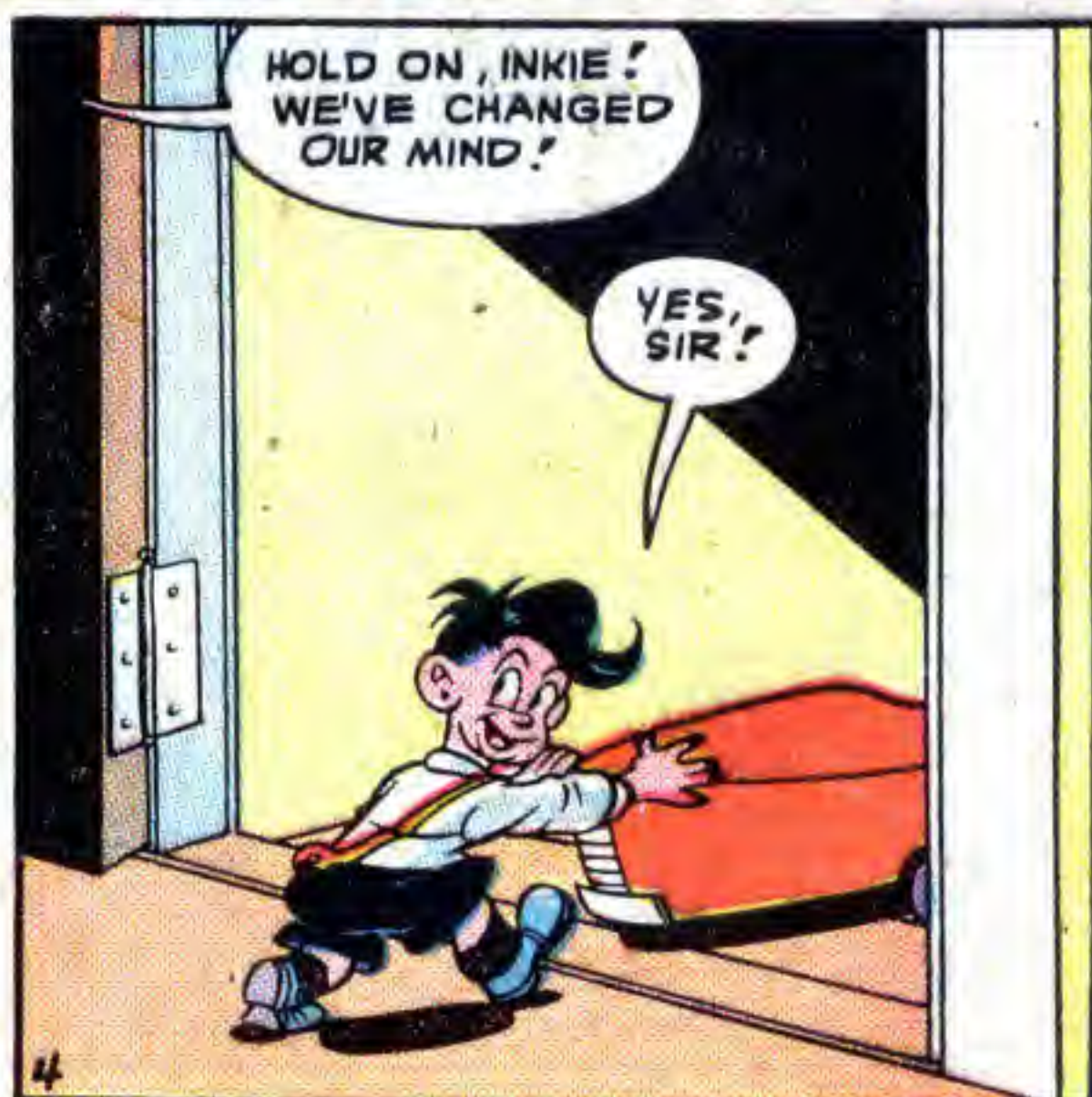
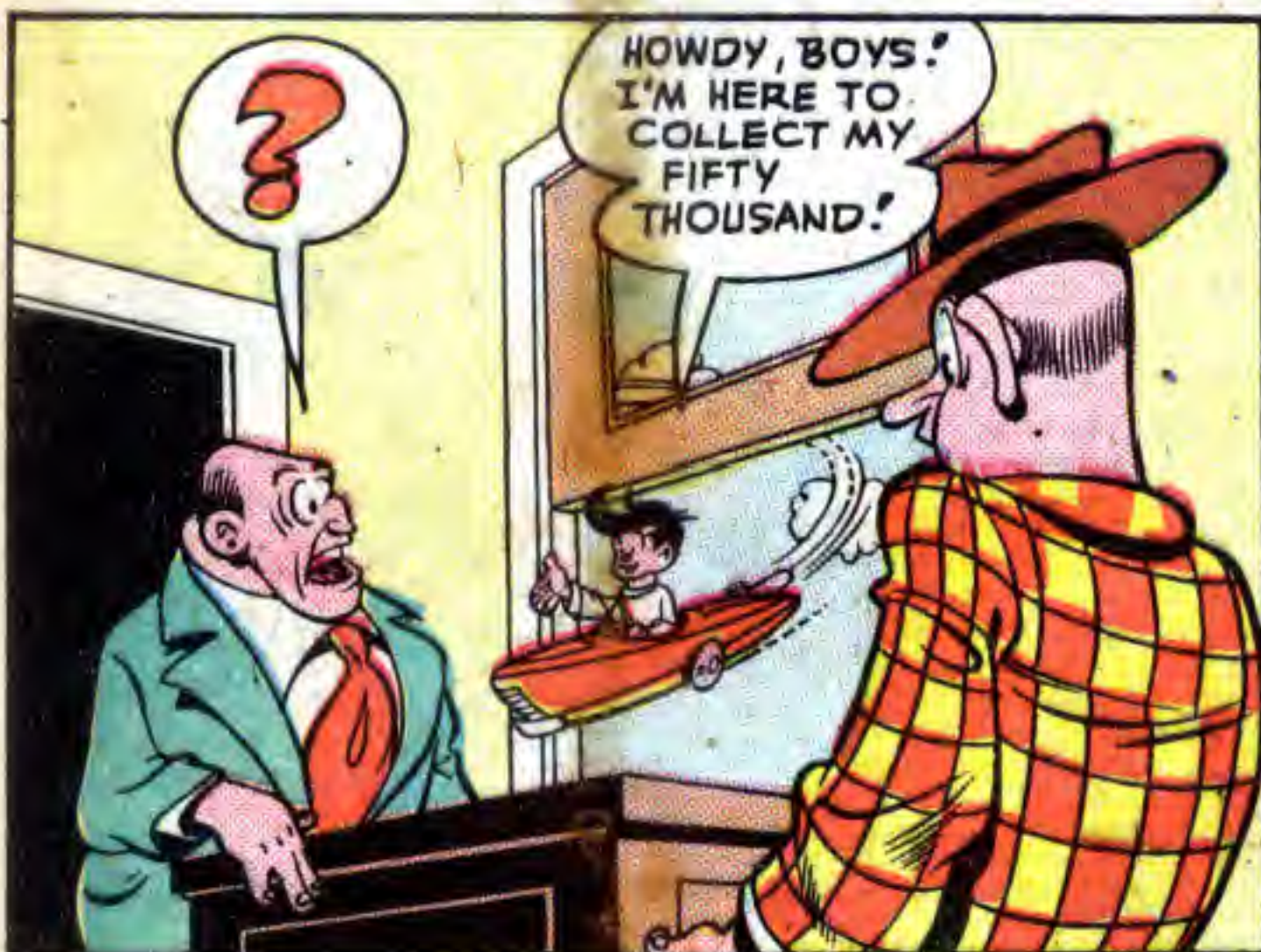
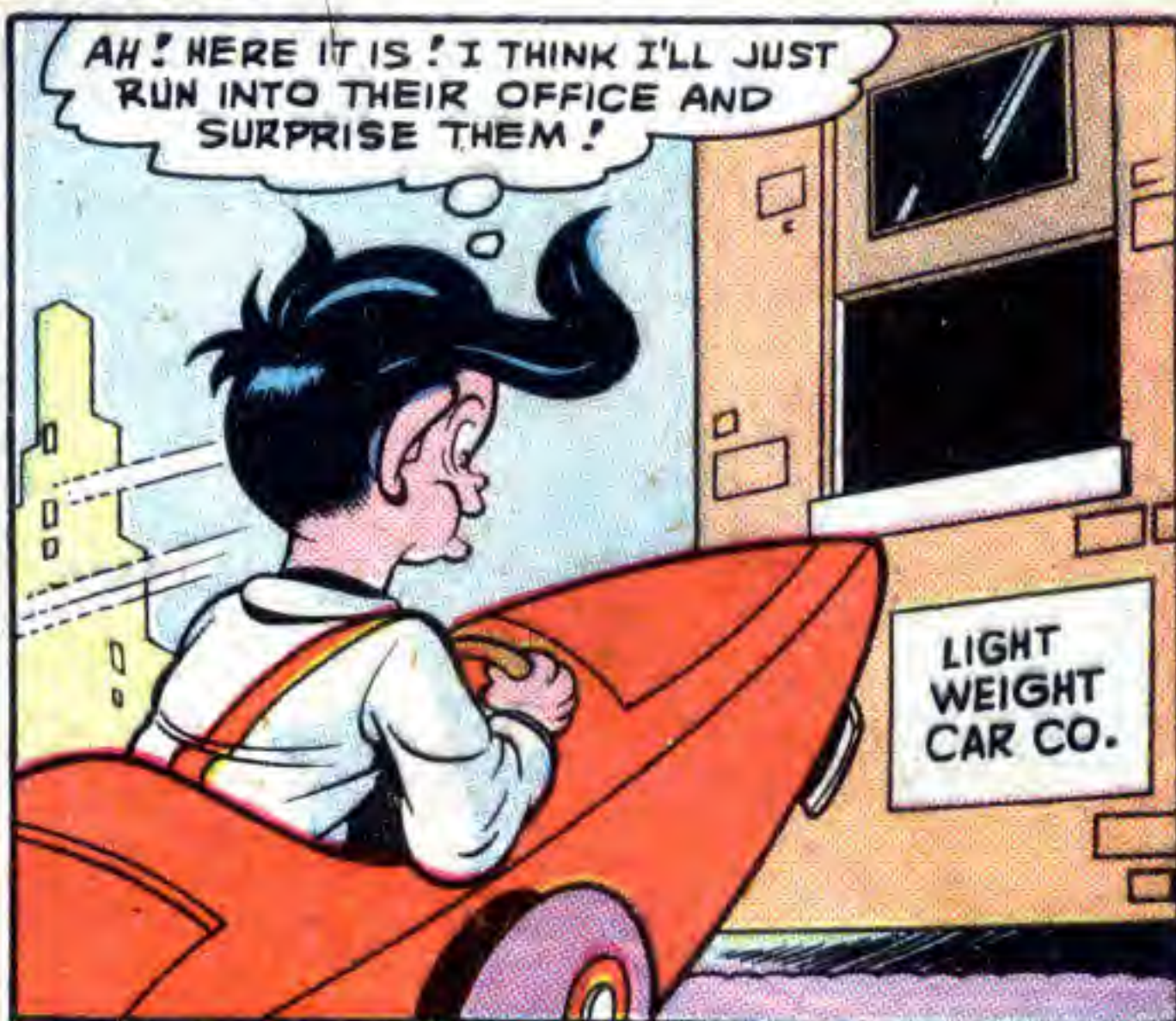
A LETTER FOR ME? THANKS!

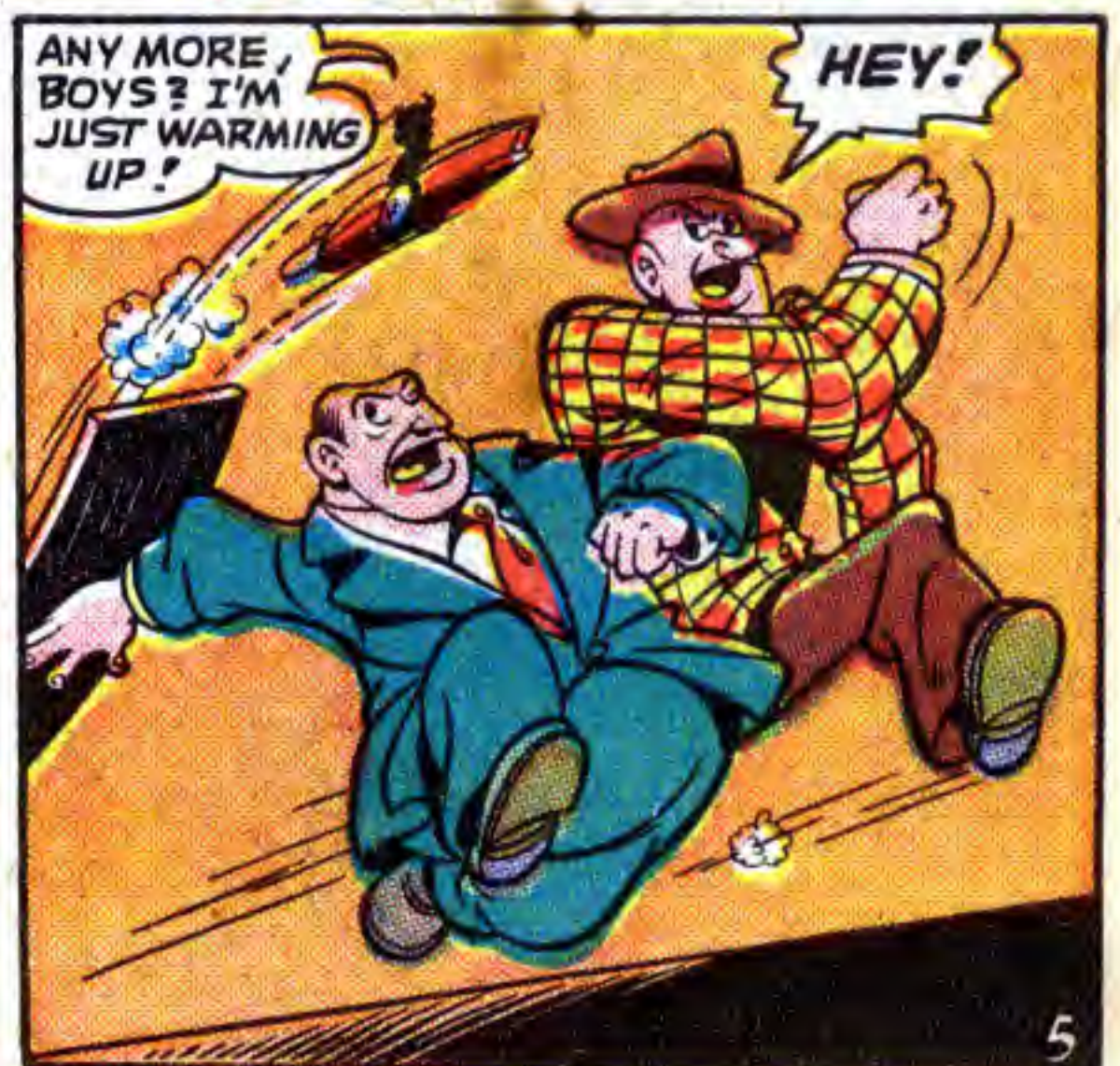
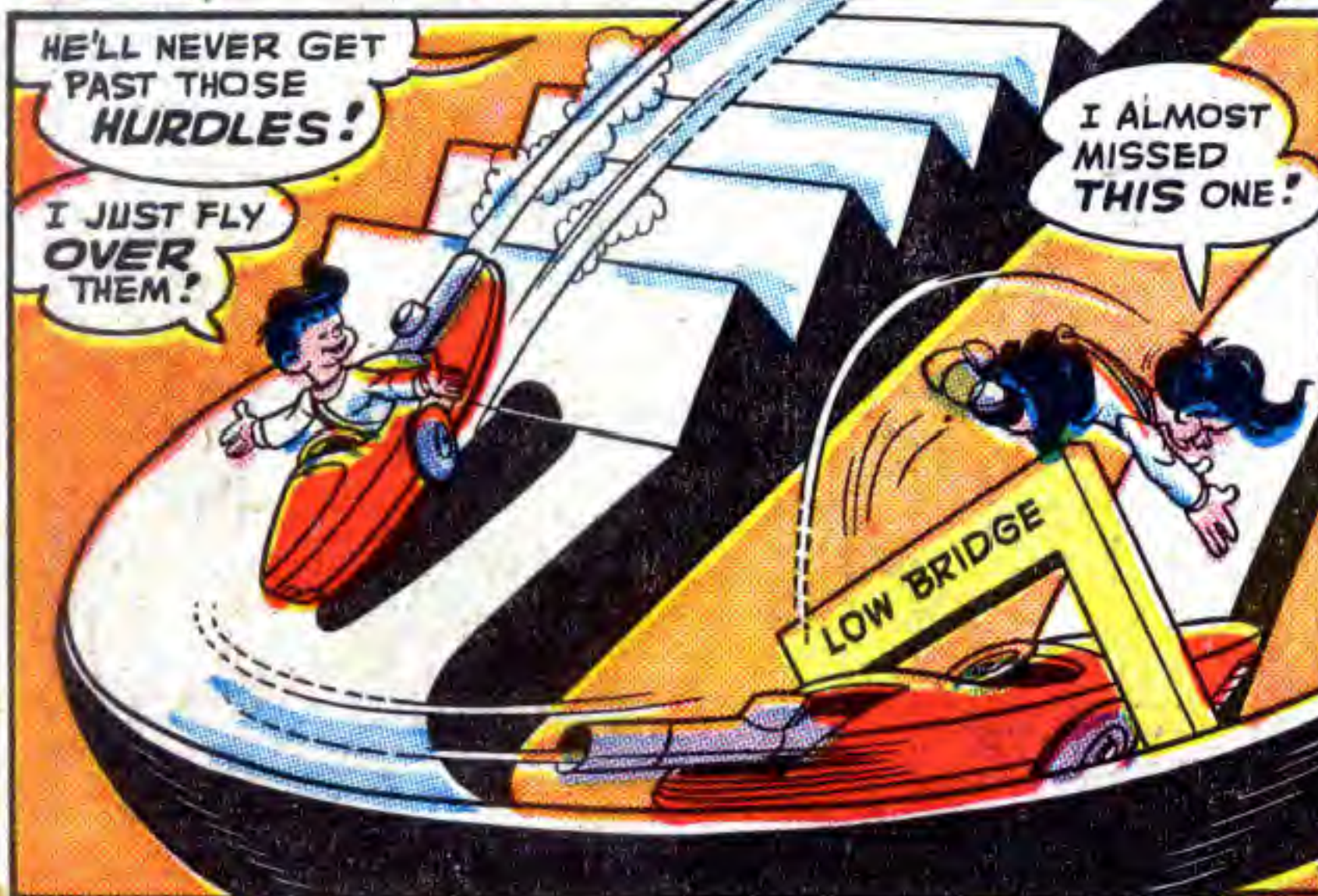
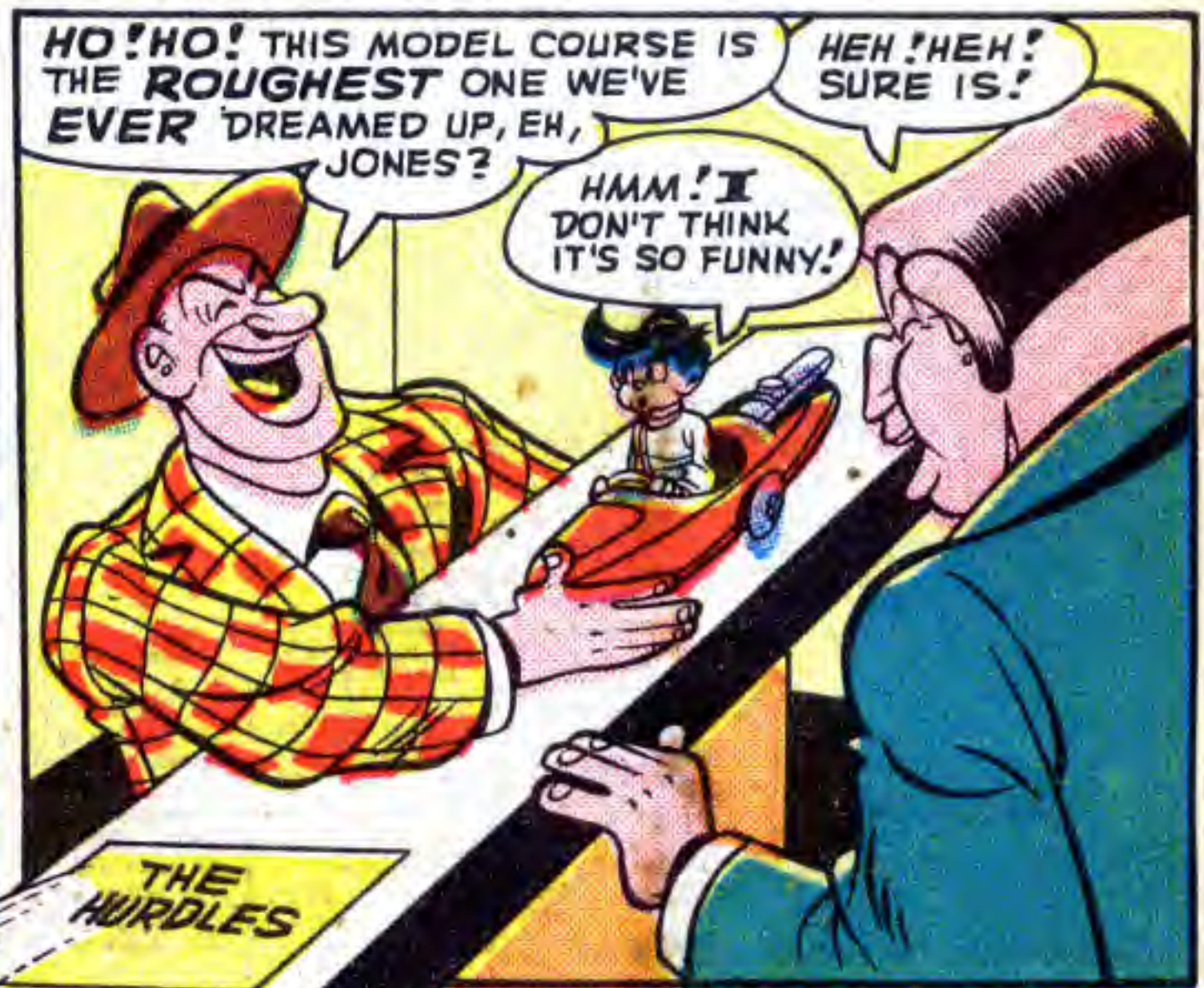


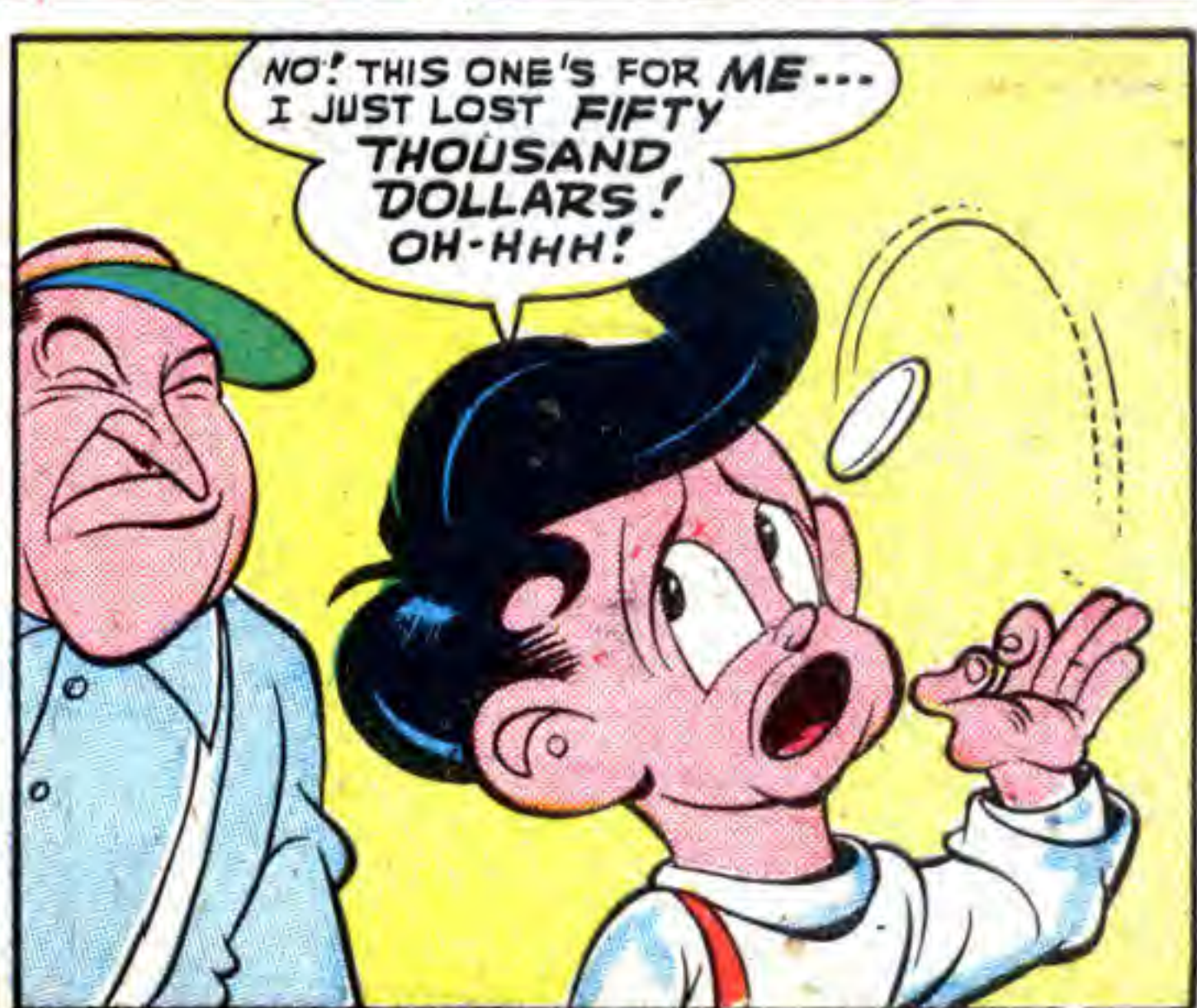
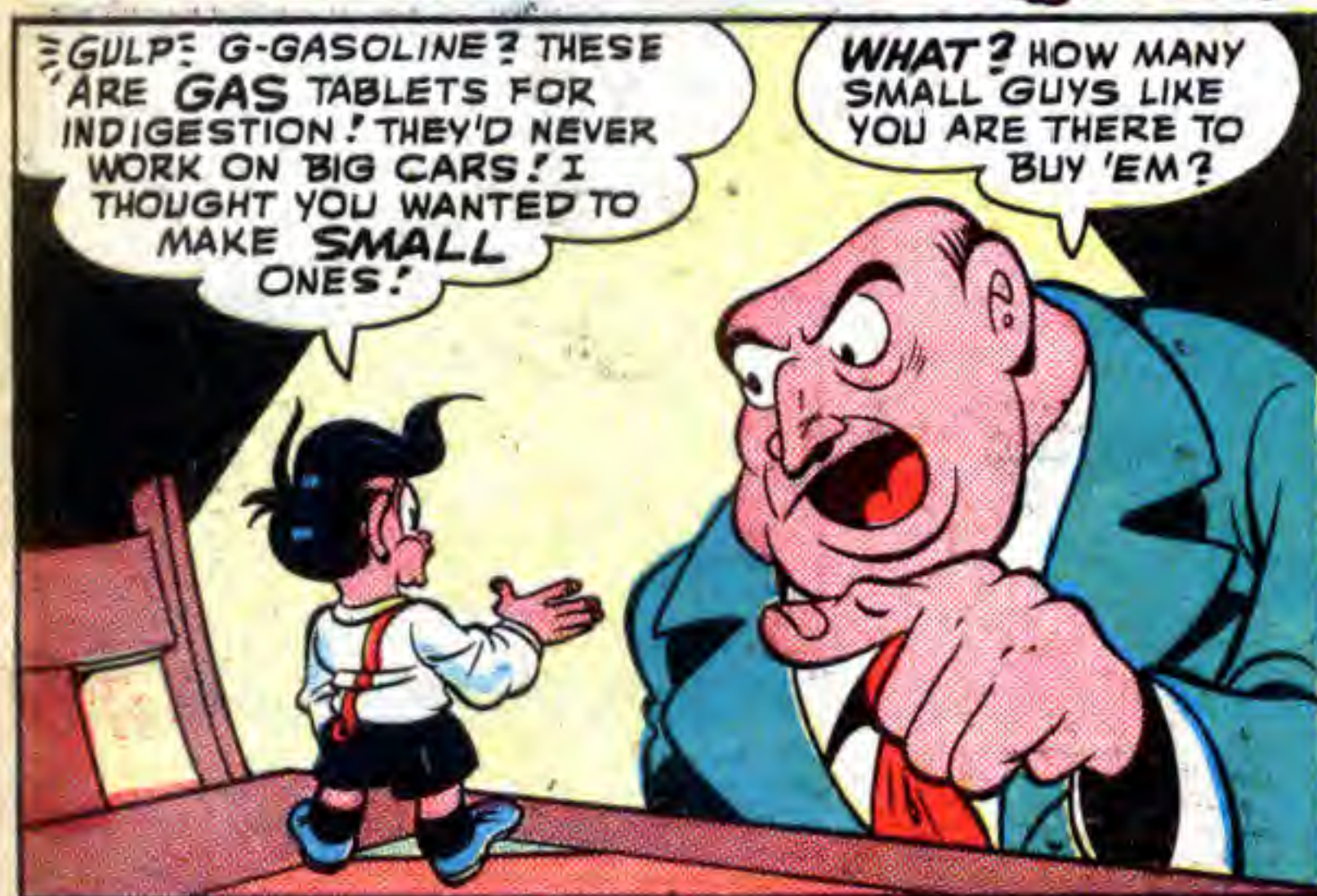
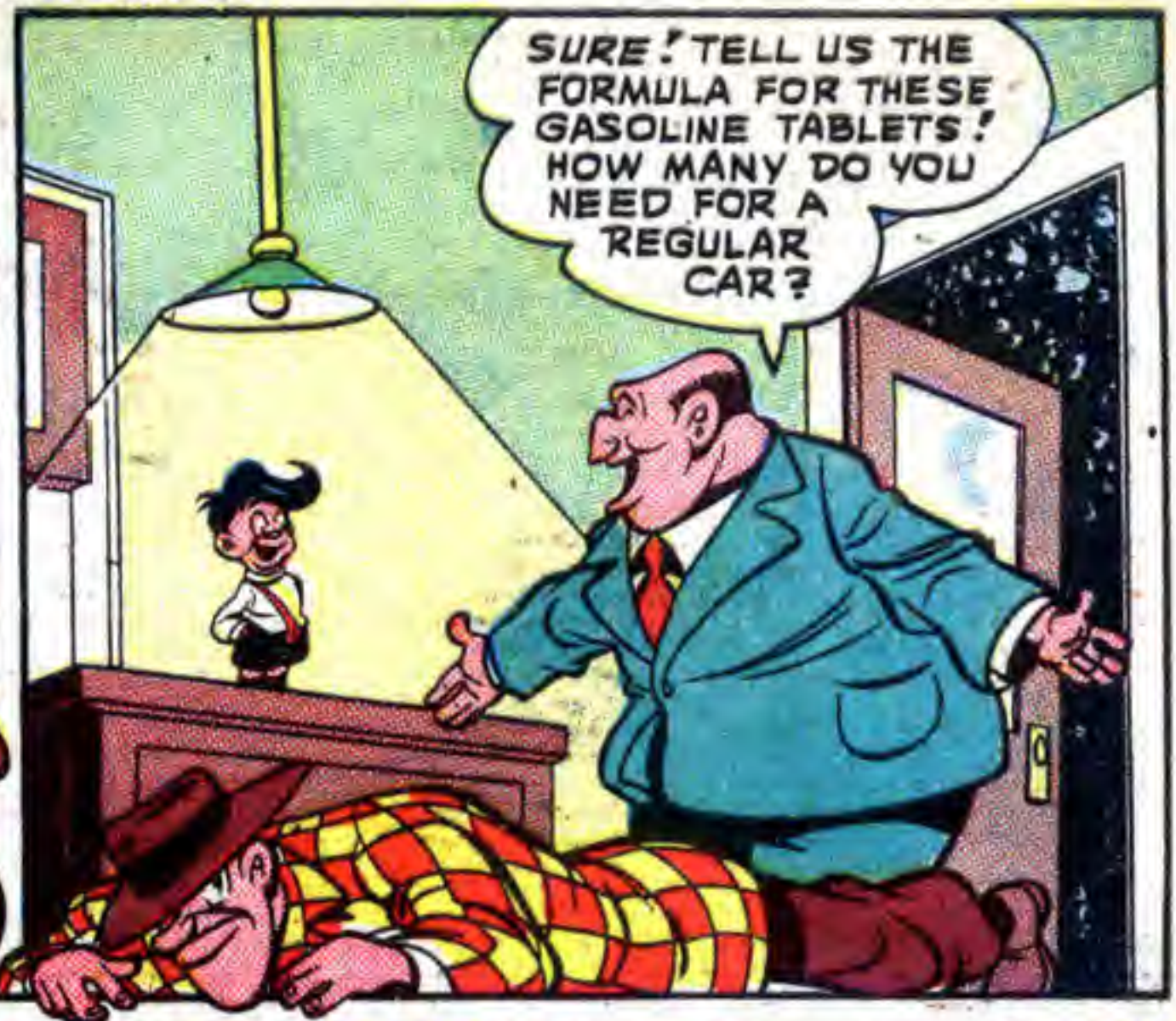
WOW! THE LIGHT WEIGHT COMPANY WANTS A DEMONSTRATION OF MY MODEL! THEY'RE OFFERING **FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS** FOR IT!

GOOD LUCK, INKIE!

Dear Inkie,
Please drop into
our office
at 1234 Main St.
at 10:00 AM
on Monday.







"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

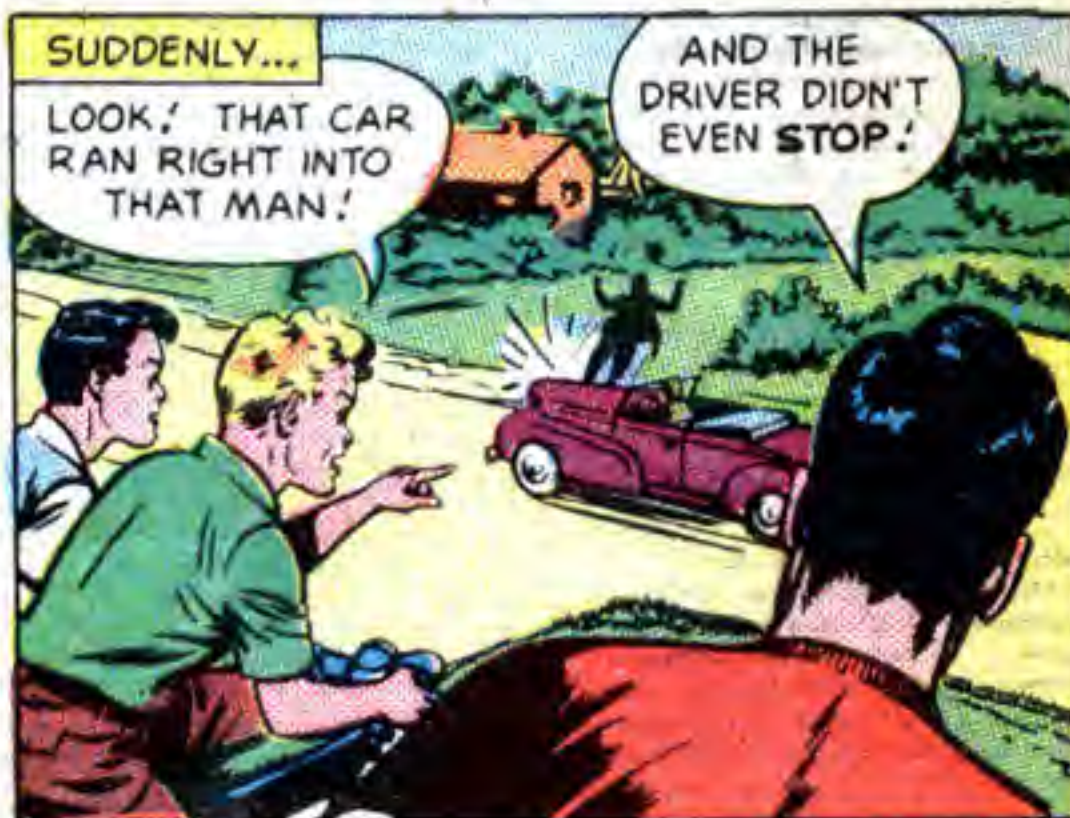
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS. YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN... JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT TIPS



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME". SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL... NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH ITS SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

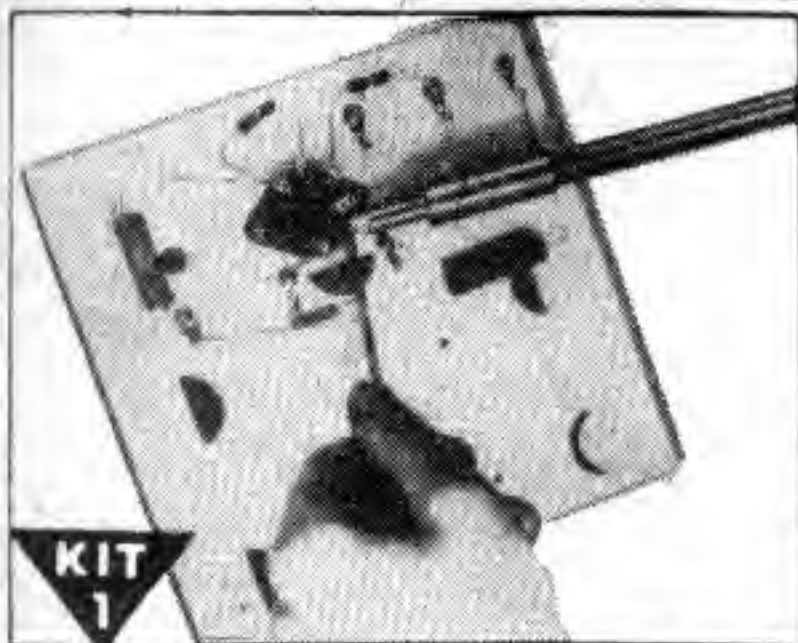


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



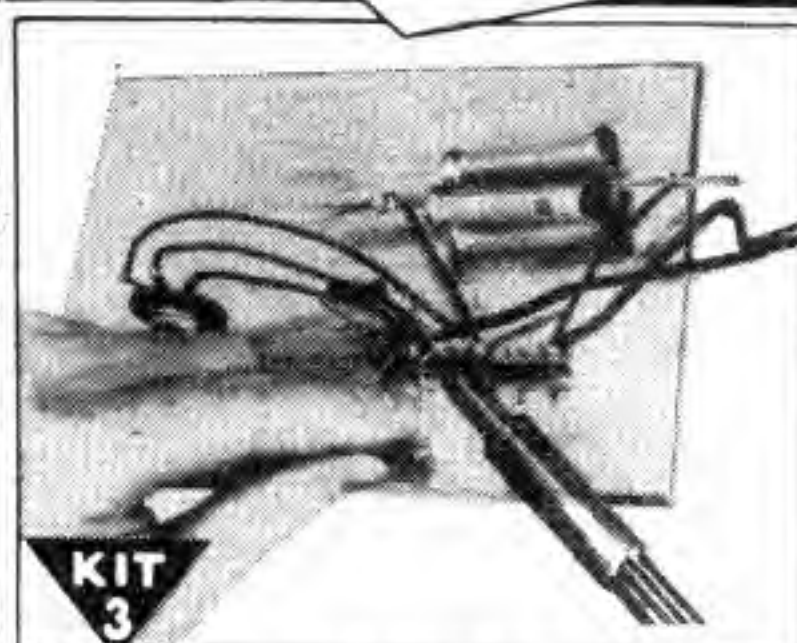
**KIT
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



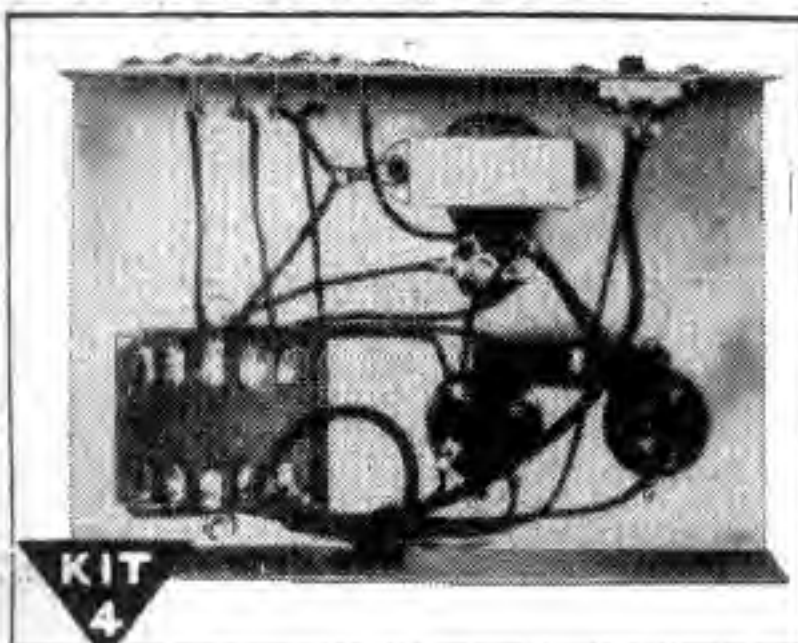
**KIT
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



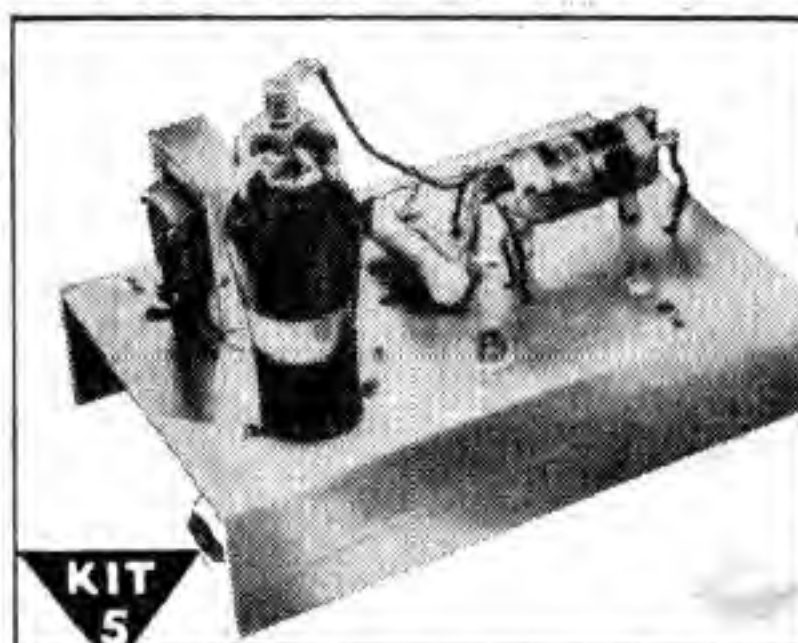
**KIT
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



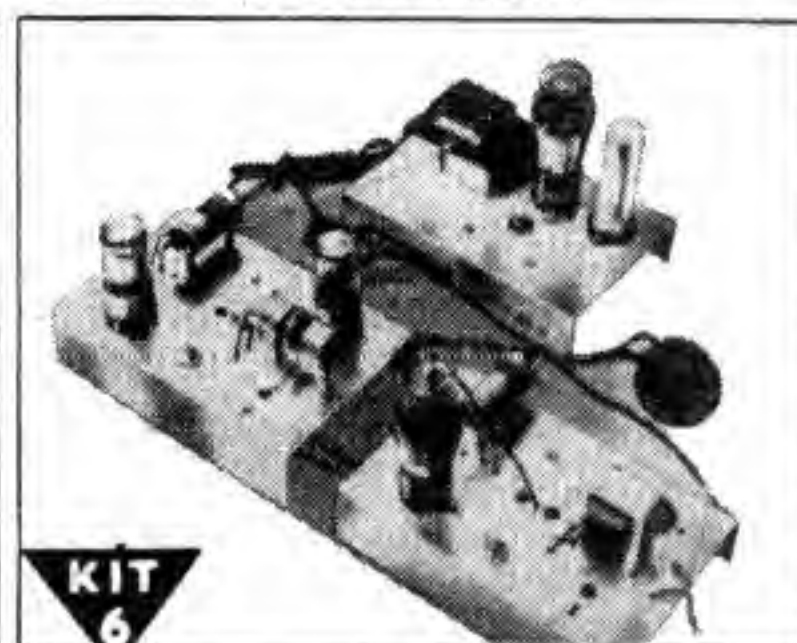
**KIT
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

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Find Out What NRI Can Do For You Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8EA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8EA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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and Food Energy!**

Wherever the crowd goes, whatever it does, delicious Butterfinger adds to the fun. Covered with rich chocolaty coating, honey-combed center of golden peanut butter and tasty caramel, Butterfinger—rich in dextrose—is marvelous any time.



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Also Makers of **Baby Ruth** Candy Bars

CURTISS

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